



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

HD WIDENER



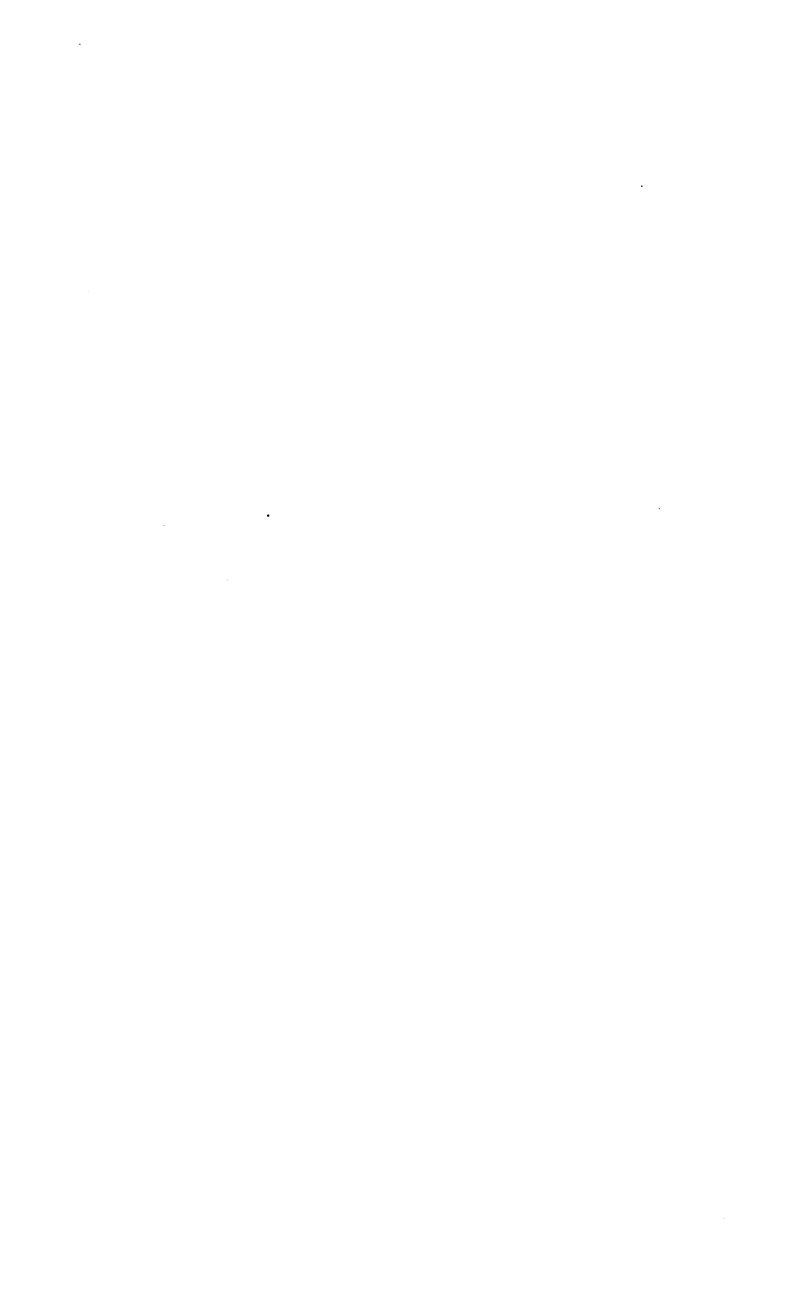
HW TW22 S

4168. 356

**HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY**



**FROM THE BEQUEST OF
GEORGE FRANCIS PARKMAN
(Class of 1844)
OF BOSTON**



MESSRS. SAUNDERS AND OTLEY,

CONDUIT STREET, HANOVER SQUARE LONDON,

Being engaged in Publishing the Works of the first Authors, and having in progress a variety of publications of the highest interest and importance, beg leave respectfully to announce, that in order to secure their appearance *Simultaneously* in England and America, they have opened a HOUSE IN NEW-YORK, where all *Their own* Publications may be obtained, and where their NEW WORKS will in future appear at the same time as at their house in London, printed under their especial arrangements for that purpose, from the Author's original manuscripts, *Embellished with the Original English Illustrations*, and in the usual style of American Publications.

THE FOLLOWING ARE AMONG THE IMPORTANT

NEW WORKS NOW IN THE PRESS.

I.

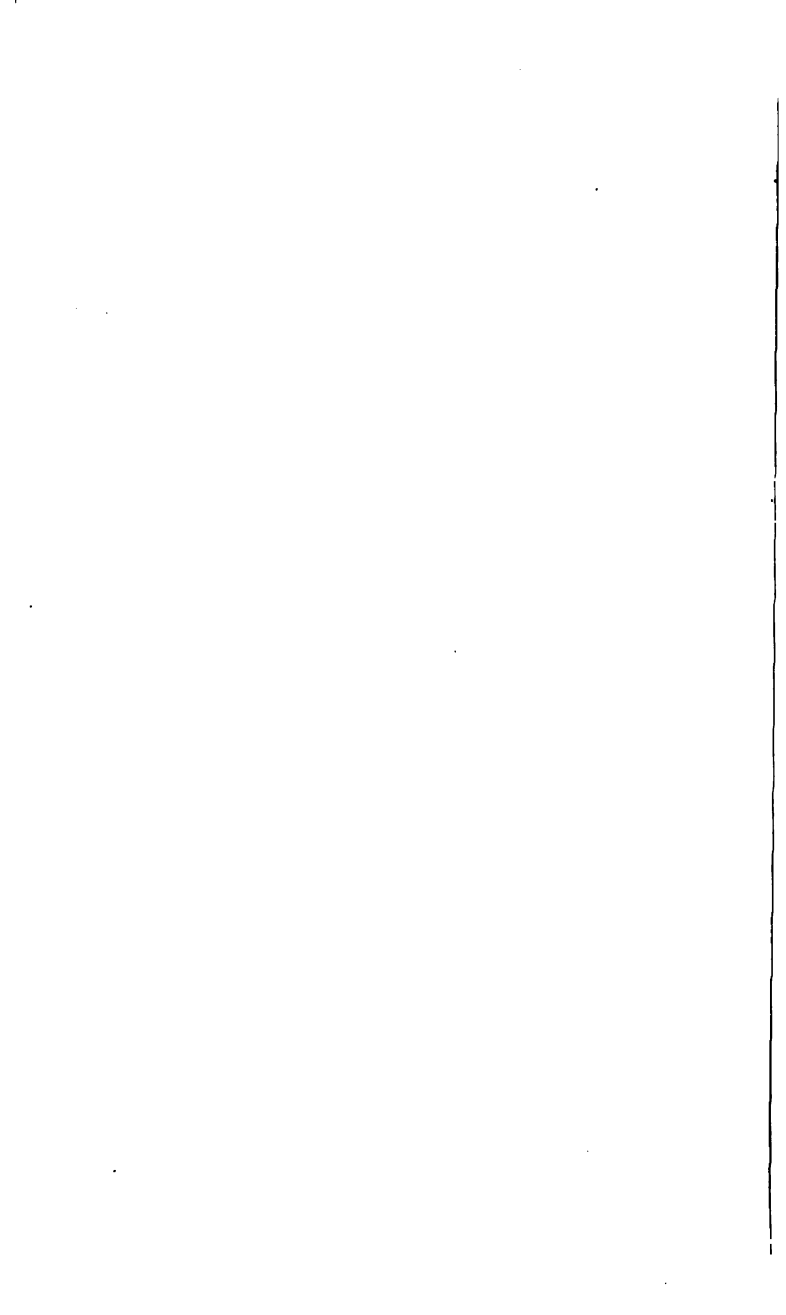
THE PRINCE LUCIEN BONAPARTE'S MEMOIRS.
MEMOIRS OF LUCIEN BONAPARTE,
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,
(VOLUME FIRST *nearly ready*.)

II.

MRS. HEMANS' MEMOIRS.
MEMORIALS OF MRS. HEMANS,
With Illustrations of her Literary Character from her Private Correspondence.
BY H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.
With the Original English Illustrations.
(*Nearly Ready*.)

III.

SIR GRENVILLE TEMPLE'S NEW WORK.
TRAVELS IN GREECE AND TURKEY,
BY MAJOR SIR GRENVILLE TEMPLE, BART.
(*With the Original Engravings*.)



XVII.

In eight vols. bound in embossed cloth and lettered.

WITH THE BEAUTIFUL EMBELLISHMENTS BY THE FINDENS.

From Drawings taken on the spot expressly for this work, by

J. D. Harding, Esq.

COWPER'S LIFE AND WORKS.

The Complete Stereotype Edition.

Including the whole of

HIS PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

Chronologically arranged, and forming the *First and only Complete Collection* of his admirable Letters that has been or can be published ; a considerable proportion of them being still *Copyright, and exclusively appropriated to this Edition.*

Revised, Arranged, and Edited by

REV. T. S. GRIMSHAW, A. M.

Rector of Burton, Northamptonshire, and Vicar of Biddenham, Bedfordshire

Author of "the life of the Rev. Legh Richmond."

WITH AN ESSAY ON THE GENIUS AND POETRY OF COWPER.

BY THE REV. J. CUNNINGHAM.

VICAR OF HARROW.

The following are from the numerous Critical Notices.

"A delightful work. The Letters, now for the first time incorporated, are even better than those which have so long secured the public favor. Their unaffected plainness, abundant variety, and unstudied eloquence remind us of the best efforts of Addison and Steele, over which authors Cowper had the advantage in a more generally informed understanding."—*Times*.

"The works of Cowper need no recommendation ; they are incorporated into our living literature, and will be read as long as men shall read for amusement, or to gather wisdom, of which no poet is a greater teacher. The peculiar merit of the present edition is, that it contains the whole of Cowper's *Private Correspondence*."—*Courier*.

"An elegant edition of the writings of Cowper, his Life and Letters, now first completed by the introduction of his 'Private Correspondence.' The engravings are very beautiful, and render the work fit for the library of the most fastidious, while the price is within the compass of the mechanic. The letters of the amiable Cowper cannot be too extensively circulated."—*Dispatch*.

INKLINGS OF ADVENTURE

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "PENCILINGS BY THE WAY."

Nathaniel P. Willis.

DON DUART. I presume, sir, you are not of Portugal.

CLODIO. No, sir! I am a kind of—what-d'ye-call-'um—a sort of here-and-thereian. I am a stranger nowhere.

DON DUART. Have you travelled far, sir?

CLODIO. My tour of Europe, or so, sir!—dangled about a little.

LOVE MAKES A MAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

NEW YORK:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, ANN STREET,
AND CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.

1836.

ALY/68.356

George F. Parkman fund
(2 vols)

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1836, by
GEORGE P. MORRIS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District
of New-York.

PRINTED BY OSBORN AND BUCKINGHAM 88 WILLIAM STREET.

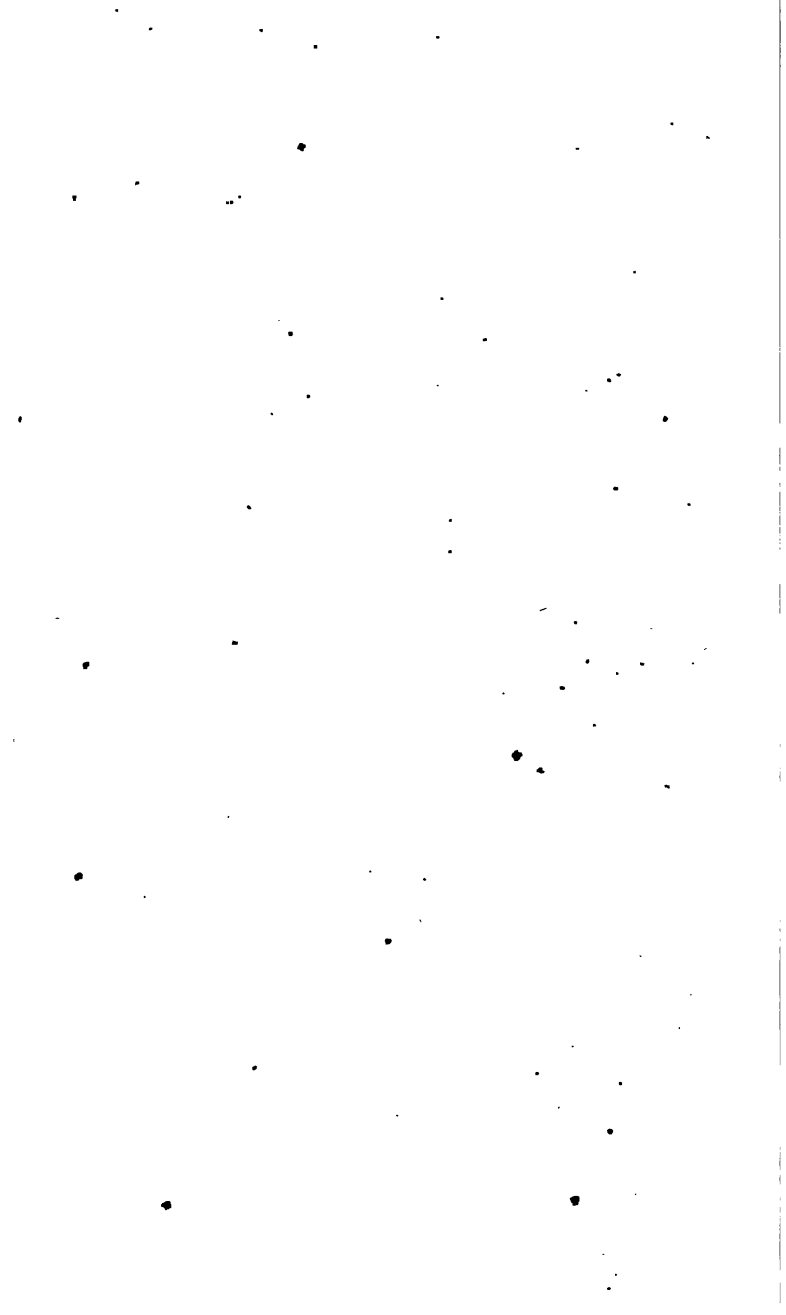
1164

INSCRIBED

TO THE

**DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ORATOR AND
STATESMAN,**

EDWARD EVERETT.



PHILIP SLINGSBY, ESQ.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER,

It is now many years since I first knew the gentleman whose name stands at the head of this chapter. The papers which are to follow will record some of the passages of his life—taken partly from a rambling note-book of his own, and filled out by what additional details I have gathered from his conversation. Though my name stands in the title-page of this book as the author, I can only take to myself that share of the praise or blame which may attach to it as a literary composition.

From my observation of Mr. Slingsby, and from the slender experience of the world which has fallen to my share, I am persuaded that he, and most other men, may be said to possess two characters. One is real, the other ideal. In the great proportion of men the ideal character, (usually a heroic and romantic

one,) is stifled by a youth of care, and lies quite dormant, or, pent till its impulses are ungovernable, it becomes paramount in some striking action late in life, and is called eccentricity, or insanity. In others there is a never-ceasing struggle between the real and the ideal, or the latter obtains the supremacy; stamping the man, as he finds opportunity or not, a dreamer or a hero. The supposed difference between men consists, frequently, I am persuaded, more in the different qualities predominant by education or circumstances.

Most of those who know Slingsby would define him as a worldly, careless man, with more susceptibility than feeling, some talent, and more self-confidence. The reverse of his shield, seldom shown, presents a chivalresque temperament, the most reckless love of adventure, warm household affection, and an intense idolatry of the beautiful, that has made him by turns devout and voluptuous, by turns giddy and poetical. With a perversity, arising, perhaps, from being unappreciated in his youth, he cautiously conceals his better qualities, and takes a pleasure in referring their accidental sparkles to chance or calculation. He professes rather worldly sentiments in conversation, and confesses to have no ambition beyond luxurious leisure, and no confidence in mankind. Behind this stalking horse he watches his true game with unsuspected vigilance and success. Adventure, excitement and the passionate and dramatic materials

of romance, are sown more thickly in the common walks of society, than is known to the unwatchful and the sordid. Following the slightest lead, almost culpably regardless of consequences, bold, sympathizing, and impassioned, he is revealed, as by a secret magnetism, to spirits like his own, and beneath the mask of a trifter, and in the trodden thoroughfare of the world, leads a life of varied and ever-renewing romance.

There is a vein of complaint against the world in these papers, which I cannot well reconcile to the uniform gayety and *insouciance* for which my friend's ordinary deportment is remarkable. With a fair share of success in pleasing, (as will appear in the reading of his adventures,) his claim to good looks, it must be acknowledged, has never been put forward even by the most partial of his friends. This parsimony of nature, and the rebuffs in his love which it has possibly occasioned, have, I am led to suspect, rankled more sorely in his mind than his pride would suffer him to betray to the common eye. Hence, possibly, those passages in which he rails against love and friendship; and hence, (I must be permitted to premonish the reader,) some slight exaggeration which I trust my friends will find in my own portrait, drawn, in these otherwise veracious pages, under the name of Forbearance Smith. I owe some portion of his devoted attachment, I doubt not, to the consolatory contrast afforded him by my own slighter pretensions in this particular.

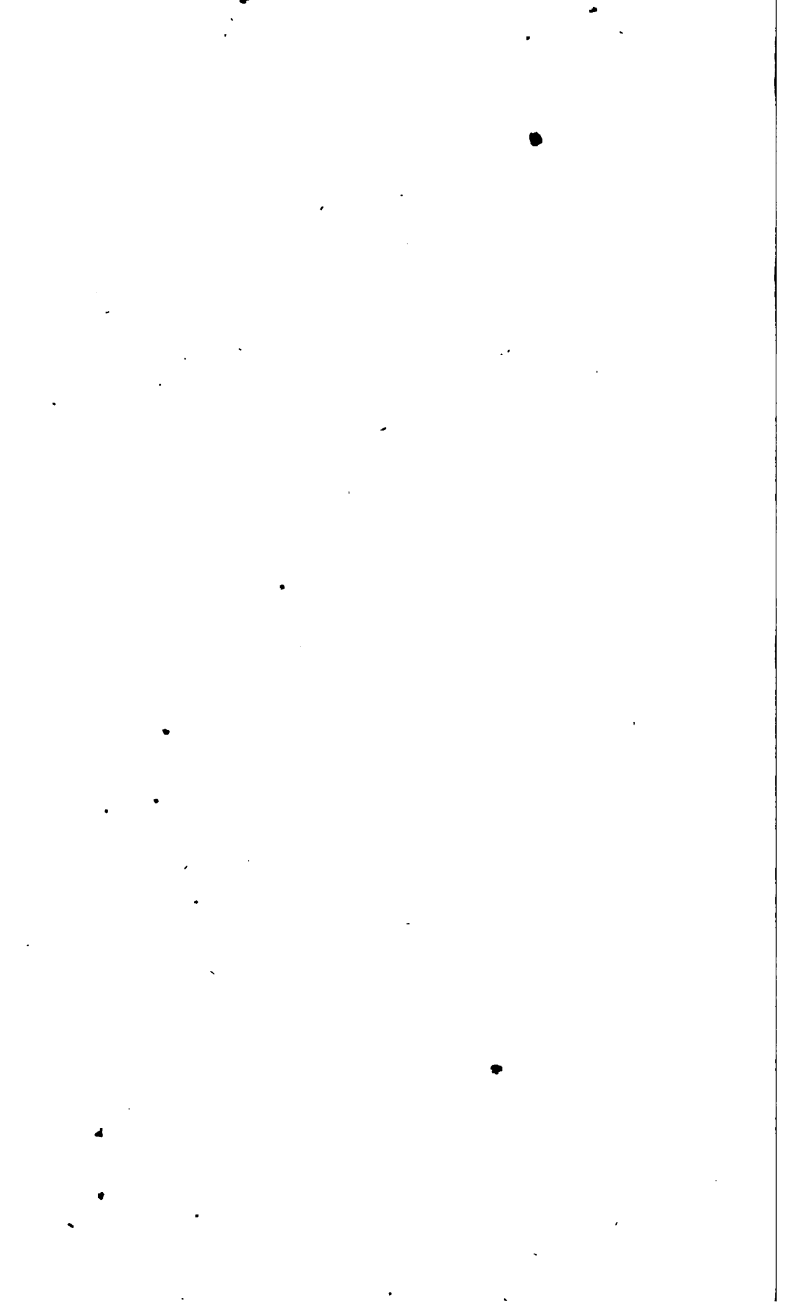
It will be seen, by many marks in the narratives which follow, that they are not the work of imagination. The dramas of real life are seldom well wound up, and the imperfectness of plot which might be objected to them as tales, will prove to the observant reader that they are drawn more from memory than fancy. It is because they are thus imperfect in dramatic accomplishment, that I have called them by the name under which they have been introduced. They are rather intimations of what seemed to lead to a romantic termination than complete romances—in short, they are *inklings of adventure*.

N. P. WILLIS.

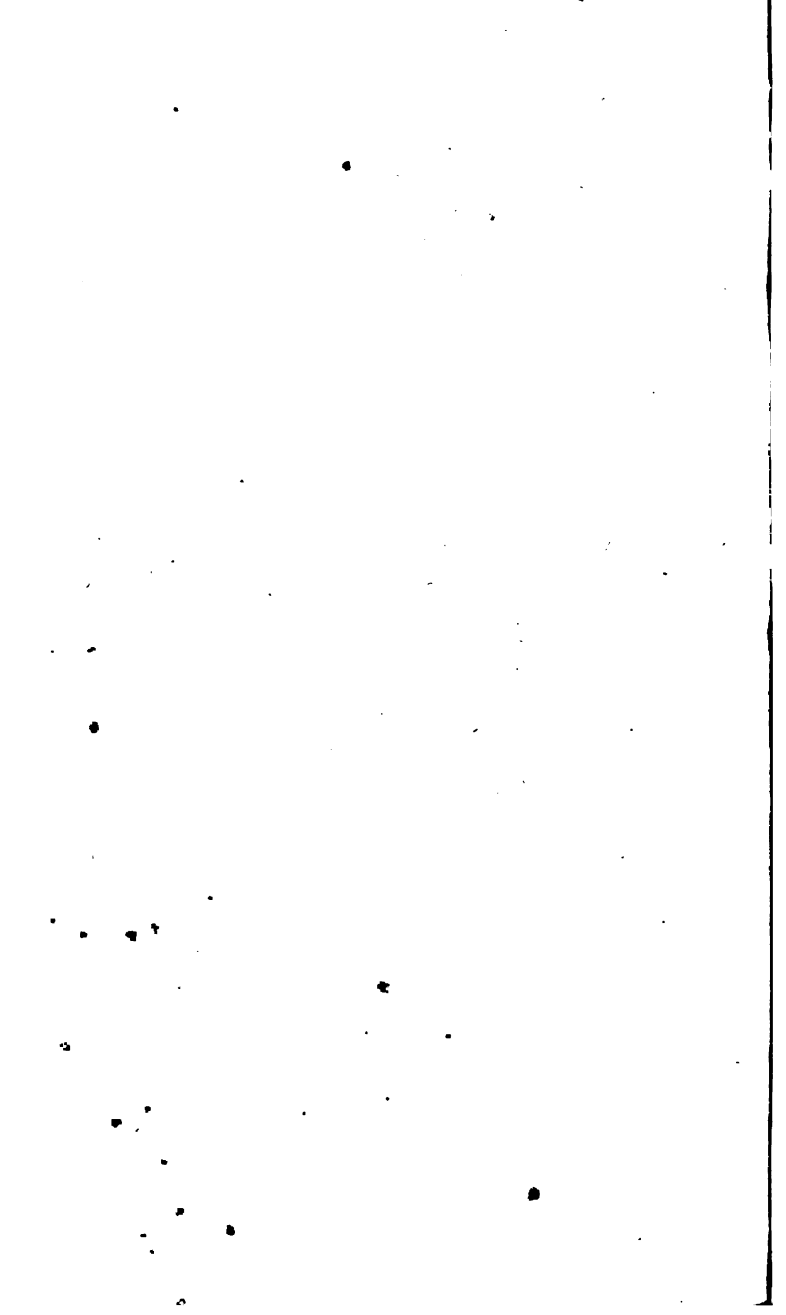
CONTENTS

TO VOLUME THE FIRST.

	PAGE
Pedlar Karl	1
Niagara—Lake Ontario—The St. Lawrence	23
The Cherokee's Threat	51
F. Smith	77
Edith Linsey—	
Part I. Frost and Flirtation	104
II. Love and Speculation	131
III. A Digression	156
IV. Scenery and a Scene	176
Scenes of Fear—	
No. I. The Disturbed Vigil	199
II. The Mad Senior	203
III. The Lunatic's Skate,	208
Incidents on the Hudson,	223



PEDLAR KARL.



PEDLAR KARL.

"Which manner of digression, however some dislike as frivolous and impertinent, yet I am of Beroaldus his opinion, such digressions do mightily delight and refresh a weary reader; they are like sawce to a bad stomach, and I therefore do most willingly use them."—*Burton*.

"Bienheureuses les imparfaites; à elles appartient le royaume de l'amour."—*L'Evangile des femmes*.

I AM not sure whether Lebanon Springs, the scene of a romantic story I am about to tell, belong to New-York or Massachusetts. It is not very important, to be sure, in a country where people take Vermont and Patagonia to be neighbouring States, but I have a natural looseness in geography which I take pains to mortify by exposure. Very odd! that I should not remember more of the spot where I took my first lessons in philandering; where I first saw you, brightest and most beautiful A. D. (not *Anno Domini*,) in your white morning-frocks and black French aprons!

Lebanon Springs are the rage about once in three years. I must let you into the secret of these things, gentle reader, for perhaps I am the only individual existing who has penetrated the mysteries of the four dynasties of American fashion. In the fourteen millions of inhabitants in the United States, there are pre-

cisely four authenticated and undisputed aristocratic families. There is one in Boston, one in New-York, one in Philadelphia, and one in Baltimore. By a blessed Providence they are not all in one State, or we should have a civil war and a monarchy in no time. With two hundred miles' interval between them, they agree passably, and generally meet at one or another of the three watering-places of Saratoga, Ballston or Lebanon. Their meeting is as mysterious as the process of crystallization, for it is not by agreement. You must explain it by some theory of homœopathy or magnetism. As it is not known till the moment they arrive, there is of course great excitement among the hotel keepers in these different parts of the country, and a village that has ten thousand transient inhabitants one summer, has, for the next, scarce as many score. The vast and solitary temples of Pæstum are gay in comparison with these halls of disappointment.

As I make a point of dawdling away July and August in this locomotive metropolis of pleasure, and rather prefer Lebanon, it is always agreeable to me to hear that the nucleus is formed in that valley of hemlocks. Not for its scenery, for really, my dear Eastern-hemispherian! you that are accustomed to what is called nature in England, (to wit, a soft park, with a gray ruin in the midst,) have little idea how wearily upon heart and mind presses a waste wilderness of mere forest and water, without stone or story. Trees in England have characters and tongues; if you see a fine one, you know whose father planted it, and for whose pleasure it was designed, and about what sum the man must possess to afford to let it stand. They are statistics, as it were—so many trees, *ergo*, so many owners so rich. In America, on the contrary, trees grow and waters run, as the stars shine, quite unmeaningly; there may be ten thousand princely elms, and

not a man within a hundred miles worth five pounds five. You ask, in England, who has the privilege of this water? or you say of an oak, that it stood in such a man's time: but with us, water is an element unclaimed and unrented, and a tree dabbles in the clouds as they go over, and is like a great idiot, without soul or responsibility.

If Lebanon *had* a history, however, it would have been a spot for a pilgrimage, for its *natural* beauty. It is shaped like a lotus, with one leaf laid back by the wind. It is a great green cup, with a scoop for a drinking-place. As you walk in the long porticoes of the hotel, the dark forest mounts up before you like a leafy wall, and the clouds seem just to clear the pine-tops, and the eagles sail across from horizon to horizon, without lifting their wings, as if you saw them from the bottom of a well. People born there think the world about two miles square, and hilly.

The principal charm of Lebanon to me is the village of "Shakers," lying in a valley about three miles off. As Glaucus wondered at the inert tortoise of Pompeii, and loved it for its antipodal contrast to himself, so do I *affection* (a French verb that I beg leave to introduce to the English language) the Shaking Quakers. That two thousand men could be found in the New World, who would embrace a religion enjoining a frozen and unsympathetic intercourse with the diviner sex, and that an equal number of females could be induced to live in the same community, without locks or walls, in the cold and rigid observance of a creed of celibacy, is to me an inexplicable and grave wonder. My delight is to get into my stanhope after breakfast, and drive over and spend the forenoon in contemplating them at their work in the fields. They have a peculiar and most expressive physiognomy; the women are pale, or of a wintry redness in

the cheek, and are all attenuated and spare. Gravity, deep and habitual, broods in every line of their thin faces. They go out to their labor in company with those serious men, and are never seen to smile. Their eyes are all hard and stony, their gait is precise and stiff, their voices are of a croaking hoarseness, and nature seems dead in them. I would bake you such men and women in a brick-kiln.

Do they think the world is coming to an end? Are there to be no more children? Is Cupid to be thrown out of business, like a coach proprietor on a rail-road? What can the Shakers mean, I should be pleased to know?

The oddity is that most of them are young. Men of from twenty to thirty, and women from sixteen to twenty-five, and often, spite of their unbecoming dress, good-looking and shapely, meet you at every step. Industrious, frugal, and self-denying they certainly are, and there is every appearance that their tenets of difficult abstinence are kept to the letter. There is little temptation beyond principle to remain, and they are free to go and come as they list, yet there they live on in peace and unrepining industry, and a more thriving community does not exist in the republic. Many a time have I driven over on a Sunday, and watched those solemn virgins dropping in one after another to the church; and when the fine-limbed and russet-faced brotherhood were swimming round the floor in their fanatical dance, I have watched their countenances for some look of preference, some betrayal of an ill-suppressed impulse, till my eyes ached again. I have selected the youngest and fairest, and have not lost sight of her for two hours, and she might have been made of cheese-parings for any trace of emotion. There is food for speculation in it. Can we do without matrimony? Can we "strike," and be

independent of these dear delightful tyrants, for whom we "live and move and have our being?" Will it ever be no blot on our escutcheon to have attained thirty-five as an unfructifying unit? Is that fearful campaign, with all its embarrassments and awkwardnesses, and inquisitions into your money and morals, its bullyings and backings-out—is it inevitable?

Lebanon has one other charm. Within a morning drive of the Springs lies the fairest village it has ever been my lot to see. It is English in its character, except that there is really nothing in this country so perfect of its kind. There are many towns in the United States more picturesquely situated, but this, before I had been abroad, always seemed to me the very ideal of English rural scenery, and the kind of place to set apart for either love or death—for one's honeymoon or burial—the two periods of life which I have always hoped would find me in the loveliest spot of nature. Stockbridge lies in a broad sunny valley, with mountains at exactly the right distance, and a river in its bosom that is as delicate in its windings, and as suited to the charms it wanders among, as a vein in the transparent neck of beauty. I am not going into a regular description, but I have carried myself back to Lebanon; and the remembrance of the leafy mornings of summer in which I have driven to that fair earthly Paradise, and loitered under its elms, imagining myself amid the scenes of song and story in distant England, has a charm for me now. I have seen the mother land; I have rambled through park, woodland and village, wherever the name was old and the scene lovely, and it pleases me to go back to my dreaming days and compare the reality with the anticipation. Most small towns in America have traces of *new*-ness about them. The stumps of a clearing, or freshly-boarded barns—something

that is the antipodes of romance—meets your eye from every aspect. Stockbridge, on the contrary, is an old town, and the houses are of a rural structure; the fields look soft and genial, the grass is sward-like, the bridges picturesque, the hedges old, and the elms, nowhere so many and so luxuriant, are full grown and majestic. The village is embowered in foliage.

Greatest attraction of all, the authoress of “Redwood” and “Hope Leslie,” a novelist of whom America has the good sense to be proud, is the Miss Mitford of Stockbridge. A *man*, though a distinguished one, may have little influence on the town he lives in, but a remarkable *woman* is the invariable cynosure of a community, and irradiates it all. I think I could divine the presence of one almost by the growing of the trees and flowers. “Our Village” does not look like other villages.

II.

You will have forgotten that I had a story to tell, dear reader. I was at Lebanon in the summer of — (perhaps you don't care about knowing exactly when it was, and in that case I would rather keep shy of dates. I please myself with the idea that time gets on faster than I.) The Springs were thronged. The President's lady was there, (this was under *our* administration, the Adams',) and all the four *cliques* spoken of above were amicably united—each other's beaux dancing with each other's belles, and so on. If I were writing merely for American eyes, I should digress once more to describe the distinctive characters of the south, north, and central representations of beauty; but it would scarcely interest the general reader. I may say in passing that the Boston belles were. à l'Anglaise, rosy and riantes; the New-Yorkers, like Parisians, cool, dangerous, and dressy; and the Balti-

morians, (and so south,) like Ionians or Romans, indolent, passionate, lovely, and languishing. Men, women and pine apples, I am inclined to think, flourish with a more kindly growth in the fervid latitudes.

The campaign went on, and a pleasant campaign it was—for the parties concerned had the management of their own affairs; *i. e.* they who had hearts to sell made the bargain for themselves, (this was the greater number,) and they who disposed of this commodity gratis, though necessarily young and ignorant of the world, made the transfer in the same manner, in person. This is your true republic. The trading in affections by reference—the applying to an old and selfish heart for the purchase of a young and ingenuous one—the swearing to your rents, and not to your faithful passion—to your settlements, and not your constancy—the cold distance between yourself and the young creature who is to lie in your bosom, till the purchase-money is secured,—and the hasty marriage and sudden abandonment of a nature thus chilled and put on its guard, to a freedom with one almost a stranger, that cannot but seem licentious, and cannot but break down that sense of propriety in which modesty is most strongly entrenched—this seems to me the *one* evil of your old worm-eaten monarchies this side the water, which touches the essential happiness of the well-bred individual. Taxation and oppression are but things he reads of in the morning paper.

This freedom of intercourse between unmarried people has a single disadvantage,—one gets so desperately soon to the end of the chapter! There shall be two hundred young ladies at the Springs in a given season, and, by the difference in taste so wisely arranged by Providence, there will scarce be, of course, more than four in that number whom any one gentleman at all difficult will find within the range of his *beau ideal*.

With these four he may converse freely twelve hours in the day—more, if he particularly desires it. They may ride together, drive together, ramble together, sing together, be together from morning till night, and at the end of a month passed in this way, if he escape a committal, as is possible, he will know all that are agreeable, in one large circle, at least, as well as he knows his sisters—a state of things that is very likely to end in his going abroad soon, from a mere dearth of amusement. I have imagined, however, the case of an unmarrying idle man, a character too rare as yet in America to affect the general question. People marry as they die in that country—when their time come. *We must all marry* is as much an axiom as *we must all die*, and eke as melancholy.

Shall we go on with the story? I had escaped for two blessed weeks, and was congratulating the susceptible gentleman under my waistcoat-pocket that we should never be in love with less than the whole sex again, when a German Baron Von —— arrived at the Springs with a lame daughter. She was eighteen, transparently fair, and, at first sight, so shrinkingly dependent, so delicate, so child-like, that attention to her assumed the form almost of pity, and sprang as naturally and unsuspectingly from the heart. The only womanly trait about her was her voice, which was so deeply soft and full, so earnest and yet so gentle, so touched with subdued pathos and yet so melancholy calm, that if she spoke after a long silence, I turned to her involuntarily with the feeling that she was not the same,—as if some impassioned and eloquent woman had taken unaware the place of the simple and petted child.

I am inclined to think there is a particular tenderness in the human breast for lame women. Any other deformity in the gentler sex is monstrous; but

lameness (the Devil's defect) is "the devil." I picture to myself, to my own eye, now—pacing those rickety colonnades at Lebanon with the gentle Meeta hanging heavily, and with the dependence inseparable from her infirmity, on my arm, while the moon (which was the moon of the Rhine to *her*, full of thrilling and unearthly influences) rode solemnly up above the mountain-tops. And that strange voice filling like a flute with sweetness as the night advanced, and that irregular pressure of the small wrist in her forgotten lameness, and my own (I thought) almost paternal feeling as she leaned more and more heavily, and turned her delicate and fair face confidingly up to mine, and that dangerous mixture altogether of childlikeness and womanly passion, of dependence and superiority, of reserve on the one subject of love, and absolute confidence on every other—if I had not a story to tell I could prate of those June nights and their witcheries till you would think

"Tutti gli alberi del mondo
Fossero penne,"

and myself "bitten by the dipsas."

We were walking one night late in the gallery running around the second story of the hotel. There was a ball on the floor below, and the music, deadened somewhat by the crowded room, came up softened and mellowed to the dark and solitary colonnade, and added to other influences in putting a certain lodger in my bosom beyond my temporary control. I told Meeta that I loved her.

The building stands against the side of a steep mountain high up above the valley, and the pines and hemlocks at that time hung in their primeval blackness almost over the roof. As the most difficult and embarrassed sentence of which I had ever been delivered died on my lips, and Meeta, lightening her weight on

my arm, walked in apparently offended silence by my side, a deep-toned guitar was suddenly struck in the woods, and a clear, manly voice broke forth in a song. It produced an instant and startling effect on my companion. With the first word she quickly withdrew her arm; and, after a moment's pause, listening with her hands raised in an attitude of the most intense eagerness, she sprang to the extremity of the balustrade, and gazed breathlessly into the dark depths of the forest. The voice ceased, and she started back, and laid her hand hastily upon my arm.

"I must go," she said, in a voice of hurried feeling; "if you are generous, stay here and await me!" and in another moment she sprang along the bridge connecting the gallery with the rising ground in the rear, and was lost in the shadows of the hemlocks.

I have made a declaration, thought I, just five minutes too soon.

I paced up and down the now *too* lonely colonnade, and picked up the fragments of my dream with what philosophy I might. By the time Meeta returned, perhaps a half hour, perhaps an age, as you measure by her feelings or mine, I had hatched up a very pretty and heroical magnanimity. She would have spoken, but was breathless.

"Explain nothing," I said, taking her arm within mine, "and let us mutually forget. If I can serve you better than by silence, command me entirely. I live but for your happiness,—even," I added after a pause, "though it spring from another."

We were at her chamber door. She pressed my hand with a strength of which I did not think those small, slight fingers capable, and vanished, leaving me, I am free to confess, less resigned than you would suppose from my last speech. I had done the dramatic thing, thanks to much reading of you, dear Barry

Cornwall ! but it was not in a play. I remained killed after the audience was gone.

III.

The next day a new character appeared on the stage.

"*Such* a handsome pedlar !" said magnificent Helen — to me, as I gave my horse to the groom after a ride in search of hellebore, and joined the promenade at the well : "and what do you think ? he sells only by raffle ! It's so nice. All sorts of Berlin iron ornaments, and every thing German and sweet ; and the pedlar's smile's worth more than the prizes ; and *such* a moustache ! See ! there he is ! and now, if he has sold all his tickets,—will you come, Master Gravity ?"

"I hear a voice you cannot hear," thought I, as I gave the beauty my arm and joined a crowd of people gathered about a pedlar's box in the centre of the parterre.

The itinerant vender spread his wares in the midst of the gay assemblage, and the raffle went on. He was excessively handsome. A head of the sweet gentleness of Raphael's, with locks flowing to his shoulders in the fashion of German students, a soft brown moustache curving on a short Phidian upper lip, a large blue eye expressive of enthusiasm rather than passion, and features altogether purely intellectual, formed a portrait with which even jealousy might console itself. Through all the disadvantages of a dress suited to his apparent vocation, an eye the least on the alert for a disguise would have penetrated his in a moment. The gay and thoughtless crowd about him, not accustomed to impostors who were *more* than they pretended to be, trusted him for a pedlar, but treated him with a respect far above his station insensibly.

Whatever his object was, so it were honorable, I inly determined to give him all the assistance in my power. A single glance at the face of Meeta, who joined the circle as the prizes were drawn,—a face so changed since yesterday, so flushed with hope and pleasure, and yet so saddened by doubt and fear, the small lips compressed, the soft black eye kindled and restless, and the red leaf on her cheek deepened to a feverish beauty,—left me no shadow of hesitation. I exchanged a look with her that I intended should say as much.

IV.

I know nothing that gives one such an elevated idea of human nature (in one's own person) as helping another man to a woman one loves. Oh last days of minority or thereabouts! oh primal manhood! oh golden time, when we have let go all but the enthusiasm of the boy, and seized hold of all but the selfishness of the man! oh blessed interregnum of the evil and stronger genius! why can we not bottle up thy hours like the wine of a better vintage, and enjoy them in the parched world-weariness of age! In the tardy honeymoon of a bachelor (as mine will be, if it come ever, alas!) with what joy of Paradise should we bring up from the cellars of the past a hamper of that sunny Hippocrene!

Pedlar Karl and "the gentleman in No. 10" would have been suspected in any other country of conspiracy. (How odd that the highest crime of a monarchy, the attempt to supplant the existing ruler, becomes in a republic a creditable profession! You are a *traitor* here, a *politician* there!) We sat together from midnight onwards, discoursing in low voices over sherry and sandwiches, and in that crowded Babylon, his entrances and exits required a very con-

spirator-like management. Known as my friend, his trade and his disguise were up. As a pedlar, wandering about where he listed when not employed over his wares, his interviews with Meeta were easily contrived, and his lover's watch, gazing on her through the long hours of the ball from the crowd of villagers at the windows, hovering about her walks, and feeding his heart on the many, many chance looks of fondness given him every hour in that out-of-doors society, kept him comparatively happy.

"The Baron looked hard at you to-day," said I, as he closed the door in my little room, and sat down on the bed.

"Yes; he takes an interest in me as a countryman, but he does not know me. He is a dull observer, and has seen me but once in Germany."

"How, then, have you known Meeta so long?"

"I accompanied her brother home from the university, when the Baron was away, and for a long month we were seldom parted. Riding, boating on the Rhine, watching the sunset from the bartizan of the old castle towers, reading in the old library, rambling in the park and forest—it was a heaven, my friend, than which I can conceive none brighter."

"And her brother?"

"Alas! changed! We were both boys then, and a brother is slow to believe his sister's beauty dangerous. He was the first to shut the doors against me, when he heard that the poor student had dared to love his high-born Meeta."

Karl covered his eyes with his hand, and brooded for a while in silence on the remembrances he had awakened.

"Do you think the Baron came to America purposely to avoid you?"

"Partly, I have no doubt, for I entered the castle

one night in my despair, when I had been forbidden entrance, and he found me at her feet in the old corridor. It was the only time he ever saw me, if, indeed, he saw me at all in the darkness, and he immediately hastened his preparations for a long-contemplated journey, I knew not whither."

"Did you follow him soon?"

"No, for my heart was crushed at first, and I despaired. The possibility of following them in my wretched poverty did not even occur to me for months."

"How did you track them hither, of all places in the world?"

"I sought them first in Italy. It is easy on the continent to find out where persons are *not*, and after two years' wanderings, I heard of them in Paris. They had just sailed for America. I followed; but in a country where there are no passports, and no *espionage*, it is difficult to trace the traveller. It was probable only that they would be at a place of general resort, and I came here with no assurance but hope. Thanks to God, the first sight that greeted my eyes was my dear Meeta, whose irregular step, as she walked back and forth with you in the gallery, enabled me to recognise her in the darkness."

Who shall say the days of romance are over? The plot is not brought to the catastrophe, but we hope it is near.

V.

My aunt, Isabella Slingsby, (now in heaven, with the "eleven thousand virgins," God rest her soul!) was at this time, as at all others, under my respectable charge. She would have said I was under her's—but it amounts to the same thing—we lived together in peace and harmony. She said what she pleased,

for I loved her—and I *did* what I pleased, for she loved me. When Karl told me that Meeta's principal objection to an elopement was the want of a matron, I shut the teeth of my resolution, as they say in Persia, and inwardly vowed my unconscious aunt to this exigency. You should have seen Miss Isabella Slingsby to know what a desperate man may be brought to resolve on.

On a certain day, Count Von Raffle-off (as my witty friend and ally, Tom Fane, was pleased to call the handsome pedlar) departed with his pack and the hearts of all the dressing-maids and some of their mistresses, on his way to New-York. I drove down the road to take my leave of him out of sight, and give him my last instructions.

How to attack my aunt was a subject about which I had many unsatisfactory thoughts. If there was one thing she disapproved of more than another, it was an elopement; and with what face to propose to her to run away with a baron's only daughter, and leave her in the hands of a pedlar, taking upon herself, as she must, the whole sin and odium, was an enigma I ate, drank, and slept upon in vain. One thing at last became very clear—she would do it for nobody but *me*. *Sequitur*, I must play the lover myself.

I commenced with a fit of illness. What *was* the matter! For two days I was invisible. Dear Isabella! it was the first time I had ever drawn seriously on thy fallow sympathies, and, how freely they flowed at my affected sorrows, I shame to remember! Did ever woman so weep? Did ever woman so take antipathy to man as she to that innocent old Baron for his supposed refusal of his daughter to Philip Slingsby? This revival of the remembrance shall not be in vain. The mignonnette and roses planted above thy grave, dearest aunt, shall be weeded anew!

Oh that long week of management and hypocrisy!
The day came at last.

"Aunt Bel!"

"What, Philip, dear?"

"I think I feel better to-day."

"Yes?"

"Yes. What say you to a drive? There is the stanhope."

"My dear Phil, dont mention that horrid stanhope. I am sure, if you valued my life—"

"Precisely aunt—(I had taken care to give her a good fright the day before)—but Tom Fane has offered me his ponies and Jersey wagon, and that, you know, is the most quiet thing in the world, and holds four. So, perhaps—ehem!—you'll—ask Meeta?"

"Um! Why, you see, Philip—"

I saw at once that, if it got to an argument, I was *perdu*. Miss Slingsby, though a sincere Christian, never *could* keep her temper when she tried to reason. I knelt down on her footstool, smoothed away the false hair on her forehead, and kissed her. It was a fascinating endearment of mine that I only resorted to on great emergencies. The hermit tooth in my aunt's mouth became gradually visible, heralding what in youth had been a smile; and, as I assisted her in rolling up her embroidery, she looked on me with an unsuspecting affection that touched my heart. I made a silent vow that if she survived the scrape into which she was being inveigled, I would be to her and her dog Whimsiculo, (the latter my foe and my aversion,) the soul of exemplary kindness for the remainder of their natural lives. I lay the unction to my soul that this vow was kept. My aunt blessed me shortly before she was called to "walk in white," (she had hitherto walked in yellow,) and as it would have been unnatural in Whimsiculo to survive her, I considered his

"natural life" as ended with her's, and had him peacefully strangled on the same day. He lies at her feet as usual, a delicate attention of which (I trust in Swedenborg) her spirit is aware.

With the exception of "Tom Thumb" and "Rattler," who were of the same double-jointed family of interminable wind and bottom, there was never perhaps such a pair of goers as Tom Fane's ponies. My aunt had a lurking hope, I believe, that the Baron would refuse Meeta permission to join us, but either he did not think me a dangerous person, (I have said before he was a dull man,) or he had no objection to me as a son-in-law, which my aunt and myself (against the world) would have thought the natural construction upon his indifference. He came to the end of the colonnade to see us start, and as I eased the ribands and let the ponies off like a shot from a cross-bow, I stole a look at Meeta. The colour had fled from cheek and lip, and the tears streamed over them like rain. Aunt Bel was on the back-seat, *grace à Dieu!*

We met Tom at the foot of the hill, and I pulled up. He was the *best* fellow, that Tom Fane!

"Ease both the bearing reins," said I; "I am going up the mountain."

"The devil you are!" said Tom, doing my bidding, however; "you'll find the road to the Shakers much pleasanter. What an odd whim! It's a perpendicular three miles, Miss Slingsby. I would as lief be hoisted up a well and let down again. Don't go that way Phil, unless you are going to run away with Miss Von ———"

"Many a shaft at random sent,"

thought I, and waving the tandem lash over the ears of the ponies, I brought up the silk on the cheek of their malaprop master, and spanked away up the hill, leav-

ing him in a range likely to get a fresh supply of fuel by dinner-time. Tom was of a plethoric habit, and if I had not thought he could afford to burst a blood-vessel better than two lovers to break their hearts, I should not have ventured on the bold measure of borrowing his horses for an hour and keeping them a week. We have shaken hands upon it since, but it is my private opinion that he has never forgiven me in his heart.

As we wound slowly up the mountain, I gave Meeta the reins, and jumped out to gather some wild flowers for my aunt. Dear old soul! the attention reconciled her to what she considered a very unwarrantable caprice of mine. What I *could* wish to toil up that steep mountain for! Well! the flowers *are* charming in these high regions!

"Don't you see my reason for coming then, aunt Bella?"

"*Was* it for that, dear Philip?" said she, putting the wild flowers affectionately into her bosom, where they bloomed like broidery on saffron tapestry. "How considerate of you!" And she drew her shawl around her, and was at peace with all the world. So easily are the old made happy by the young! Reader, I scent a moral in the air!

We were at the top of the hill. If I was sane, my aunt was probably thinking, I should turn here, and go back. To descend the other side, and re-ascend and descend again to the Springs, was hardly a sort of thing one would do for pleasure.

"Here's a good place to turn, Philip," said she, as we entered a smooth broad hollow on the top of the mountain.

I dashed through it as if the ponies were shod with *talaria*. My aunt said nothing, and luckily the road was very narrow for a mile, and she had a horror of a short turn. A new thought struck me.

"Did you ever know, aunt, that there was a way back around the foot of the mountain?"

"Dear, no; how delightful! Is it far?"

"A couple of hours or so; but I can do it in less. We'll try;" and I gave the sure-footed Canadians the whip, and scampered down the hills as if the rock of Sisyphus had been rolling after us.

We were soon over the mountain range, and the road grew better and more level. Oh, how fast pattered those little hoofs, and how full of spirit and excitement looked those small ears, catching the lightest chirrup I could whisper, like the very spell of swiftness. Pines, hemlocks and cedars, farm-houses and milestones, flew back like shadows. My aunt sat speechless in the middle of the back seat, holding on with both hands, in apprehensive resignation! She expected soon to come in sight of the Springs, and had doubtless taken a mental resolution that if, please God, she once more found herself at home, she would never "tempt Providence" (it was a favorite expression of her's) by trusting herself again behind such a pair of fly-away demons. As I read this thought in her countenance by a stolen glance over my shoulder, we rattled into a village distant from Lebanon twenty miles.

"There, aunt," said I, as I pulled up at the door of the inn; "we have very nearly described a circle. Now, don't speak! if you do you'll start the horses. There's nothing they are so much afraid of as a woman's voice. Very odd, isn't it? We'll just sponge their mouths now, and be at home in the crack of a whip. Five miles more, only. Come!"

Off we sped again like the wind, aunt Bel just venturing to wonder whether the horses wouldn't *rather* go slower. Meeta had hardly spoken. She had thoughts of her own to be busy with, and I pretended

to be fully occupied with my driving. The nonsense I talked to those horses, to do away the embarrassment of her silence, would convict me of insanity before any jury in the world.

The sun began to throw long shadows, and the short-legged ponies figured like flying giraffes along the retiring hedges. Luckily, my aunt had very little idea of conjecturing a course by the points of the compass. We sped on gloriously.

"Philip, dear! hav'n't you lost your way? It seems to me we've come more than five miles since you stopped," (ten at least,) "and I don't see the mountains about Lebanon at all!"

"Don't be alarmed, aunty, dear! We're very high just here, and shall *drop down* on Lebanon, as it were. Are *you* afraid, Meeta?"

"*Nein!*" she answered. She was thinking in German, poor girl, and heart and memory were wrapped up in the thought.

I drove on almost cruelly. Tom's incomparable horses justified all his eulogiums; they were indefatigable. The sun blazed a moment through the firs, and disappeared, the gorgeous changes of eve came over the clouds, the twilight stole through the damp air with its melancholy gray, and the whip-poor-wills, birds of evening, came abroad, like gentlemen in debt, to flit about in the darkness. Every thing was saddening. My own volubility ceased; the whiz of the lash, as I waved it over the heads of my foaming ponies, and an occasional "Steady!" as one or the other broke into a gallop, were the only interruptions to the silence. Meeta buried her face in the folds of her shawl, and sat closer to my side, and my aunt, soothed and flattered by turns, believed and doubted, and was finally persuaded, by my ingenious and well-inserted fibs, that it was only somewhat farther than I anticipated, and we should arrive "presently."

Somewhere about eight o'clock the lights of a town appeared in the distance, and, straining every nerve, the gallant beasts whirled us in through the streets, and I pulled up suddenly at the door of an hotel.

"Why, Philip!" said my aunt, in a tone of unutterable astonishment, looking about her as if she had awoke from a dream, "This is Hudson!"

It was too clear to be disputed. We were upon the North River, forty miles from Lebanon, and the steamer would touch at the pier in half an hour. My aunt was to be one of the passengers to New-York, but she was yet to be persuaded of it; the only thing now was to get her into the house, and enact the scene as soon as possible.

I helped her out as tenderly as I knew how, and, as we went up stairs, I requested Meefa to sit down in a corner of the room, and cover her face with her handkerchief. When the servant was locked out, I took my aunt into the recess of the window, and informed her, to her very great surprise, that she had run away with the Baron's daughter.

"Philip Slingsby!"

My aunt was overcome. I had nothing for it but to be overcome too. She sunk into one chair, and I into the other, and burying my face in my hands, I looked through my fingers to watch the effect. Five mortal minutes lasted my aunt's wrath; gradually, however, she began to steal a look at me, and the expression of resentment about her thin lips softened into something like pity.

"Philip!" said she, taking my hand.

"My dear aunt!"

"What is to be done?"

I pointed to Meeta, who sat with her head on her bosom, pressed my hand to my heart, as if to suppress a pang, and proceeded to explain. It seemed impos-

sible for my aunt to forgive the deception of the thing. Unsophisticated Isabella! If thou hadst known that thou wert, even yet, one fold removed from the truth,—if thou couldst have divined that it was not for the darling of thy heart that thou wert yielding a point only less dear to thee than thy maiden reputation,—if it could have entered thy region of possibilities that thine own house in town had been three days aired for the reception of a bride, run away with by thy ostensible connivance, and all for a German pedlar, in whose fortunes and loves thou hadst no shadow of interest, I think the brain of thee would have turned, and the dry heart in thy bosom have broken with surprise and grief!

I wrote a note to Tom, left his horses at the inn, and at nine o'clock we were steaming down the Hudson, my aunt in bed, and Meeta pacing the deck with me, and pouring forth her fears and her gratitude in a voice of music that made me almost repent my self-sacrificing enterprise. I have told the story gaily, gentle reader! but there was a nerve ajar in my heart while its little events went on.

How we sped thereafter, dear reader!—how the Consul of his Majesty of Prussia was persuaded by my aunt's respectability to legalize the wedding by his presence,—how my aunt fainted dead away when the parson arrived, and she discovered who was *not* to be the bridegroom and who *was*,—how I persuaded her she had gone too far to recede, and worked on her tenderness once more,—how the weeping Karl, and his lame and lovely bride, lived with us till the old Baron thought it fit to give Meeta his blessing and some money,—how Tom Fane wished no good to the pedlar's eyes,—and lastly, how Miss Isabella Slingsby lived and died wondering what earthly motive I could have for my absurd share in these events, are matters of which I spare you the particulars.

**NIAGARA—LAKE ONTARIO—
THE ST. LAWRENCE.**

NIAGARA—LAKE ONTARIO— THE ST. LAWRENCE.

No. I.

NIAGARA.

"He was born when the crab was ascending, and all his affairs go backward."—LOVE FOR LOVE.

It was in my senior vacation, and I was bound to Niagara for the first time. My companion was a specimen of the human race found rarely in Vermont, and never elsewhere. He was nearly seven feet high, walked as if every joint in his body was in a hopeless state of dislocation, and was hideously, ludicrously, and painfully ugly. This whimsical exterior contained the conscious spirit of Apollo, and the poetical susceptibility of Keats. He had left his plough in the green mountains at the age of twenty-five, and entered as a poor student at the University, where, with the usual policy of the college government, he was allotted to me as a compulsory chum, on the principle of breaking in a colt with a cart-horse. I began with laughing at him, and ended with loving him. He rejoiced in the common appellation of Job Smith—a synonymous soubriquet, as I have elsewhere remarked, which was substituted by his classmates for his baptismal name of Forbearance.

Getting Job away with infinite difficulty from a young Indian girl who was selling moccasins in the

streets of Buffalo, (a straight, slender creature of eighteen, stopping about like a young leopard, cold, stern, and beautiful,) we crossed the outlet of Lake Erie at the ferry, and took horses on the northern bank of Niagara river to ride to the Falls. It was a noble stream, as broad as the Hellespont and as blue as the sky, and I could not look at it, hurrying on headlong to its fearful leap, without a feeling almost of dread.

There was only one thing to which Job was more susceptible than to the beauties of nature, and that was the beauty of woman. His romance had been stirred by the lynx-eyed Sioux, who took her money for the moccasins with such haughty and thankless *superbia*, and full five miles of the river, with all the gorgeous flowers and rich shrubs upon its rim, might as well have been Lethe for his admiration. He rode along, like the man of rags you see paraded on an ass in the carnival, his legs and arms dangling about in ludicrous obedience to the sidelong hitch of his pacer.

The roar of the Falls was soon audible, and Job's enthusiasm and my own, if the increased pace of our Naragansett ponies meant any thing, were fully aroused. The river broke into rapids, foaming furiously on its course, and the subterranean thunder increased like a succession of earthquakes, each louder than the last. I had never heard a sound so broad and universal. It was impossible not to suspend the breath, and feel absorbed, to the exclusion of all other thoughts, in the great phenomenon with which the world seemed trembling to its centre. A tall, misty cloud, changing its shape continually, as it felt the shocks of the air, rose up before us, and with our eyes fixed upon it, and our horses at a hard gallop, we found ourselves unexpectedly in front of a vast white — hotel! which suddenly interposed between the cloud

and our vision. Job slapped his legs against the sides of his panting beast, and urged him on, but a long fence on either side the immense building cut him off from all approach; and having assured ourselves that there was no access to Niagara except through the back-door of the gentleman's house, who stood with hat off to receive us, we wished no good to his Majesty's province of Upper Canada, and dismounted.

"Will you visit the Falls before dinner, gentlemen?" asked mine host.

"No, sir!" thundered Job, in a voice that, for a moment, stopped the roar of the cataract.

He was like an improvisatore who had been checked by some rude *birbone* in the very crisis of his eloquence. He would not have gone to the Falls that night to have saved the world. We dined.

As it was the first meal we had ever eaten under a monarchy, I proposed the health of the king; but Job refused it. There was an impertinent profanity, he said, in fencing up the entrance to Niagara that was a greater encroachment on natural liberty than the stamp act. He would drink to no king or parliament under which such a thing could be conceived possible. I left the table and walked to the window.

"Job, come here! Miss ——, by all that is lovely!"

He flounced up, like a snake touched with a torpedo, and sprang to the window. Job had never seen the lady whose name produced such a sensation, but he had heard more of her than of Niagara. So had every soul of the fifteen millions of inhabitants between us and the Gulf of Mexico. She was one of those miracles of nature that occur, perhaps, once in the rise and fall of an empire—a woman of the perfect beauty of an angel, with the most winning human sweetness of character and manner. She was kind, playful, unaffected, and radiantly, gloriously beautiful. I am sor-

ry I may not mention her name, for in more chivalrous times she would have been a character of history. Every body who has been in America, however, will know whom I am describing, and I am sorry for those who have not. The country of Washington will be in its decadence before it sees such another.

She had been to the Fall and was returning with her mother and a troop of lovers, who, I will venture to presume, brought away a very imperfect impression of the scene. I would describe her as she came laughing up that green bank, unconscious of every thing but the pleasure of life in a summer sunset; but I leave it for a more skilful hand. The authoress of "Hope Leslie" will, perhaps, mould her image into one of her inimitable heroines.

I presented my friend, and we passed the evening in her dangerous company. After making an engagement to accompany her in the morning behind the sheet of the Fall, we said good night at twelve—one of us at least as many "fathom deep in love" as a thousand Rosalinds. My poor chum! The roar of the cataract that shook the very roof over thy head was less loud to thee that night than the beating of thine own heart, I warrant me!

I rose at sunrise to go alone to the Fall, but Job was before me, and the angular outline of his gaunt figure, stretching up from Table Rock in strong relief against the white body of the spray, was the first object that caught my eye as I descended.

As I came nearer the Fall, a feeling of disappointment came over me. I had imagined Niagara a vast body of water descending as if from the clouds. The approach to most Falls is *from below*, and we get an idea of them as of rivers pitching down to the plain from the brow of a hill or mountain. Niagara river, on the contrary, comes out from Lake Erie through a

flat plain. The top of the cascade is ten feet perhaps below the level of the country around, consequently invisible from any considerable distance. You walk to the bank of a broad and rapid river, and look over the edge of a rock, where the outlet flood of an inland sea seems to have broken through the crust of the earth, and, by its mere weight, plunged with an awful leap into an immeasurable and resounding abyss. It seems to strike and thunder upon the very centre of the world, and the ground beneath your feet quivers with the shock till you feel unsafe upon it.

Other disappointment than this I cannot conceive at Niagara. It is a spectacle so awful, so beyond the scope and power of every other phenomenon in the world, that I think people who are disappointed there mistake the incapacity of their own conception for the want of grandeur in the scene.

The "hell of waters" below need but a little red ochre to out-Phlegethon Phlegethon. I can imagine the surprise of the gentle element, after sleeping away a se'nnight of moonlight in the peaceful bosom of Lake Erie, at finding itself of a sudden in such a coil! A Mediterranean sea-gull, which had tossed out the whole of a January in the infernal "yeast" of the Archipelago, (was I not all but wrecked every day between Troy and Malta in a score of successive hurricanes?)—I say, the most weather beaten of sea-birds would look twice before he ventured upon the roaring cauldron below Niagara. It is astonishing to see how far the descending mass is driven under the surface of the stream. As far down towards Lake Ontario as the eye can reach, the immense volumes of water rise like huge monsters to the light, boiling and flashing out in rings of foam, with an appearance of rage and anger that I have seen in no other cataract in the world.

"A nice Fall, as an Englishman would say, my dear Job."

"Awful!"

Halleck, the American poet, (a better one never "strung pearls,") has written some admirable verses on Niagara, describing its effect on the different individuals of a mixed party, among whom was a tailor. The sea of incident that has broken over me in years of travel, has washed out of my memory all but the two lines descriptive of its impression upon Snip:—

"The tailor made one single note—
Gods! what a place to sponge a coat!"

"Shall we go to breakfast, Job?"

"How slowly and solemnly they drop into the abyss!"

It was not an original remark of Mr. Smith's. Nothing is so surprising to the observer as the extraordinary deliberateness with which the waters of Niagara take their tremendous plunge. All hurry and foam and fret, till they reach the smooth limit of the curve—and then the laws of gravitation seem suspended, and, like Cæsar, they pause, and determine, since it is inevitable, to take the death-leap with becoming dignity.

"Shall we go to breakfast, Job?" I was obliged to raise my voice to be heard, to a pitch rather exhausting to an empty stomach.

His eyes remained fixed upon the shifting rainbows bending and vanishing in the spray. There was no moving him, and I gave in for another five minutes.

"Do you think it probable, Job, that the waters of Niagara strike on the axis of the world?"

No answer.

"Job!"

"What?"

"Do you think his Majesty's half of the cataract is finer than ours?"

"Much."

"For *water*, merely, perhaps. But look at the delicious verdure on the American shore, the glorious trees, the mass'd foliage, the luxuriant growth even to the very rim of the ravine! By Jove! it seems to me things grow better in a republic. Did you ever see a more barren and scraggy shore than the one you stand upon."

"How exquisitely," said Job, soliloquising, "that small green island divides the Fall! What a rock it must be founded on, not to have been washed away in the ages that these waters have split against it!"

"I'll lay you a bet it is washed away before the year two thousand—payable in any currency with which we may then be conversant."

"Don't trifle!"

"With time, or geology, do you mean? Isn't it perfectly clear from the looks of that ravine, that Niagara has *back'd up* all the way from Lake Ontario? These rocks are not adamant, and the very precipice* you stand on has cracked, and looks ready for the plunge. It must gradually wear back to Lake Erie, and then there will be a sweep, I should like to live long enough to see. The instantaneous junction of two seas, with a difference of two hundred feet in their levels, will be a spectacle—eh, Job?"

"Tremendous!"

"Do you intend to wait and see it, or will you come to breakfast?"

He was immovable. I left him on the rock, went up to the hotel and ordered mutton-chops and coffee,

* It has since fallen into the abyss—fortunately in the night, as visitors were always upon it during the day. The noise was heard at an incredible distance.

and when they were on the table, gave two of the waiters a dollar each to bring him up *nolens-volens*. He arrived in a great rage, but with a good appetite, and we finished our breakfast just in time to meet Miss —, as she stepped like Aurora from her chamber.

It is necessary to a reputation for prowess in the United States to have been behind the sheet of the Fall (supposing you to have been to Niagara.) This achievement is equivalent to a hundred shower-baths, one severe cold, and being drowned twice—but most people do it.

We descended to the bottom of the precipice, at the side of the Fall, where we found a small house, furnished with coarse linen dresses for the purpose, and having arranged ourselves in habiliments not particularly improving to our natural beauty, we re-appeared—only three out of a party of ten having had the courage to trust their attractions to such a trial. Miss — looked like a fairy in disguise, and Job like the most ghostly and diabolical monster that ever stalked unseparated abroad. He would frighten a child in his best black suit—but with a pair of wet linen trousers scarce reaching to his knees, a jacket with sleeves shrunk to the elbows, and a white cap, he was something supernaturally awful. The guide hesitated about going under the Fall with him.

It looked rather appalling. Our way lay through a dense descending sheet of water, along a slender pathway of rocks, broken into small fragments, with an overhanging wall on one side, and the boiling cauldron of the cataract on the other. A false step, and you were a subject for the "shocking accident" maker.

The guide went first, taking Miss —'s right hand. She gave me her left, and Job brought up the rear, as

they say in Connecticut, "on his own hook." We picked our way boldly up to the water. The wall leaned over so much, and the fragmented declivity was so narrow and steep, that if it had not been done before, I should have turned back at once. Two steps more and the small hand in mine began to struggle violently, and, in the same instant, the torrent beat into my mouth, eyes and nostrils, and I felt as if I was drowning. I staggered a blind step onward, but still the water poured into my nostrils, and the conviction rushed for a moment on my mind that we were lost. I struggled for breath, stumbled forward, and, with a gasp, that I thought was my last, sunk upon the rocks within the descending waters. Job tumbled over me the next instant, and as soon as I could clear my eyes sufficiently to look about me, I saw the guide sustaining Miss —, who had been as nearly drowned as most of the subjects of the Humane Society, but was apparently in a state of resuscitation. None but the half-drowned know the pleasure of breathing.

Here we were within a chamber that Undine might have coveted, a wall of rock at our back, and a transparent curtain of shifting water between us and the world, having entitled ourselves *à peu près* to the same reputation with Hylas and Leander, for seduction by the Naiads.

Whatever sister of Arethusa inhabits there, we could but congratulate her on the beauty of her abode. A lofty and well-lighted hall, shaped like a long pavilion, extended as far as we could see through the spray, and with the two objections, that you could not have heard a pistol at your ear for the noise, and that the floor was somewhat precipitous, one could scarce imagine a more agreeable retreat for a gentleman who was disgusted with the world, and subject to dryness of the

skin. In one respect it resembled the enchanted dwelling of the Witch of Atlas, where, Shelley tells us,

"Th' invisible rain did ever sing,
A silver music on the mossy lawn."

It is lucky for Witches and Naiads that they are not subject to rheumatism.

The air was scarcely breathable—(if air it may be called, which streams down the face with the density of a shower from a watering-pot,) and our footing upon the slippery rocks was so insecure, that the exertion of continually wiping our eyes was attended with imminent danger. Our sight was valuable, for, surely, never was such a brilliant curtain hung up to the sight of mortals, as spread apparently from the zenith to our feet, changing in thickness and lustre, but with a constant and resplendent curve. It was what a child might imagine the arch of the sky to be where it bends over the edge of the horizon.

The sublime is certainly very much diluted when one contemplates it with his back to a dripping and slimy rock, and his person saturated with a continual supply of water. From a dry window, I think the infernal writhe and agony of the abyss into which we were continually liable to slip, would have been as fine a thing as I have seen in my travels; but I am free to admit, that, at the moment, I would have exchanged my experience and all the honour attached to it, for a dry escape. The idea of *drowning back* through that thick column of water, was at least a damper to enthusiasm. We seemed cut off from the living. There was a death between us and the vital air and sunshine.

I was screwing up my courage for the return, when the guide seized me by the shoulder. I looked around, and what was my horror to see Miss ——— standing

far in behind the sheet upon the last visible point of rock, with the water pouring over her in torrents, and a gulf of foam between us, which I could in no way understand how she had passed over.

She seemed frightened and pale, and the guide explained to me by signs, (for I could not distinguish a syllable through the roar of the cataract,) that she had walked over a narrow ledge, which had broken with her weight. A long fresh mark upon the rock at the foot of the precipitous wall, made it sufficiently evident: her position was most alarming.

I made a sign to her to look well to her feet; for the little island on which she stood was green with slime and scarce larger than a hat, and an abyss of full six feet wide, foaming and unfathomable, raged between it and the nearest foothold. What was to be done? Had we a plank, even, there was no possible hold for the further extremity, and the shape of the rock was so conical, that its slippery surface evidently would not hold a rope for a moment. To jump to her, even if it were possible, would endanger her life, and while I was smiling and encouraging the beautiful creature, as she stood trembling and pale on her dangerous foothold, I felt my very heart sink within me.

The despairing guide said something which I could not hear, and disappeared through the watery wall, and I fixed my eyes upon the lovely form, standing, like a spirit in the misty shroud of the spray, as if the intensity of my gaze could sustain her upon her dangerous foothold. I would have given ten years of my life at that moment to have clasped her hand in mine.

I had scarce thought of Job until I felt him trying to pass behind me. His hand was trembling as he laid it on my shoulder to steady his steps; but there was something in his ill-hewn features that shot an indefinable ray of hope through my mind. His sandy

hair was plastered over his forehead, and his scant dress clung to him like a skin ; but though I recall his image *now* with a smile, I looked upon him with a feeling far enough from amusement *then*. God bless thee, my dear Job ! wherever in this unfit world thy fine spirit may be fulfilling its destiny !

He crept down carefully to the edge of the foaming abyss, till he stood with the breaking bubbles at his knees. I was at a loss to know what he intended. She surely would not dare to attempt a jump to his arms from that slippery rock, and to reach her in any way seemed impossible.

The next instant he threw himself forward, and while I covered my eyes in horror, with the flashing conviction that he had gone mad and flung himself into the hopeless whirlpool to reach her, she had crossed the awful gulf, and lay trembling and exhausted at my feet ! He had thrown himself over the chasm, caught the rock barely with the extremities of his fingers, and with certain death if he missed his hold or slipped from his uncertain tenure, had sustained her with supernatural strength as she walked over his body !

The guide providentially returned with a rope in the same instant, and, fastening it around one of his feet, we dragged him back through the whirlpool, and after a moment or two to recover from the suffocating immersion, he fell on his knees, and we joined him. I doubt not devoutly, in his inaudible thanks to God.

II.—LAKE ONTARIO.

THE next bravest achievement to venturing behind the sheet of Niagara, is to cross the river in a small boat, at some distance below the Phlegethon of the abyss. I should imagine it was something like riding in a howdah on a swimming elephant. The immense masses of water driven under by the Fall, rise splashing and fuming far down the river ; and they are as unlike a common wave, *to ride*, as a horse and a camel. You are, perhaps, ten or fifteen minutes pulling across, and you may get two or three of these lifts, which shove you straight into the air about ten feet, and then drop you into the cup of an eddy, as if some long-armed Titan had his hand under the water, and were tossing you up and down for his amusement. It imports lovers to take heed how their mistresses are seated, as all ladies, on these occasions, throw themselves into the arms of the nearest "hose and doublet."

Job and I went over to dine on the American side and refresh our patriotism. We dined under a hickory-tree on Goat Island, just over the glassy curve of the cataract ; and as we grew joyous with our champagne, we strolled up to the point where the waters divide for the American and British Falls ; and Job harangued the "mistaken gentlemen on his right," in eloquence that would have turned a division in the House of Commons. The deluded multitude, however, rolled away in crowds for the monarchy, and at the close of his speech the British Fall was still, by a melancholy majority, the largest. We walked back to our bottle like foiled patriots, and soon after, hopeless of our principles, went over to the other side too !

I advise all people going to Niagara to suspend ma-

king a note in their journal till the last day of their visit. You might as well teach a child the magnitude of the heavens by pointing to the sky with your finger, as comprehend Niagara in a day. It has to create its own mighty place in your mind. You have no comparison through which it can enter. It is too vast. The imagination shrinks from it. (It rolls in gradually, thunder upon thunder, and plunge upon plunge; and the mind labours with it to an exhaustion such as is created only by the extremest intellectual effort. I have seen men sit and gaze upon it in a cool day of autumn, with the perspiration standing on their foreheads in large beads, from the unconscious but toilsome agony of its conception.) After haunting its precipices, and looking on its solemn waters for seven days, sleeping with its wind-played monotony in your ears, dreaming, and returning to it till it has grown the one object, as it will; of your perpetual thought, you feel, all at once, like one who has compassed the span of some almighty problem. It has stretched itself within you. Your capacity has attained the gigantic standard, and you feel an elevation and breadth of nature that could measure girth and stature with a seraph. We had fairly "done" Niagara. We had seen it by sunrise, sunset, moonlight; from top and bottom; fasting and full; alone and together. We had learned by heart every green path on the island of perpetual dew, which is set like an imperial emerald on its front, (a poetical idea of my own, much admired by Job,)—we had been grave, gay, tender, and sublime in its mighty neighbourhood, we had become so accustomed to the bass of its broad thunder, that it seemed to us like a natural property in the air, and we were unconscious of it for hours; our voices had become so tuned to its key, and our thoughts so tinged by its grand and perpetual

anthem, that I almost doubted if the air beyond the reach of its vibrations would not agonize us with its unnatural silence, and the common features of the world seem of an unutterable and frivolous littleness.

We were eating our last breakfast there, in tender melancholy:—mine for the Falls, and Job's for the Falls and Miss ——, to whom I had a half suspicion that he had made a declaration.

"Job!" said I.

He looked up from his egg.

"My dear Job!"

"Don't allude to it, my dear chum," said he, dropping his spoon, and rushing to the window to hide his agitation. It was quite clear.

I could scarce restrain a smile. Psyche in the embrace of a respectable giraffe would be the first thought in any body's mind who should see them together. And yet why should he not woo her—and win her too? He had saved her life in the extremest peril, at the most extreme hazard of his own; he had a heart as high and worthy, and as capable of an undying worship of her as she would find in a wilderness of lovers; he felt like a graceful man, and acted like a brave one, and was *sans peur et sans reproche*, and why should he not love like other men? My dear Job! I fear thou wilt go down to thy grave, and but one woman in this wide world will have loved thee—thy mother! Thou art the soul of a *preux chevalier* in the body of some worthy grave-digger, who is strutting about the world, perhaps, in thy more proper carcass. These angels are so o'er hasty in packing!

We got upon our horses, and had a pleasant amble before us of fifteen miles, on the British side of the river. We cantered off stoutly for a mile to settle our regrets, and then I pulled up, and requested Job to ride near me, as I had something to say to him.

"You are entering," said I, "my dear Job, upon your first journey in a foreign land. You will see other manners than your own, which are not therefore laughable, and hear a different pronunciation from your own, which is not therefore vulgar. You are to mix with British subjects, whom you have attacked vigorously in your school declamations as 'the enemy,' but who are not therefore to be bullied in their own country, and who have certain tastes of their own, upon which you had better reserve your judgment. We have no doubt that we are the greatest country that ever was, is, or ever shall be; but, as this is an unpalatable piece of information to other nations, we will not stuff it into their teeth, unless by particular request. John Bull likes his coat too small. Let him wear it. John Bull prefers his beefsteak to a fricandeau. Let him eat it. John Bull will leave no stone unturned to serve you in his own country, if you will let him. Let him. John Bull will suffer you to find fault for ever with King, Lords, and Commons, if you do not compare them invidiously with other governments. Let the comparison alone. In short, my dear chum, as we insist that foreigners should adopt our manners while they are travelling in the United States, we had better adopt theirs when we return the visit. They are doubtless quite wrong throughout, but it is not worth while to bristle one's back against the opinions of some score millions."

The foam disappeared from the stream, as we followed it on, and the roar of the Falls

* * * "Now loud, now calm again,
Like a ring of bells, whose sound the wind still alters,"

was soon faint in our ears, and, like the regret of parting, lessened with the increasing distance till it was lost. Job began to look around him, and see some-

thing else besides a lovely face in the turnings of the road, and the historian of this memorable journey, who never had but one sorrow that "would not budge with a fillip," rose in his stirrups as he descried the broad blue bosom of Lake Ontario, and gave vent to his feelings in (he begs the reader to believe) the most suitable quotation.

Seeing any celebrated water for the first time was always, to me, an event. River, waterfall, or lake, if I have heard of it and thought of it for years, has a sensible *presence*, that I feel like the approach of a human being in whom I am interested. My heart flutters to it. It is thereafter an acquaintance, and I defend its beauty or its grandeur as I would the fair fame and worth of a woman that had shown me a preference. My dear reader, do you love *water*? Not to drink, for I own it is detestable in small quantities—but water, running or falling, sleeping or gliding, tinged by the sunset glow, or silvered by the gentle alchymist of the midnight heaven? Do you love a lake? Do you love a river? Do you "affect" any one laughing and sparkling brook that has flashed on your eye like a fay overtaken by the cock-crowing, and tripping away stily to dream-land? As you see four sisters, and but one to love; so, in the family of the elements, I have a tenderness for water.

Lake Ontario spread away to the horizon, glittering in the summer sun, boundless to the eye as the Atlantic; and directly beneath us lay the small town of Fort Niagara, with the steamer at the pier, in which we promised ourselves a passage down the St. Lawrence. We rode on to the hotel, which we found to our surprise crowded with English officers, and having disposed of our Narragansetts, we inquired the hour of departure, and what we could eat meantime, in as nearly the same breath as possible.

"Cold leg of mutton and the steam-boat's engaged, sir!"

The mercury in Job's Britishometer fell plump to zero. The idea of a monopoly of the whole steamer by a colonel and his staff, and no boat again for a week!

There was a government to live under!

We sat down to our mutton, and presently entered the waiter.

"Colonel ——'s compliments; hearing that two gentlemen have arrived who expected to go by the steamer, he is happy to offer them a passage if they can put up with rather crowded accommodations."

"Well, Job! what do you think now of England, politically, morally, and religiously? Has not the gentlemanlike courtesy of one individual materially changed your opinions upon every subject connected with the United Kingdom of Great Britain?"

"It has."

"Then, my dear Job, I recommend you never again to read a book of travels without writing down on the margin of every bilious chapter, 'probably lost his passage in the steamer,' or 'had no mustard to his mutton,' or 'could find no ginger-nuts for the interesting little traveller,' or some similar annotation. Depend upon it, that dear delightful Mrs. Trollope would never have written so agreeable a book, if she had thriven with her bazaar in Cincinnati."

We paid our respects to the Colonel, and at six o'clock in the evening got on board. Part of an Irish regiment was bivouacked on the deck, and happier fellows I never saw. They had completed their nine years' service on the three Canadian stations, and were returning to the *ould* country, wives, children, and all. A line was drawn across the deck, reserving the after quarter for the officers; the sick were

disposed of among the women in the bows of the boat, and the band stood ready to play the farewell air to the cold shores of Upper Canada.

The line was cast off, when a boy of thirteen rushed down to the pier, and springing on board with a desperate leap, flew from one end of the deck to the other, and flung himself at last upon the neck of a pretty girl sitting on the knee of one of the privates.

"Mary, dear Mary!" was all he could utter. His sobs choked him.

"Avast with the line, there!" shouted the captain, who had no wish to carry off this unexpected passenger. The boat was again swung to the wharf, and the boy very roughly ordered ashore. His only answer was to cling closer to the girl, and redouble his tears, and by this time the Colonel had stepped aft, and the case seemed sure of a fair trial. The pretty Canadian dropped her head on her bosom, and seemed divided between contending emotions, and the soldier stood up and raised his cap to his commanding officer, but held firmly by her hand. The boy threw himself on his knees to the Colonel, but tried in vain to speak.

"Who's this, O'Shane?" asked the officer.

"Sure, my swateheart, your honour."

"And how dare you bring her on board, sir?"

"Och, she'll go to ould Ireland wid us, your honour."

"No, no, no!" cried the convulsed boy, clasping the Colonel's knees, and sobbing as if his heart would break; "she is my sister! She isn't his wife! Father 'll die if she does! She can't go with him! She *sha'n't* go with him!"

Job began to snivel, and I felt warm about the eyes myself.

"Have you got a wife, O'Shane?" asked the Colonel.

"Plase your honour, never a bit," said Paddy. He was a tight, good-looking fellow, by the way, as you would wish to see.

"Well—we'll settle this thing at once. Get up, my little fellow! Come here, my good girl! Do you love O'Shane well enough to be his wife?"

"Indeed I do, sir!" said Mary, wiping her eyes with the back of her hand, and stealing a look at the "six feet one" that stood as straight as a pike beside her.

"O'Shane! I allow this girl to go with us only on condition that you marry her at the first place where we can find a priest. We will make her up a bit of a dowry, and I will look after her comfort as long as she follows the regiment. What do you say, sir? Will you marry her?"

O'Shane began to waver in his military position, from a full front face getting to very nearly a right-about. It was plain he was taken by surprise. The eyes of the company were on him, however, and public opinion, which, in most human breasts, is considerably stronger than conscience, had its effect.

"I'll do it, your honour!" said he, bolting it out as a man volunteers upon a "forlorn hope."

Tears might as well have been bespoken for the whole company. The boy was torn from his sister's neck, and set ashore in the arms of two sailors, and poor Mary, very much in doubt whether she was happy or miserable, sank upon a heap of knapsacks, and buried her eyes in a cotton handkerchief with a map of London upon it, probably a *gage d'amour* from the *desaving* O'Shane. I did the same myself with a silk one, and Job *item*. *Item* the Colonel and several officers.

The boat was shoved off, and the wheels spattered away, but as far as we could hear his voice, the cry came following on, "Mary, Mary!"

It rung in my ears all night: "Mary, Mary!"

I was up in the morning at sunrise, and was glad to escape from the confined cabin and get upon deck. The steamer was booming on through a sea as calm as a mirror, and no land visible. The fresh dewiness of the morning air ashore played in my nostrils, and the smell of grass was perceptible in the mind, but in all else it was like a calm in mid ocean. The soldiers were asleep along the decks, with their wives and children, and the pretty runaway lay with her head on O'Shane's bosom, her red eyes and soiled finery showing too plainly how she had passed the night. Poor Mary! she has enough of following a soldier, by this, I fear.

I stepped forward, and was not a little surprised to see standing against the railing on the larboard bow, the motionless figure of an Indian girl of sixteen. Her dark eye was fixed on the line of the horizon we were leaving behind, her arms were folded on her bosom, and she seemed not even to breathe. A common shawl was wrapped carelessly around her, and another glance betrayed to me that she was in a situation soon to become a mother. Her feet were protected by a pair of once gaudy but now shabby and torn moccasins, singularly small; her hands were of a delicate thinness unusual to her race, and her hollow cheeks, and forehead marked with an expression of pain, told all I could have prophesied of the history of a white man's tender mercies. I approached very near, quite unperceived. A small burning spot was just perceptible in the centre of her dark cheek, and as I looked at her steadfastly, I could see a working of the muscles of her dusky brow, which betrayed, in one of a race so trained to stony calmness, an unusual fever of feeling. I looked around for the place in which she must have slept. A mantle of wampum-

work, folded across a heap of confused baggage, partly occupied as a pillow by a brutal-looking and sleeping soldier, told at once the main part of her story. I felt for her, from my soul!

"You can hear the great waterfall no more," I said, touching her arm.

"I hear it when I think of it," she replied, turning her eyes upon me as slowly, and with as little surprise, as if I had been talking to her an hour.

I pointed to the sleeping soldier. "Are you going with him to his country?"

"Yes."

"Are you his wife?"

"My father gave me to him."

"Has he sworn before the priest in the name of the Great Spirit to be your husband?"

"No." She looked intently into my eyes as she answered, as if she tried in vain to read my meaning.

"Is he kind to you?"

She smiled bitterly.

"Why then did you follow him?"

Her eyes dropped upon the burden she bore at her heart. The answer could not have been clearer if written with a sunbeam. I said a few words of kindness, and left her to turn over in my mind how I could best interfere for her happiness.

III.—THE ST. LAWRENCE.

ON the third evening we had entered upon the St. Lawrence, and were winding cautiously into the channel of the Thousand Isles. I think there is not, within the knowledge of the "all-beholding sun," a

spot so singularly and exquisitely beautiful. Between the Mississippi and the Cimmerian Bosphorus, I know there is not, for I have pic-nic'd from the Symplegades westward. The Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence are as imprinted on my mind as the stars of heaven. I could forget them as soon.

The river is here as wide as a lake, while the channel just permits the passage of a steamer. The islands, more than a thousand in number, are a singular formation of flat, rectangular rock, split, as it were, by regular mathematical fissures, and overflowed nearly to the tops, which are loaded with a most luxuriant vegetation. They vary in size, but the generality of them would about accommodate a tea-party of six. The water is deep enough to float a large steamer directly at the edge, and an active deer would leap across from one to the other in any direction. What is very singular, these little rocky platforms are covered with a rich loam, and carpeted with moss and flowers, while immense trees take root in the clefts, and interlace their branches with those of the neighbouring islets, shadowing the water with the unsunned dimness of the wilderness. It is a very odd thing to glide through in a steamer. The luxuriant leaves sweep the deck, and the black funnel parts the drooping sprays as it keeps its way, and you may pluck the blossoms of the acacia, or the rich chestnut flowers, sitting on the taffrail, and, really, a magic passage in a witch's steamer, beneath the tree-tops of an untrodden forest, could not be more novel and startling. Then the solitude and silence of the dim and still waters are continually broken by the plunge and leap of the wild deer springing or swimming from one island to another, and the swift and shadowy canoe of the Indian glides out from some unseen channel, and with a single stroke of his broad paddle he vanishes,

and is lost again, even to the ear. If the beauty-sick and nature-searching spirit of Keats is abroad in the world, "my basnet to a 'prentice-cap" he passes his summers amid the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence! I would we were there with our tea-things, sweet Rosa Matilda!

We had dined on the quarter-deck, and were sitting over the colonel's wine, pulling the elm-leaves from the branches as they swept saucily over the table, and listening to the band, who were playing waltzes that probably ended in the confirmed insanity of every wild heron and red deer that happened that afternoon to come within ear-shot of the good steamer *Queens-ton*. The paddles began to slacken in their spattering, and the boat came to, at the sharp side of one of the largest of the shadowy islands. We were to stop an hour or two, and take in wood.

Every body was soon ashore for a ramble, leaving only the colonel, who was a cripple from a score of Waterloo tokens, and your servant, reader, who had something on his mind.

"Colonel! will you oblige me by sending for Mahoney? Steward! call me that Indian girl sitting with her head on her knees in the boat's bow."

They stood before us. . . .

"How is this?" exclaimed the Colonel; "another! Good God! these Irishmen! Well, sir! what do you intend to do with this girl, now that you have ruined her?"

Mahoney looked at her out of a corner of his eye with a libertine contempt that made my blood boil. The girl watched for his answer with an intense but calm gaze into his face, that if he had had a soul, would have killed him. Her lips were set firmly but not fiercely together, and as the private stood looking from one side to the other, unable or unwilling to an-

swer, she suppressed a rising emotion in her throat, and turned her look on the commanding officer with a proud coldness that would have become Medea.

"Mahoney!" said the colonel, sternly, "will you marry this poor girl?"

"Never, I hope, your honor!"

The wasted and noble creature raised her burdened form to its fullest height, and, with an inaudible murmur bursting from her lips, walked back to the bow of the vessel. The colonel pursued his conversation with Mahoney, and the obstinate brute was still refusing the only reparation he could make the poor Indian, when she suddenly re-appeared. The shawl was no longer around her shoulders. A coarse blanket was bound below her breast with a belt of wampum, leaving her fine bust entirely bare, her small feet trod the deck with the elasticity of a leopard about to leap on his prey, and her dark, heavily fringed eyes glowed like coals of fire. She seized the colonel's hand, and imprinted a kiss upon it, another upon mine, and without a look at the father of her child, dived with a single leap over the gangway. She rose directly in the clear water, swam with powerful strokes to one of the most distant islands, and turning once more to wave her hand as she stood on the shore, strode on, and was lost in the tangles of the forest.



**THE
CHEROKEE'S THREAT.**



THE CHEROKEE'S THREAT.

" Notre bonheur, mon cher, se tiendra toujours entre la plante de nos pieds et notre occiput ; et qu'il coûte un million par an ou cent louis, la perception intrinsèque est la même au-dedans de nous.

Le Père Gariot.

THERE were a hundred students in the new class matriculated at Yale College, in Connecticut, in the year 18—. They were young men of different ages and of all conditions in life, but less various in their mien and breeding than in the characteristics of the widely-separated states from which they came. It is not thought extraordinary in Europe that the French and English, the German and the Italian, should possess distinct national traits : yet one American is supposed to be like every other, though the two between whom the comparison is drawn were born and bred as far apart, and in as different latitudes, as the Highland cateran and the brigand of Calabria.

I looked around me with some interest, when, on the first morning of the term, the president, professors, and students of the university assembled in the college chapel at the sound of the prayer-bell, and, with my

brother Freshmen, I stood in the side aisle, closing up with our motley, and, as yet, unclassical heads and habiliments, the long files of the more initiated classes. The berry-brown tan of the sun of Georgia, unblanched by study, was still dark and deep on the cheek of one ; the look of command, breathing through the indolent attitude, betrayed, in another, the young Carolinian and slave-master ; a coat of green, garnished with fur and bright buttons, and shaped less by the tailor than by the Herculean and expansive frame over which it was strained, had a taste of Kentucky in its complexion ; the white skin and red or sandy hair, cold expression, stiff black coat, and serious attention to the service, told of the Puritan son of New-Hampshire or Vermont ; and, perked up in his well-fitted coat, the exquisite of the class, stood the slight and metropolitan New-Yorker, with a firm belief in his tailor and himself written on his effeminate lip, and an occasional look at his neighbours' coats and shoulders, that might have been construed into wonder upon what western river or mountain dwelt the builders of such coats and men !

Rather annoyed at last by the glances of one or two seniors, who were amusing themselves with my simple gaze of curiosity, I turned my attention to my more immediate neighbourhood. A youth with close, curling, brown hair, rather under-size, but with a certain decision and nerve in his lip which struck me immediately, and which seemed to express somehow a confidence in himself which his limbs scarce bore out, stood with his back to the pulpit, and, with his foot on the seat and his elbow on his knee, seemed to have fallen at once into the habit of the place, and to be beyond surprise or interest. As it was the custom of the college to take places at prayers and recitation alphabetically, and he was likely to be my neighbour

in chapel and hall for the next four years, I speculated rather more than I should else have done on his face and manner; and as the president came to his Amen, I came to the conclusion, that whatever might be Mr. "S's" capacity for friendship, his ill-will would be very demonstrative and uncomfortable.

The term went on, the politics of the little republic fermented, and as first appearances wore away, or peculiarities wore off by collision or developed by intimacy, the different members of the class rose or fell in the general estimation, and the graduation of talent and spirit became more just and definite. The "Southerners and Northerners," as they are called, soon discovered, like the classes that had gone before them, that they had no qualities in common, and, of the secret societies which exist among the students in that university, joined each that of his own compatriots. The Carolinian or Georgian, who had passed his life on a plantation, secluded from the society of his equals, soon found out the value of his chivalrous deportment and graceful indolence in the gay society for which the town is remarkable; while the Vermontese, or White-Mountaineer, "made unfashionably," and ill at ease on a carpet, took another line of ambition, and sat down with the advantage of constitutional patience and perseverance to the study which he would find in the end a "better continuer," even in the race for a lady's favour.

It was the only republic I have ever known—that class of Freshmen. It was a fair arena; and neither in politics, nor society, nor literature, nor love, nor religion, have I, in much searching through the world, found the same fair play or good feeling. Talk of our own republic!—its society is the very core and gall of the worst growth of aristocracy. Talk of the republic of letters!—the two graves by the pyramid of Caius

Cestius laugh it to scorn. Of love!—of religion. What is bought and sold like that which has the name of the first? What is made a snare and a tool by the designing like the last? But here—with a government over us ever kindly and paternal, no favor shown, and no privilege denied,—every equality in the competitors at all possible—age, previous education, and, above all, worldly position,—it was an arena in which a generous spirit would wrestle with an *abandon* of heart and limb he might never know in the world again. Every individual rising or falling by the estimation he exacts of his fellows, there is no such school of honor; each, of the many palms of scholarship, from the severest to the lightest, aiming at that which best suits his genius, and as welcome as another to the goal, there is no apology for the laggard. Of the feelings that stir the heart in our youth—of the few, the *very* few, which have no recoil, and leave no repentance—this leaping from the starting-post of mind—this first spread of the encouraged wing in the free heaven of thought and knowledge—is recorded in my own slender experience as the most joyous and the most unmingled. He who has soiled his bright honor with the tools of political ambition,—he who has leant his soul upon the charity of a sect in religion,—he who has loved, hoped, and trusted in the greater arena of life and manhood,—must look back on days like these as the broken-winged eagle to the sky—as the Indian's subdued horse to the prairie.

II.

New-Haven is not alone the seat of a university. It is a kind of metropolis of education. The excessive beauty of the town, with its embowered streets and sunny gardens, the refinement of its society, its central position and accessibility, and the facilities for at-

tending the lectures of the College Professors, render it a most desirable place of instruction in every department. Among others, the female schools of the place have a great reputation, and this, which in Europe, or with a European state of society, would probably be an evil, is, from the simple and frank character of manners in America, a mutual and decided advantage. The daughters of the first families of the country are sent here, committed for two, three, or four years, to the exclusive care of the head of the establishment, and (as one of the privileges and advantages of the school) associating freely with the general society of the town, the male part, of course, composed principally of students. A more easy and liberal intercourse exists in no society in the world, and in no society that I have ever seen is the tone of morals and manners so high and unexceptionable. Attachments are often formed, and little harm is thought of it; and unless it is a very strong case of disparity or objection, no obstacle is thrown in the way of the common intercourse between lovers; and the lady returns to her family, and the gentleman senior disappears with his degree, and they meet and marry—if they like. If they do not, the lady stands as well in the matrimonial market as ever, and the gentleman (unlike his horse) is not damaged by having been on his knees.

Like "Le Noir Fainéant," at the tournament, my friend St. John seemed more a looker-on than an actor in the various pursuits of the university. A sudden interference in a quarrel, in which a brother freshman was contending against odds, enlightened the class as to his spirit and personal strength; he acquitted himself at recitations with the air of self-contempt for such easy excellence; he dressed plainly, but with instinctive taste; and at the end of the first term,

having shrunk from all intimacy, and lived alone with his books and a kind of trapper's dog he had brought with him from the west, he had acquired an ascendancy in the opinion of the class for which no one could well account, but to which every one unhesitatingly assented.

We returned after our first short vacation, and of my hundred class-mates there was but one whom I much cared to meet again. St. John had passed the vacation in his rooms, and my evident pleasure at meeting him, for the first time, seemed to open his heart to me. He invited me to breakfast with him. By favor seldom granted to a freshman, he had a lodging in the town—the rest of the class being compelled to live with a chum in the college buildings. I found his rooms—(I was the first of the class who had entered them)—more luxuriously furnished than I had expected from the simplicity of his appearance; but his books, not many, but select, and (what is in America an expensive luxury) in the best English editions and superbly bound, excited most my envy and surprise. How he should have acquired tastes of such ultra-civilization in the forests of the west was a mystery that remained to be solved.

III.

At the extremity of a green lane in the outer skirt of the fashionable suburb of New-Haven stood a rambling old Dutch house, built probably when the cattle of Mynheer grazed over the present site of the town. It was a wilderness of irregular rooms, of no describable shape in its exterior, and from its southern balcony, to use an expressive Gallicism, "gave upon the bay." Long-Island Sound, the great highway from the Northern Atlantic to New-York, weltered in alternate lead and silver, (oftener like the brighter metal, for the cli-

mate is divine,) between the curving lip of the bay and the interminable and sandy shore of the island some six leagues distant; the procession of ships and steamers stole past with an imperceptible progress; the ceaseless bells of the college chapel came deadened through the trees from behind, and (the day being one of golden autumn, and myself and St. John waiting while black Agatha answered the door-bell) the sun-steeped precipice of East Rock, with its tiara of blood-red maples flushing like a Turk's banner in the light, drew from us both a truant wish for a ramble and a holiday. I shall have more to say anon of the foliage of an American October, but just now, while I remember it, I wish to record a belief of my own, that if, as philosophy supposes, we have lived other lives—if

..... "our star
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar,"

it is surely in the days tempered like the one I am remembering and describing—profoundly serene, sunny as the top of Olympus, heavenly pure, holy, and more invigorating and intoxicating than luxurious or balmy; the sort of air that the visiting angels might have brought with them to the tent of Abraham—it is on such days, I would record, that my own memory steps back over the dim threshold of life—(so it seems to me)—and on such days only. It is worth the translation of our youth and our household gods to a sunnier land, if it were alone for those immortal revelations.

In a few minutes from this time were assembled in Mrs. Ilfrington's drawing-room the six or seven young ladies of my more particular acquaintance among her pupils, of whom one was a new-comer, and the object of my mingled curiosity and admiration. It was the one day of the week when morning visitors were ad-

mitted, and I was there, in compliance with an unexpected request from my friend, to present him to the agreeable circle of Mrs. Ilfrington. As an *habitué* in her family, this excellent lady had taken occasion to introduce to me, a week or two before, the new-comer of whom I have spoken above, a departure from the ordinary rule of the establishment, which I felt to be a compliment, and which gave me, I presumed, a tacit claim to mix myself up in that young lady's destiny as deeply as I should find agreeable. The new-comer was the daughter of an Indian chief, and her name was Nunu.

The wrongs of civilization to the noble aborigines of America are a subject of much poetical feeling in the United States, and will ultimately become the poetry of the nation. At present the sentiment takes occasionally a tangible shape, and the transmission of the daughter of a Cherokee chief to New-Haven, to be educated at the expense of the government, and of several young men of the same high birth to different colleges, will be recorded among the evidences in history that we did not plough the bones of their fathers into our fields without some feelings of compunction.—Nunu had come to the sea-board under the charge of a female missionary, whose pupil she had been in one of the native schools of the West, and was destined, though a chief's daughter, to return as a teacher to her tribe when she should have mastered some of the higher accomplishments of her sex. She was an apt scholar, but her settled melancholy when away from her books, had determined Mrs. Ilfrington to try the effect of a little society upon her, and hence my privilege to ask for her appearance in the drawing-room.

As we strolled down in the alternate shade and sunshine of the road, I had been a little piqued at the want of interest, and the manner of course, with which St.

John had received my animated descriptions of the personal beauty of the Cherokee.

"I have hunted with the tribe," was his only answer, "and know their features."

"But she is not like them," I replied, with a tone of some impatience; "she is the beau ideal of a red skin, but it is with the softened features of an Arab or an Egyptian. She is more willowy than erect, and has no higher cheek-bones than the plaster Venus in your chambers. If it were not for the lambent fire in her eye, you might take her, in the sculptured pose of her attitudes, for an immortal bronze of Cleopatra. I tell you she is divine."

St. John called to his dog, and we turned along the green bank above the beach, with Mrs. Ilfrington's house in view, and so opens a new chapter in my story.

IV.

In the united pictures of Paul Veronese and Raphael, steeped as their colours seem to have been in the divinest age of Venetian and Roman female beauty, I have scarce found so many lovely women, of so different models and so perfect, as were assembled during my Sophomore year under the roof of Mrs. Ilfrington. They went about in their evening walks, graceful and angelic, but, like the virgin pearls of the sea, they poured the light of their loveliness on the vegetating oysters about them, and no diver of fashion had yet taught them their value. Ignorant myself in those days of the scale of beauty, their features are enamelled in my memory, and I have tried insensibly by that standard (and found wanting) of every court in Europe the dames most worshipped and highest born. Queen of the Sicilies, loveliest in your own realm of sunshine and passion! Pale and transparent Princess—pearl of the court of Florence—than

whom the creations on the immortal walls of the Pitti less discipline our eye for the shapes of heaven! Gipsy of the Pactolus! Jewess of the Thracian Gallipolis! Bright and gifted cynosure of the aristocracy of England!—ye are five women I have seen in as many years' wandering over the world, lived to gaze upon, and live to remember and admire—a constellation, I almost believe, that has absorbed all the intensest light of the beauty of a hemisphere—yet, with your pictures coloured to life in my memory, and the pride of rank and state thrown over most of you like an elevating charm, I go back to the school of Mrs. Ilfrington, and (smile if you will!) they were as lovely, and stately, and as worthy of the worship of the world.

I introduced St. John to the young ladies as they came in. Having never seen him, except in the presence of men, I was a little curious to know whether his singular *aplomb* would serve him as well with the other sex, of which I was aware he had had a very slender experience. My attention was distracted at the moment of mentioning his name to a lovely little Georgian, (with eyes full of the liquid sunshine of the south,) by a sudden bark of joy from the dog, who had been left in the hall; and as the door opened, and the slight and graceful Indian girl entered the room, the usually unsocial animal sprang bounding in, lavishing caresses on her, and seemingly wild with the delight of a recognition.

In the confusion of taking the dog from the room, I had again lost the moment of remarking St. John's manner, and on the entrance of Mrs. Ilfrington, Nunu was sitting calmly by the piano, and my friend was talking in a quiet undertone with the passionate Georgian.

"I must apologize for my dog," said St. John, bowing gracefully to the mistress of the house; "he was

bred by Indians, and the sight of a Cherokee reminded him of happier days—as it did his master.”

Nunu turned her eyes quickly upon him, but immediately resumed her apparent deep study of the abstruse figures in the Kidderminster carpet.

“You are well arrived, young gentlemen,” said Mrs. Ilfrington, “we press you into our service for a botanical ramble. Mr. Slingsby is at leisure, and will be delighted, I am sure. Shall I say as much for you, Mr. St. John?”

St. John bowed, and the ladies left the room for their bonnets, Mrs. Ilfrington last. The door was scarcely closed when Nunu re-appeared, and checking herself with a sudden feeling at the first step over the threshold, stood gazing at St. John, evidently under very powerful emotion.

“Nunu !” he said, smiling slowly and unwillingly, and holding out his hand with the air of one who forgives an offence.

She sprang upon his bosom with the bound of a leveret, and between her fast kisses broke the endearing epithets of her native tongue, in words that I only understood by their passionate and thrilling accent. The language of the heart is universal.

The fair scholars came in one after another, and we were soon on our way through the green fields to the flowery mountain-side of East Rock ; Mrs. Ilfrington's arm and conversation having fallen to my share, and St. John rambling at large with the rest of the party, but more particularly beset by Miss Temple, whose Christian name was Isabella, and whose Christian charity had no bowels for broken hearts.

The most sociable individuals of the party for a while were Nunu and Lash ; the dog's recollections of the past seeming, like those of wiser animals, more agreeable than the present. The Cherokee astonish-

ed Mrs. Ilfrington by an abandonment to joy and frolic which she had never displayed before, sometimes fairly outrunning the dog at full speed, and sometimes sitting down breathless upon a green bank, while the rude creature overpowered her with his caresses. The scene gave origin to a grave discussion between that well-instructed lady and myself, upon the singular force of childish association—the extraordinary intimacy between the Indian and the trapper's dog being explained satisfactorily (to her, at least) on that attractive principle. Had she but seen Nunu spring into the bosom of my friend half an hour before, she might have added a material corollary to her proposition. If the dog and the chief's daughter were not old friends, the chief's daughter and St. John certainly *were*.

As well as I could judge by the motions of two people walking before me, St. John was advancing fast in the favour and acquaintance of the graceful Georgian. Her southern indolence was probably an apology in Mrs. Ilfrington's eyes for leaning heavily on her companion's arm; but, in a momentary halt, the capricious beauty disembarrassed herself of the bright scarf that had floated over her shoulders, and bound it playfully around his waist. This was rather strong on a first acquaintance, and Mrs. Ilfrington was of that opinion.

"Miss Temple!" said she, advancing to whisper a reproof in the beauty's ear.

Before she had taken a second step, Nunu bounded over the low hedge, followed by the dog with whom she had been chasing a butterfly, and springing upon St. John with eyes that flashed fire, she tore the scarf into shreds, and stood trembling and pale, with her feet on the silken fragments.

"Madam!" said St. John, advancing to Mrs. Ilfrington, after casting on the Cherokee a look of surprise

and displeasure, "I should have told you before that your pupil and myself are not new acquaintances. Her father is my friend. I have hunted with the tribe, and have hitherto looked upon Nunu as a child. You will believe me, I trust, when I say her conduct surprises me, and I beg to assure you that any influence I may have over her will be in accordance with your own wishes exclusively."

His tone was cold, and Nunu listened with fixed lips and frowning eyes.

"Have you seen her before since her arrival?" asked Mrs. Ilfrington.

"My dog brought me yesterday the first intelligence that she was here. He returned from his morning ramble with a string of wampum about his neck, which had the mark of the tribe. He was her gift," he added, patting the head of the dog, and looking with a softened expression at Nunu, who dropped her head upon her bosom and walked on in tears.

V.

The chain of the Green Mountains, after a gallop of some five hundred miles, from Canada to Connecticut, suddenly pulls up on the shore of Long-Island Sound, and stands rearing with a bristling mane of pine-trees, three hundred feet in air, as if checked in mid-career by the sea. Standing on the brink of this bold precipice, you have the bald face of the rock in a sheer perpendicular below you; and, spreading away from the broken masses at its foot, lies an emerald meadow inlaid with a crystal and rambling river, across which, at a distance of a mile or two, rise the spires of the University, from what else were a thick-serried wilderness of elms. Back from the edge of the precipice extends a wild forest of hemlock and fir, ploughed on its northern side by a mountain-torrent, whose bed of marl,

dry and overhung with trees in the summer, serve as a path and a guide from the plain to the summit. It were a toilsome ascent but for that smooth and hard pavement, and the impervious and green thatch of pine-tassels overhung.

Antiquity in America extends no farther back than the days of Cromwell, and East Rock is traditionary ground with us—for there harboured the regicides Whalley and Goffe, and many a breath-hushing tale is told of them over the smouldering log-fires of Connecticut. Not to rob the historian, I pass on to say that this cavernous path to the mountain top was the resort in the holiday summer afternoons of most of the poetical and otherwise well-disposed gentlemen Sophomores, and, on the day of which I speak, of Mrs. Ilfrington and her seven-and-twenty lovely scholars. The kind mistress ascended with the assistance of my arm, and St. John drew stoutly between Miss Temple and a fat young lady with an incipient asthma. Nunu had not been seen since the first cluster of hanging flowers had hidden her from our sight, as she bounded upward.

The hour or two of slanting sunshine, poured in upon the summit of the precipice from the west, had been sufficient to induce a fine and silken moss to show its fibres and small blossoms above the carpet of pine-tassels; and emerging from the brown shadow of the wood, you stood on a verdant platform, the foliage of sighing trees overhead, a fairies' velvet beneath you, and a view below that you may as well (if you would not die in your ignorance) make a voyage over the water to see.

We found Nunu lying thoughtfully near the brink of the precipice, and gazing off over the waters of the Sound, as if she watched the coming or going of a friend under the white sails that spotted its bosom.

We recovered our breath in silence, I alone, perhaps, of that considerable company gazing with admiration at the lithe and unconscious figure of grace lying in the attitude of the Grecian Hermaphrodite on the brow of the rock before us. Her eyes were moist and motionless with abstraction, her lips just perceptibly curved in an expression of mingled pride and sorrow, her small hand buried and clenched in the moss, and her left foot and ankle, models of spirited symmetry, escaped carelessly from her dress, the high instep strained back as if recovering from a leap, with the tense control of emotion.

The game of the coquettish Georgian was well played. With a true woman's pique, she had redoubled her attentions to my friend from the moment that she found it gave pain to another of her sex; and St. John, like most men, seemed not unwilling to see a new altar kindled to his vanity, though a heart he had already won was stifling with the incense. Miss Temple was very lovely. Her skin, of that tint of opaque and patrician white which is found oftenest in Asian latitudes, was just perceptibly warmed towards the centre of the cheek with a glow like sunshine through the thick white petal of a magnolia; her eyes were hazel, with those inky lashes which enhance the expression a thousand-fold, either of passion or melancholy; her teeth were like strips from the lily's heart; and she was clever, captivating, graceful, and a thorough coquette. St. John was mysterious, romantic-looking, superior, and, just now, the only victim in the way. He admired, as all men do, those qualities which, to her own sex, rendered the fair Isabella unamiable; and yielded himself, as all men will, a satisfied prey to enchantments of which he knew the springs were the pique and vanity of the enchantress. How singular it is that the highest and best qualities

of the female heart are those with which men are the least captivated !

A rib of the mountain formed a natural seat a little back from the pitch of the precipice, and here sat Miss Temple, triumphant in drawing all eyes upon herself and her tamed lion ; her lap full of flowers, which he had found time to gather on the way, and her white hands employed in arranging a bouquet, of which the destiny was yet a secret. Next to their own loves, ladies like nothing on earth like mending or marring the loves of others ; and while the violets and already-drooping wild flowers were coquettishly chosen or rejected by those slender fingers, the sun might have swung back to the east like a pendulum, and those seven-and-twenty Misses would have watched their lovely schoolfellow the same. Nunu turned her head slowly around at last, and silently looked on. St. John lay at the feet of the Georgian, glancing from the flowers to her face, and from her face to the flowers, with an admiration not at all equivocal. Mrs. Ilfrington sat apart, absorbed in finishing a sketch of New-Haven ; and I, interested painfully in watching the emotions of the Cherokee, sat with my back to the trunk of a hemlock,—the only spectator who comprehended the whole extent of the drama.

A wild rose was set in the heart of the bouquet at last, a spear of ribbon-grass added to give it grace and point, and nothing was wanting but a string. Reticules were searched, pockets turned inside out, and never a bit of ribbon to be found. The beauty was in despair.

"Stay," said St. John, springing to his feet. "Lash ! Lash !"

The dog came coursing in from the wood, and crouched to his master's hand.

"Will a string of wampum do?" he asked, feeling

under the long hair on the dog's neck, and untying a fine and variegated thread of many-coloured beads, worked exquisitely.

The dog growled, and Nunu sprang into the middle of the circle with the fling of an adder, and seizing the wampum as he handed it to her rival, called the dog, and fastened it once more around his neck.

The ladies rose in alarm; the belle turned pale, and clung to St. John's arm; the dog, with his hair bristling upon his back, stood close to her feet in an attitude of defiance; and the superb Indian, the peculiar genius of her beauty developed by her indignation, her nostrils expanded, and her eyes almost showering fire in their flashes, stood before them like a young Pythoness, ready to strike them dead with a regard.

St. John recovered from his astonishment after a moment, and leaving the arm of Miss Temple, advanced a step, and called to his dog.

The Cherokee patted the animal on his back, and spoke to him in her own language; and, as St. John still advanced, Nunu drew herself to her fullest height, placed herself before the dog, who slunk growling from his master, and said to him, as she folded her arms, "The wampum is mine."

St. John coloured to the temples with shame.

"Lash!" he cried, stamping with his feet, and endeavouring to fright him from his protectress.

The dog howled and crept away, half crouching with fear, toward the precipice; and St. John, shooting suddenly past Nunu, seized him on the brink, and held him down by the throat.

The next instant, a scream of horror from Mrs. Ilfrington, followed by a terrific echo from every female present, started the rude Kentuckian to his feet.

Clear over the abyss, hanging with one hand by an ashen sapling, the point of her tiny foot just poising on

a projecting ledge of rock, swung the desperate Cherokee, sustaining herself with perfect ease, but with all the determination of her iron race collected in calm concentration on her lips.

"Restore the wampum to his neck," she cried, with a voice that thrilled the very marrow with its subdued fierceness, "or my blood rest on your soul!"

St. John flung it toward the dog, and clasped his hands in silent horror.

The Cherokee bore down the sapling till its slender stem cracked with the tension, and rising lightly with the rebound, alit like a feather upon the rock. The subdued student sprang to her side; but with scorn on her lip, and the flush of exertion already vanished from her cheek, she called to the dog, and with rapid strides took her way alone down the mountain.

VI.

Five years had elapsed. I had put to sea from the sheltered river of boyhood,—had encountered the storms of a first entrance into life,—had trimmed my boat, shortened sail, and, with a sharp eye to windward, was lying fairly on my course. Among others from whom I had parted company was Paul St. John, who had shaken hands with me at the University gate, leaving me, after four years' intimacy, as much in doubt as to his real character and history as the first day we met. I had never heard him speak of either father or mother, nor had he, to my knowledge, received a letter from the day of his matriculation. He passed his vacations at the University;—he had studied well, yet refused one of the highest college honors offered him with his degree;—he had shown many good qualities, yet some unaccountable faults;—and, all in all, was an enigma to myself and the class. I knew him, clever, accomplished, and conscious of

superiority ; and my knowledge went no farther. The coach was at the gate, and I was there to see him off; and, after four years' constant association, I had not an idea where he was going, or to what he was destined. The driver blew his horn.

" God bless you, Slingsby !"

" God bless you, St. John !"

And so we parted.

It was five years from this time, I say, and, in the bitter struggles of first manhood, I had almost forgotten there was such a being in the world. Late in the month of October, in 1829, I was on my way westward, giving myself a vacation from the law. I embarked, on a clear and delicious day, in the small steamer which plies up and down the Cayuga Lake, looking forward to a calm feast of scenery, and caring little who were to be my fellow-passengers. As we got out of the little harbour of Cayuga, I walked astern for the first time, and saw the not very unusual sight of a group of Indians standing motionless by the wheel. They were chiefs, returning from a diplomatic visit to Washington.

I sat down by the companion-ladder, and opened soul and eye to the glorious scenery we were gliding through. The first severe frost had come, and the miraculous change had passed upon the leaves which is known only in America. The blood-red sugar maple, with a leaf brighter and more delicate than a Circassian lip, stood here and there in the forest like the Sultan's standard in a host—the solitary and far-seen aristocrat of the wilderness ; the birch, with its spirit-like and amber leaves, ghosts of the departed summer, turned out along the edges of the woods like a lining of the palest gold ; the broad sycamore and the fan-like catalpa flaunted their saffron foliage in the sun, spotted with gold like the wings of a lady-bird ;

the kingly oak, with its summit shaken bare, still hid its majestic trunk in a drapery of sumptuous dyes, like a stricken monarch, gathering his robes of state about him to die royally in his purple; the tall poplar, with its minaret of silver leaves, stood blanched like a coward in the dying forest, burthening every breeze with its complainings; the hickory paled through its enduring green; the bright berries of the mountain-ash flushed with a more sanguine glory in the unobstructed sun; the gaudy tulip-tree, the Sybarite of vegetation, stripped of its golden cups, still drank the intoxicating light of noon-day in leaves than which the lip of an Indian shell was never more delicately tinted; the still deeper-dyed vines of the lavish wilderness, perishing with the noble things whose summer they had shared, outshone them in their decline, as woman in her death is heavenlier than the being on whom in life she leaned; and alone and unsympathizing in this universal decay, outlaws from Nature, stood the fir and the hemlock, their frowning and sombre heads darker and less lovely than ever, in contrast with the death-struck glory of their companions.

The dull colours of English autumnal foliage give you no conception of this marvellous phenomenon. The change here is gradual; in America it is the work of a night—of a single frost!

Oh, to have seen the sun set on hills bright in the still green and lingering summer, and to wake in the morning to a spectacle like this!

It is as if a myriad of rainbows were laced through the tree-tops—as if the sunsets of a summer—gold, purple, and crimson—had been fused in the alembic of the west, and poured back in a new deluge of light and colour over the wilderness. It is as if every leaf in those countless trees had been painted to outflush

the tulip—as if, by some electric miracle, the dyes of the earth's heart had struck upward, and her crystals and ores, her sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies had let forth their imprisoned colours to mount through the roots of the forest, and, like the angels that in olden time entered the bodies of the dying, reanimate the perishing leaves, and revel an hour in their bravery.

I was sitting by the companion-ladder, thinking to what on earth these masses of foliage could be resembled, when a dog sprang upon my knees, and, the moment after, a hand was laid on my shoulder.

“St. John? Impossible!”

“Bodily!” answered my quondam classmate.

I looked at him with astonishment. The *soigné* man of fashion I had once known was enveloped in a kind of hunter's frock, loose and large, and girded to his waist by a belt; his hat was exchanged for a cap of rich otter skin; his pantaloons spread with a slovenly carelessness over his feet; and, altogether, there was that in his air which told me at a glance that he had renounced the world. Lash had recovered his leanness, and, after wagging out his joy, he crouched between my feet, and lay looking into my face, as if he was brooding over the more idle days in which we had been acquainted.

“And where are *you* bound?” I asked, having answered the same question for myself.

“Westward with the chiefs!”

“For how long?”

“The remainder of my life.”

I could not forbear an exclamation of surprise.

“You would wonder less,” said he, with an impatient gesture, “if you knew more of me. And by the way,” he added with a smile, “I think I never told you

the first half of the story—my life up to the time I met you."

"It was not for want of a catechist," I answered, settling myself in an attitude of attention.

"No; and I was often tempted to gratify your curiosity; but from the little intercourse I had had with the world, I had adopted some precocious principles;—and one was, that a man's influence over others was vulgarized and diminished by a knowledge of his history."

I smiled; and as the boat sped on her way over the calm waters of the Cayuga, St. John went on leisurely with a story which is scarce remarkable enough for a repetition. He believed himself the natural son of a Western hunter, but only knew that he had passed his early youth on the borders of civilization, between whites and Indians, and that he had been more particularly indebted for protection to the father of Nunu. Mingled ambition and curiosity had led him eastward while still a lad, and a year or two of a most vagabond life in the different cities had taught him the caution and bitterness for which he was so remarkable. A fortunate experiment in lotteries supplied him with the means of education, and, with singular application in a youth of such wandering habits, he had applied himself to study under a private master, fitted himself for the University in half the usual time, and cultivated, in addition, the literary taste which I have remarked upon.

"This," he said, smiling at my look of astonishment, "brings me up to the time when we met. I came to college at the age of eighteen, with a few hundred dollars in my pocket, some pregnant experience of the rough side of the world, great confidence in myself, and distrust of others, and, I believe, a kind of instinct of good manners, which made me ambitious of shining

in society. You were a witness to my *débüt*. Miss Temple was the first highly-educated woman I had ever known, and you saw her effect on me."

"And since we parted?"

"Oh, since we parted my life has been vulgar enough. I have ransacked civilized life to the bottom, and found it a heap of unredeemed falsehoods. I do not say it from common disappointment, for I may say I succeeded in every thing I undertook——"

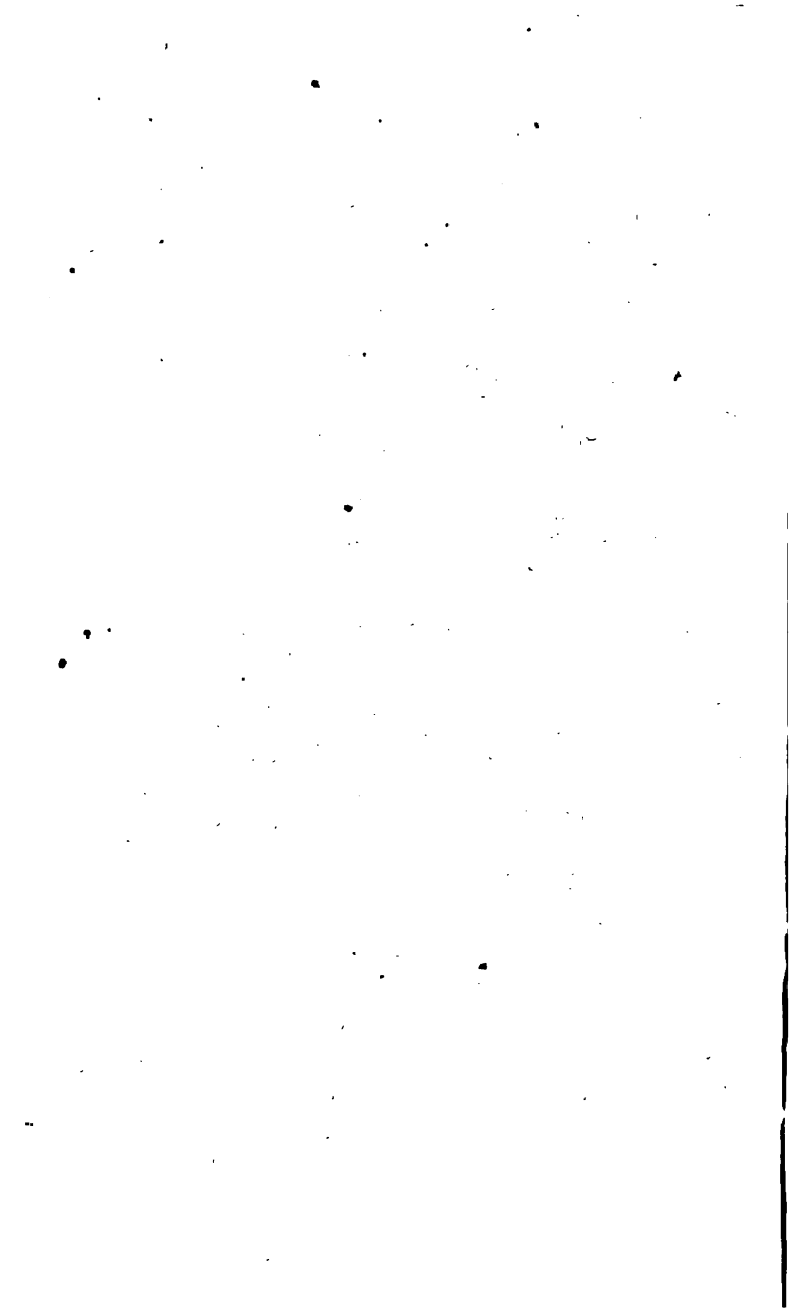
"Except Miss Temple," I said, interrupting, at the hazard of wounding him.

"No; she was a coquette, and I pursued her till I had my turn. You see me in my new character now. But a month ago I was the Apollo of Saratoga, playing my own game with Miss Temple. I left her for a woman worth ten thousand of her—and here she is."

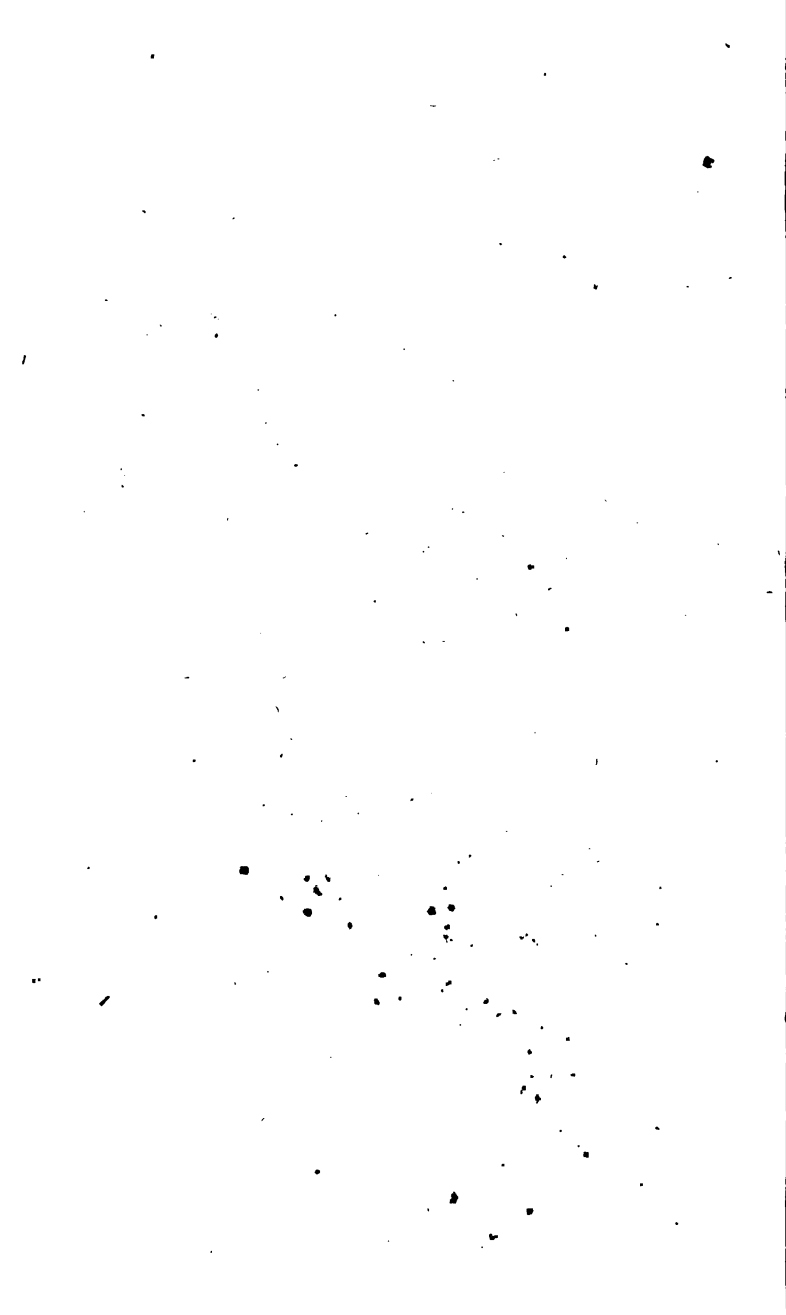
As Nunu came up the companion-way from the cabin, I thought I had never seen breathing creature so exquisitely lovely. With the exception of a pair of brilliant moccasins on her feet, she was dressed in the usual manner, but with the most absolute simplicity. She had changed in those five years from the child to the woman, and, with a round and well-developed figure, additional height, and manners at once gracious and dignified, she walked and looked the chieftain's daughter. St. John took her hand, and gazed on her with moisture in his eyes.

"That I could ever have put a creature like this," he said, "into comparison with the dolls of civilization!"

We parted at Buffalo; St. John with his wife and the chiefs to pursue their way westward by Lake Erie, and I to go moralizing on my way to Niagara.



F. SMITH.



F. SMITH.

"Nature had made him for some other planet,
And press'd his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice."

COLERIDGE.

"I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut-and-chronicled,
and sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and graved in new brave ballads,
that all tongues shall trouble you."

PHILASTER.

If you can imagine a buried Titan lying along the length of a continent with one arm stretched out into the midst of the sea, the place to which I would transport you, reader mine! would lie as it were in the palm of the giant's hand. The small promontory to which I refer, which becomes an island in certain states of the tide, is at the end of one of the long capes of Massachusetts, and is still called by its Indian name, *Nahant*. Not to make you uncomfortable, I beg to introduce you at once to a pretentious hotel, "squat like a toad" upon the unsheltered and highest point of this citadel in mid sea, and a very great resort for the metropolitan New-Englanders. Nahant is perhaps, liberally measured, a square half-mile; and it is distant from what may fairly be called mainland, perhaps a league.

Road to Nahant there is none. The *oi polloi* go there by steam; but when the tide is down, you may drive there with a thousand chariots over the bottom

of the sea. As I suppose there is not such another place in the known world, my tale will wait while I describe it more fully. If the Bible had been a fiction, (not to speak profanely,) I should have thought the idea of the destruction of Pharaoh and his host had its origin in some such wonder of nature.

Nahant is so far out into the ocean, that what is called the "ground swell," the majestic heave of its great bosom going on for ever like respiration, (though its face may be like a mirror beneath the sun, and a wind may not have crisped its surface for days and weeks,) is as broad and powerful within a rood of the shore as it is a thousand miles at sea.

The promontory itself is never wholly left by the ebb; but, from its western extremity, there runs a narrow ridge, scarce broad enough for a horse-path, impassable for the rocks and seaweed of which it is matted, and extending at just high-water mark from Nahant to the mainland. Seaward from this ridge, which is the only connexion of the promontory with the continent, descends an expanse of sand, left bare six hours out of the twelve by the retreating sea, as smooth and hard as marble, and as broad and apparently as level as the plain of the Hermus. For three miles it stretches away without shell or stone, a surface of white, fine-grained sand, beaten so hard by the eternal hammer of the surf, that the hoof of a horse scarce marks it, and the heaviest wheel leaves it as printless as a floor of granite. This will easily be understood when you remember the tremendous rise and fall of the ocean-swell, from the very bosom of which, in all its breadth and strength; roll in the waves of the flowing tide, breaking down on the beach, every one, with the thunder of a host precipitated from the battlements of a castle. Nothing could be more solemn and anthem-like than the succession of these plunging

surges. And when the "tenth wave" gathers, far out at sea, and rolls onward to the shore, first with a glassy and heaving swell as if some mighty monster were lurching inland beneath the water, and then, bursting up into foam, with a front like an endless and sparry crystal wall, advances and overwhelms every thing in its progress, till it breaks with a centupled thunder on the beach—it has seemed to me, standing there, as if thus might have beaten the first surge on the shore after the fiat which "divided sea and land." I am no Cameronian, but the sea (myself on shore) always drives me to Scripture for an illustration of my feelings.

The promontory of Nahant must be based on the earth's axle, else I cannot imagine how it should have lasted so long. In the mildest weather, the groundswell of the sea gives it a fillip at every heave that would lay the "castled crag of Drachenfels" as low as Memphis. The wine trembles in your beaker of claret as you sit after dinner at the hotel; and if you look out at the eastern balcony, (for it is a wooden pagoda, with balconies, verandahs, and colonades *ad libitum*,) you will see the grass breathless in the sunshine upon the lawn, and the ocean as polished and calm as *Miladi's* brow beyond, and yet the spray and foam dashing fifty feet into the air between, and enveloping the "Devil's Pulpit" (a tall rock split off from the promontory's front) in a perpetual kaleidoscope of mist and rainbows. Take the trouble to transport yourself there! I will do the remaining honors on the spot. A cavern as cool (not as silent) as those of Trophonius lies just under the brow of yonder precipice, and the waiter shall come after us with our wine. You have dined with the Borromeo in the grotto of Isola Bella, I doubt not, and know the perfection of *art*—I will show you that of *nature*. (I should like to transport

you for a similar contrast from Terni to Niagara, or from San Giovanni Laterano to an aisle in a forest of Michigan; but the Dædalian mystery, alas! is unsolved. We "fly not yet.")

Here we are, then, in the "Swallows' Cave." The floor descends by a gentle declivity to the sea, and from the long dark cleft stretching outward you look forth upon the broad Atlantic—the shore of Ireland the first *terra firma* in the path of your eye. Here is a dark pool left by the retreating tide for a refrigerator, and with the champagne in the midst, we will recline about it like the soft Asiatics of whom we learned pleasure in the East, and drink to the small-featured and purple-lipped "Mignons" of Syria—those finelimbed and fiery slaves, adorable as Peris, and by turns languishing and stormy, whom you buy for a pinch of piastres (say 5*l.* 5*s.*) in sunny Damascus. Your drowsy Circassian, faint and dreamy, or your crockery Georgian—fit dolls for the sensual Turk—is, to him who would buy *soul*, dear at a *para* the heeatomb.

We recline, as it were, in an ebon pyramid, with a hundred feet of floor and sixty of wall, and the fourth side open to the sky. The light comes in mellow and dim, and the sharp edges of the rocky portal seem let into the pearly arch of heaven. The tide is at half-ebb, and the advancing and retreating waves, which at first just lifted the fringe of crimson dulse at the lip of the cavern, now dash their spray-pearls on the rock below, the "tenth" surge alone rallying as if in scorn of its retreating fellows, and, like the chieftain of Cul-loden Moor, rushing back singly to the contest. And now that the waters reach the entrance no more, come forward and look on the sea! The swell lifts!—would you not think the bases of the earth rising beneath it? It falls!—would you not think the foundation of the deep had given way? A plain, broad

enough for the navies of the world to ride at large, heaves up evenly and steadily as if it would lie against the sky, rests a moment spell-bound in its place, and falls again as far—the respiration of a sleeping child not more regular and full of slumber. It is only on the shore that it chafes. Blessed emblem! it is at peace with itself! The rocks war with a nature so unlike their own, and the hoarse din of their border onsets resounds through the caverns they have rent open; but beyond, in the calm bosom of the ocean, what heavenly dignity! what godlike unconsciousness of alarm! I did not think we should stumble on such a moral in the cave!

By the deeper bass of its hoarse organ, the sea is now playing upon its lowest stops, and the tide is down. Hear! how it rushes in beneath the rocks, broken and stilled in its tortuous way, till it ends with a washing and dull hiss among the sea-weed, and, like a myriad of small tinkling bells, the dripping from the crags is audible. There is fine music in the sea!

And now the beach is bare. The cave begins to cool and darken, and the first gold tint of sunset is stealing into the sky, and the sea looks of a changing opal, green, purple, and white, as if its floor were paved with pearl, and the changing light struck up through the waters. And there heaves a ship into the horizon, like a white-winged bird lying with dark breast on the waves, abandoned of the sea-breeze within sight of port, and repelled even by the spicy breath that comes with a welcome off the shore. She comes from "merry England." She is freighted with more than merchandise. The home-sick exile will gaze on her snowy sail as she sets in with the morning breeze, and bless it; for the wind that first filled it on its way swept through the green valley of his home! What links of human affection brings she over the sea? How

much comes in her that is not in her "bill of lading," yet worth, to the heart that is waiting for it, a thousand times the purchase of her whole venture!

Mais montons nous! I hear the small hoofs of Thalaba; my stanhope waits; we will leave this half bottle of champagne, that "remainder biscuit," and the echoes of our philosophy, to the Naiads who have lent us their drawing-room. Undine, or Egeria! Lurly, or Arethusa! whatever thou art called, nymph of this shadowy cave! adieu!

Slowly, Thalaba! Tread gingerly down this rocky descent! So! Here we are on the floor of the vasty deep! What a glorious race-course! The polished and printless sand spreads away before you as far as the eye can see, the surf comes in below, breast-high ere it breaks, and the white fringe of the sliding wave shoots up the beach, but leaves room for the marching of a Persian phalanx on the sands it has deserted. Oh, how noiselessly runs the wheel, and how dreamily we glide along, feeling our motion but in the resistance of the wind, and by the trout-like pull of the ribands by the excited animal before us. Mark the color of the sand! White at high-water-mark, and thence deepening to a silvery gray as the water has evaporated less—a slab of Egyptian granite in the obelisk of St. Peter's not more polished and unimpressible.—Shell or rock, weed or quicksand, there is none; and mar or deface its bright surface as you will, it is ever beaten down anew, and washed even of the dust of the foot of man, by the returning sea. You may write upon its fine-grained face with a crow-quill—you may course over its dazzling expanse with a troop of chariots.

Most wondrous and beautiful of all, within twenty yards of the surf, or for an hour after the tide has left the sand, it holds the water without losing its firm-

ness, and is like a gray mirror, bright as the bosom of the sea. (By your leave, Thalaba!) And now lean over the dasher, and see those small fetlocks striking up from beneath—the flying mane, the thorough-bred action, the small and expressive head, as perfect in the reflection as in the reality; like Wordsworth's swan, he

"Trots double, horse and shadow."

You would swear you were skimming the surface of the sea; and the delusion is more complete as the white foam of the "tenth wave" skims in beneath wheel and hoof, and you urge on with the treacherous element gliding away visibly beneath you.

We seem not to have driven fast, yet three miles, fairly measured, are left behind, and Thalaba's blood is up. Fine creature! I would not give him

"For the best horse the Sun has in his stable."

We have won champagne ere now, Thalaba and I, trotting on this silvery beach; and if ever old age comes on me, and I intend it never shall on aught save my mortal coil, (my spirit vowed to perpetual youth,) I think these vital breezes, and a trot on these exhilarating sands, would sooner renew my prime than a rock in St. Hilary's cradle, or a dip in the Well of Kanathos. May we try the experiment together, gentle reader!

I am not settled in my own mind whether this description of one of my favourite haunts in America was written most to introduce the story that is to follow, or the story to introduce the description. Possibly the latter, for having consumed my callow youth in wandering "to and fro in the earth," like Sathanas of old, and looking on my country now with an eye from which all the minor and temporary features have

gradually faded, I find my pride in it (after its glory as a republic) settling principally on the superior handiwork of Nature in its land and water. When I talk of it now, it is looking through another's eyes—his who listens. I do not describe it after my own memory of what it *was once to me*, but according to my idea of what it will *seem now to a stranger*. Hence I speak not of the friends I made, rambling by lake or river. The lake and the river are there, but the friends are changed—to themselves and me. I speak not of the lovely and loving ones that stood by me, looking on glen or waterfall. The glen and the waterfall are romantic still, but the form and the heart that breathed through it are no longer lovely or loving. I should renew my joys by the old mountain and river, for, all they ever were I should find them still, and never seem to myself grown old, or cankered of the world, or changed in form or spirit, while they reminded me but of my youth, with their familiar sunshine and beauty. But the friends that I knew—as I knew them—are dead. They look no longer the same; they have another heart in them; the kindness of the eye, the smilingness of the lip, are no more there. Philosophy tells me the material and living body changes and renews, particle by particle, with time; and Experience—cold-blooded and stony monitor—tells me, in his frozen monotone, that heart and spirit change with it and renew! But the name remains, mockery that it is! and the memory sometimes; and so these apparitions of the past—that we almost fear to question when they encounter us, lest the change they have undergone should freeze our blood—stare coldly on us, yet call us by name, and answer, though coldly, to their own, and have that terrible similitude to what they were, mingled with their unsympathizing and hollow mummery, that we

wish the grave of the past, with all that it contained of kind or lovely, had been sealed for ever. The heart we have lain near before our birth (so read I the book of human life) is the only one that cannot forget that it has loved us. Saith well and affectionately an American poet, in some birth-day verses to his mother—

"Mother! dear mother! the feelings nurst
As I hung at thy bosom, *clung round thee first*—
'Twas the earliest link in love's warm chain,
'Tis the only one that will long remain;
And as, year by year, and day by day,
Some friend, still trusted, drops away,
Mother! dear mother! *Oh, dost thou see*
How the shortened chain brings me nearer thee!"

II.

I have observed that of all the friends one has in the course of his life, the truest and most attached is exactly the one who, from his dissimilarity to yourself, the world finds it very odd you should fancy. We hear sometimes of lovers who "are made for each other," but rarely of the same natural match in friendship. It is no great marvel. In a world like this, where we pluck so desperately at the fruit of pleasure, we prefer for company those who are not formed with precisely the same palate as ourselves. You will seldom go wrong, dear reader, if you refer any human question about which you are in doubt to that icy oracle—selfishness.

My shadow for many years was a gentle monster, whom I have before mentioned, baptized by the name of *Forbearance Smith*. He was a Vermontese, a descendant of one of the Puritan pilgrims, and the first of his family who had left the Green Mountains since the flight of the regicides to America. We assimilate to what we live among, and *Forbearance* was very *green*, and very like a *mountain*. He had a

general resemblance to one of Thorwaldsen's unfinished Apostles—larger than life, and just hewn into outline. My acquaintance with him commenced during my first year at the university. He stalked into my room one morning with a hair-trunk on his back, and handed me the following note from the tutor :—

"SIR,—The Faculty have decided to impose upon you the fine of ten dollars and damages, for painting the President's horse on Sabbath night while grazing on the College Green. They, moreover, have removed Freshman Wilding from your rooms, and appoint as your future chum the studious and exemplary bearer, Forbearance Smith, to whom you are desired to show a becoming respect.

"Your obedient servant,

"ERASMUS SNUFFLEGREEK.

"*To Freshman Slingsby.*"

Rather relieved by my lenient sentence, (for, till the next shedding of his well-saturated coat, the sky-blue body and red mane and tail of the President's once gray mare would interfere with that esteemed animal's usefulness,) I received Mr. Smith with more politeness than he expected. He deposited his hair-trunk in the vacant bed-room, remarked with a good-humoured smile that it was a cold morning, and seating himself in my easiest chair, opened his Euclid, and went to work upon a problem, as perfectly at home as if he had furnished the room himself, and lived in it from his matriculation. I had expected some preparatory apology at least, and was a little annoyed ; but being upon my good behaviour, I bit my lips, and resumed the "Art of Love," upon which I was just then practising my nascent Latinity, instead of calculating logarithms for recitation. In about an hour, my new chum

suddenly vociferated "*Eureka!*" shut up his book, and having stretched himself, (a very unnecessary operation,) coolly walked to my dressing-table, selected my best hair-brush, redolent of Macassar, and used it with the greatest apparent satisfaction.

"Have you done with that hair-brush?" I asked, as he laid it in its place again.

"Oh yes!"

"Then, perhaps, you will do me the favour to throw it out of the window."

He did it without the slightest hesitation. He then resumed his seat by the fire, and I went on with my book in silence. Twenty minutes had elapsed, perhaps, when he rose very deliberately, and without a word of preparation, gave me a cuff that sent me flying into the wood-basket in the corner behind me. As soon as I could pick myself out, I flew upon him, but I might as well have grappled with a boa-constrictor. He held me off at arm's length till I was quite exhausted with rage, and, at last, when I could struggle no more, I found breath to ask him what the devil he meant?

"To resent what seemed to me, on reflection, to be an insult;" he answered, in the calmest tone, "and now to ask your pardon for a fault of ignorance. The first was due to myself, the second to you."

Thenceforth, to the surprise of every body, and Bob Wilding and the tutor, we were inseparable. I took Bruin (by a double elision *Forbearance* became "*bear*," and by paraphrase *Bruin*, and he answered to the name)—I took him, I say, to the omnium shop, and presented him with a dressing-case, and other appliances for his *outer* man; and as my *inner* man was relatively as much in need of his assistance, we mutually improved. I instructed him in poetry and politeness, and he returned the lesson in problems and

politics. My star was never in more fortunate conjunction.

Four years had woven their threads of memory about us, and there was never woof more free from blemish. Our friendship was proverbial. All that much care and Macassar could do for Bruin had been done, but there was no abating his seven feet of stature, nor reducing the size of his feet proper, nor making the muscles of his face answer to their natural wires. At his most placid smile, a strange waiter would run for a hot towel and the doctor; (colic was not more like itself than that like colic;) and for his motions—oh Lord! a skeleton, with each individual bone appended to its neighbour with a string, would execute a *pas seul* with the same expression. His mind, however, had none of the awkwardness of his body. A simplicity and truth, amounting to the greatest *naïveté*, and a fatuitous unconsciousness of the effect on beholders of his outer man, were its only approaches to fault or foible. With the finest sense of the beautiful, the most unerring judgment in literary taste, the purest romance, a fervid enthusiasm, constancy, courage, and good temper, he walked about the world in a mask—an admirable creature, in the guise and seeming of a ludicrous monster.

Bruin was sensitive on but one point. He never could forgive his father and mother for the wrong they had entailed on him at his baptism, "*Forbearance Smith!*" he would say to himself sometimes in unconscious soliloquy, "they should have given me the virtue as well as the name!" And then he would sit with a pen, and scrawl "F. Smith" on a sheet of paper by the hour together. To insist upon knowing his Christian name was the one impertinence he never forgave.

III.

My party at Nahant consisted of Thalaba, Forbearance, and myself. The place was crowded, but I passed my time very much between my horse and my friend, and was as certain to be found on the beach when the tide was down, as the sea to have left the sands. Job (a synonyme for Forbearance which became at this time his common *soubriquet*) was, of course, in love. Not the least to the prejudice, however, of his last faithful passion—for he was as fond of the memory of an old love, as he was tender in the presence of the new. I intended to have had him dissected after his death, to see whether his organization was not peculiar. I strongly incline to the opinion, that we should have found a mirror in the place of his heart. Strange! how the same man who is so fickle in love, will be so constant in friendship! But is it fickleness? Is it not rather a *superflu* of tenderness in the nature, which overflows to all who approach the fountain? I have ever observed that the most susceptible men are the most remarkable for the finer qualities of character. They are more generous, more delicate, and of a more chivalrous complexion altogether, than other men. It was surprising how reasonably Bruin would argue upon this point. "Because I was happy at Niagara," he was saying one day as we sat upon the rocks, "shall I take no pleasure in the Falls of Montmorenci? Because the sunset was glorious yesterday, shall I find no beauty in that of to-day? Is my fancy to be used but once, and the key turned upon it for ever? Is the heart like a *bon-bon*, to be eaten up by the first favorite, and thought of no more? Are our eyes blind, save to one shape of beauty? Are our ears insensible to the music save of one voice?"

"But do you not weaken the heart, and become in-

capable of a lasting attachment, by this habit of inconstancy?"

"How long, my dear Phil, will you persist in talking as if the heart was material, and held so much love as a cup so much water, and had legs to be weary, or organs to grow dull? How is my sensibility lessened—how my capacity enfeebled? What would I have done for my first love, that I would not do for my last? I would have sacrificed my life to secure the happiness of one you wot of in days gone by—I would jump into the sea, if it would make Blanche Carroll happier to-morrow."

"*Sautez-donc!*" said a thrilling voice behind; and as if the utterance of her name had conjured her out of the ground, the object of all Job's admiration, and a little of my own, stood before us. She had a work-basket in her hand, a gipsy-hat tossed carelessly on her head, and had preceded a whole troop of belles and matrons, who were coming out to while away the morning, and breathe the invigorating sea-air on the rocks.

Blanche Carroll was what the women would call "a little love," but that phrase of endearment would not at all express the feeling with which she inspired the men. She was small, and her face and figure might have been framed in fairy-land for bewitching beauty; but with the manner of a spoiled child and, apparently, the most thoughtless playfulness of mind, she was as veritable a little devil as ever took the shape of woman. Scarce seventeen at this time, she had a knowledge of character that was like an instinct, and was an accomplished actress in any part it was necessary for her purpose to play. No grave Machiavel ever managed his cards with more finesse than that little *intrigante* the limited world of which she was the star. She was a natural masterspirit and

plotter; and the talent that would have employed itself in the deeper game of politics, had she been born a woman of rank in Europe, displayed itself, in the simple society of a republic, in subduing to her power every thing in the shape of a single man that ventured to her net. I have nothing to tell of her at all commensurate with the character I have drawn, for the disposal of her own heart (if she has one) must of course be the most important event of her life; but I merely pencil the outline of the portrait in passing, as a specimen of the material that exists, even in the simplest society, for the *dramatis personæ* of a court.

We followed the light-footed beauty to the shelter of one of the caves opening on the sea, and seated ourselves about her upon the rocks. Some one proposed that Job or myself should read.

"Oh, Mr. Smith!" interrupted the belle, "where is my bracelet? and where are my verses?"

At the ball the night before she had dropped a bracelet in the waltz, and Job had been permitted to take care of the fragments, on condition of restoring them, with a sonnet, the next morning. She had just thought of it.

"Read them out! read them out!" she cried, as Job, blushing a deep blue; extracted a tri-cornered pink document from his pocket, and tried to give it to her unobserved, with the packet of jewellery. Job looked at her imploringly, and she took the verses from his hand, and ran her eye through them.

"Pretty well!" she said; "but the last line might be improved. Give me a pencil, some one!" And bending over it, till her luxuriant hair concealed her fairy fingers in their employment, she wrote a moment upon her knee, and tossing the paper to me, bade me read it out with the emendation. Bruin had, meantime, modestly disappeared, and I read with the more freedom.

"'Twas broken in the gliding dance,
 When thou wert in thy dream of power;
 When shape and motion, tone and glance,
 Were glorious all—the woman's hour!
 The light lay soft upon thy brow,
 The music melted in thine ear,
 And one perhaps forgotten now,
 With 'wilder'd thoughts stood list'ning near,
 Marvelling not that links of gold
 A pulse like thine had not controll'd.

"'Tis midnight now. The dance is done,
 And thou, in thy soft dreams, asleep,
 And I, awake, am gazing on
 The fragments given me to keep:
 I think of ev'ry glowing vein
 That ran beneath these links of gold,
 And wonder if a thrill of pain
 Made those bright channels ever cold!
 With gifts like thine, I cannot think
 Grief ever chill'd this broken link.

"Good night! 'Tis little now to thee
 That in my ear thy words were spoken,
 And thou wilt think of them and me
 As long as of the bracelet broken.
 For thus is riven many a chain
 That thou hast fastened but to break,
 And thus thou'lt sink to sleep again,
 As careless that another wake;
 The only thought thy heart can rend
 Is—*what the fellow 'll charge to mend!*"

Job's conclusion was more pathetic, but probably less true. He appeared after the applause had ceased, and resumed his place at the lady's feet, with a look in his countenance of having deserved an abatement of persecution. The beauty spread out the fragments of the broken bracelet on the rock beside her.

"Mr. Smith!" said she, in her most conciliating tone.

Job leaned toward her with a look of devoted inquiry.

"Has the tide turned?"

"Certainly. Two hours since."

"The beach is passable, then?"

"Hardly, I fear."

"No matter. How many hours' drive is it to Salem?"

"Mr. Slingsby drives it in two."

"Then you'll get Mr. Slingsby to lend you his stanhope, drive to Salem, have this bracelet mended, and bring it back in time for the ball. *I have spoken, as the Grand 'Turk says. Allez !*"

"But my dear Miss Carroll——"

She laid her hand on his mouth as he began to remonstrate, and while I made signs to him to refuse, she said something to him which I lost in a sudden dash of the waters. He looked at me for my consent.

"Oh! you can have Mr. Slingsby's horse," said the beauty, as I hesitated whether my refusal would not check her tyranny, "and I'll drive him out this evening for his reward, *N'est-ce pas ?* you cross man!"

So, with a sun hot enough to fry the brains in his skull, and a quivering reflection on the sands that would burn his face to a blister, *exit* Job, with the broken bracelet in his bosom.

"Stop, Mr. Slingsby," said the imperious little belle, as I was making up a mouth, after his departure, to express my disapprobation of her measures, "no lecture, if you please. Give me that book of plays, and I'll read you a precedent. Because you are virtuous, shall we have no more cakes and ale? *Ecouchez !* And, with an emphasis and expression that would have been perfect on the stage, she read the following passage from "The Careless Husband:"—

"*Lady Betty.* The men of sense, my dear, make the best fools in the world ; their sincerity and good breeding throw them so entirely into one's power, and

give one such an agreeable thirst of using them ill, to show that power — 'tis impossible not to quench it.

"*Lady Easy*. But, my Lord Morelove—

"*Lady B*. Pooh ! my Lord Morelove's a mere Indian damask—one can't wear him out; o' my conscience, I must give him to my woman at last. I begin to be known by him; had I not best leave him off, my dear ?

"*Lady E*. Why did you ever encourage him ?

"*Lady B*. Why, what would you have one do ? For my part, I could no more choose a man by my eye than a shoe—one must draw them on a little, to see if they are right to one's foot.

"*Lady E*. But I'd no more fool on with a man I could not like, than wear a shoe that pinched me.

"*Lady B*. Ay; but then a poor wretch tells one he'll widen 'em, or do any thing, and is so civil and silly, that one does not know how to turn such a trifle as a pair of shoes, or a heart, upon a fellow's hands again.

"*Lady E*. And there's my Lord Foppington.

"*Lady B*. My dear ! fine fruit will have flies about it; ~~but~~, poor things ! they do it no harm; for, if you observe, people are generally most apt to choose that the flies have been busy with. Ha ! ha !

"*Lady E*. Thou art a strange, giddy creature !

"*Lady B*. That may be from too much circulation of thought, my dear !"

"Pray, Miss Carroll," said I, as she threw aside the book with a theatrical air, "have you any precedent for broiling a man's brains, as well as breaking his heart ? For, by this time, my friend Forbearance has a *coup de soleil*, and is hissing over the beach like a steam-engine."

"How tiresome you are ! Do you really think it will kill him ?"

"It might injure him seriously—let alone the danger of driving a spirited horse over the beach, with the tide quarter-down."

"What shall I do to be 'taken out of the corner,' Mr. Slingsby?"

"Order your horses an hour sooner, and drive to Lynn, to meet him half way on his return. I will resume my stanhope, and give him the happiness of driving back with you."

"And shall I be gentle Blanche Carroll, and no ogre, if I do?"

"Yes; Mr. Smith surviving."

"Take the trouble to give my orders, then; and come back immediately, and read to me till it is time to go. Meantime, I shall look at myself in this black mirror." And the spoilt, but most lovely girl bent over a dark pool in the corner of the cave, forming a picture on its shadowy background that drew a murmur of admiration even from the neglected group who had been the silent and disapproving witnesses of her caprice."

IV.

A thunder-cloud strode into the sky with the rapidity which marks that common phenomenon of a breathless summer afternoon in America, darkened the air for a few minutes, so that the birds betook themselves to their nests, and then poured out its refreshing waters with the most terrific flashes of lightning, and crashes of thunder, which for a moment seemed to still even the eternal bass of the sea. With the same fearful rapidity, the black roof of the sky tore apart, and fell back, in rolling and changing masses, upon the horizon; the sun darted with intense brilliancy through the clarified and transparent air; the light-stirring breeze came freighted with delicious coolness;

and the heavy sea-birds, who had lain brooding on the waves while the tumult of the elements went on, rose on their scimitar-like wings, and fled away, with incomprehensible instinct, from the beautiful and freshened land. The whole face of earth and sky had been changed in an hour.

Oh, of what fulness of delight are even the senses capable ! What a nerve there is sometimes in every pore ! What love for all living and all inanimate things may be born of a summer shower ! How stirs the fancy, and brightens hope, and warms the heart, and sings the spirit within us, at the mere animal joy with which the lark flees into heaven ! And yet, of this exquisite capacity for pleasure we take so little care ! We refine our taste, we elaborate and finish our mental perception, we study the beautiful, that we may know it when it appears,—yet the senses by which these faculties are approached, the stops by which this fine instrument is played, are trifled with and neglected. We forget that a single excess blurs and confuses the music written on our minds ; we forget that an untimely vigil weakens and bewilders the delicate minister to our inner temple ; we know not, or act as if we knew not, that the fine and easily-jarred harmony of health is the only interpreter of Nature to our souls ; in short, we drink too much claret, and eat too much *pâté foie gras*. Do you understand me, *gourmand et gourmet* ?

Blanche Carroll was a beautiful whip, and the two bay ponies in her phaeton were quite aware of it. La Bruyère says, with his usual wisdom, “Une belle femme qui a les qualités d’un honnête homme est ce qu’il y a au monde d’un commerce plus délicieux ;” and, to a certain degree, masculine accomplishments too, are very winning in a woman—if pretty ; if plain, she is expected not only to be quite feminine, but

quite perfect. Foibles are as hateful in a woman who does *not* possess beauty, as they are engaging in a woman who *does*. Clouds are only lovely when the heavens are bright.

She looked loveliest while driving, did Blanche Carroll, for she was born to rule, and the expression native to her lip was energy and nerve; and as she sat with her little foot pressed against the dasher, and reined in those spirited horses, the finely-pencilled mouth, usually playful or pettish, was pressed together in a curve as warlike as Minerva's, and twice as captivating. She drove, too, as capriciously as she acted. At one moment her fleet ponies fled over the sand at the top of their speed, and at the next they were brought down to a walk, with a suddenness which threatened to bring them upon their haunches. Now far up on the dry sand, cutting a zigzag to lengthen the way, and again below at the tide edge, with the waves breaking over her seaward wheel; all her powers at one instant engrossed in pushing them to their fastest trot, and in another the reins lying loose on their backs, while she discussed some sudden flight of philosophy. "Be his fairy, his page, his every thing that love and poetry have invented," said Roger Ascham to Lady Jane Grey, just before her marriage; but Blanche Carroll was almost the only woman I ever saw capable of the *beau idéal* of fascinating characters.

Between Miss Carroll and myself there was a safe and cordial friendship. Besides loving another better, she was neither earnest, nor true, nor affectionate enough to come at all within the range of my possible attachments, and though I admired her, she felt that the necessary sympathy was wanting for love; and, the idea of fooling me with the rest once abandoned, we were the greatest of allies. She told me all her

triumphs, and I listened and laughed without thinking it worth while to burden her with my confidence in return; and you may as well make a memorandum, gentle reader, that *that* is a very good basis for a friendship. Nothing bores women or worldly persons so much as to return their secrets with your own.

As we drew near the extremity of the beach, a boy rode up on horseback, and presented Miss Carroll with a note. I observed that it was written on a very dirty slip of paper, and was waiting to be enlightened as to its contents, when she slipped it into her belt, took the whip from the box, and flogging her ponies through the heavy sand of the outer beach, went off, at a pace which seemed to engross all her attention, on her road to Lynn. We reached the hotel and she had not spoken a syllable, and as I made a point of never inquiring into any thing that seemed odd in her conduct, I merely stole a glance at her face, which wore the expression of mischievous satisfaction which I liked the least of its common expressions, and descended from the phaeton with the simple remark, that Job could not have arrived, as I saw nothing of my stan-hope in the yard.

"Mr. Slingsby." It was the usual preface to asking some particular favor.

"Miss Carroll."

"Will you be so kind as to walk to the library and select me a book to your own taste, and ask no questions as to what I do with myself meantime?"

"But, my dear Miss Carroll—your father——"

"Will feel quite satisfied when he hears that Cato was with me. Leave the ponies to the groom, Cato, and follow me." I looked after her as she walked down the village street with the old black behind her, not at all certain of the propriety of my acquiescence, but feeling that there was no help for it.

I lounged away a half hour at the library, and found Miss Carroll waiting for me on my return. There were no signs of Bruin; and as she seemed impatient to be off, I jumped into the phaeton, and away we flew to the beach as fast as her ponies could be driven under the whip. As we descended upon the sands she spoke for the first time.

"It is *so* civil of you to ask no questions, Mr. Slingsby; but you are *not* offended with me?"

"If you have got into no scrape while under my charge, I shall certainly be too happy to shake hands upon it to-morrow."

"Are you *quite* sure?" she asked archly.

"Quite sure."

"So am *not* I," she said with a merry laugh; and in her excessive amusement she drove down to the sea, till the surf broke over the nearest pony's back, and filled the bottom of the phaeton with water. Our wet feet were now a fair apology for haste, and taking the reins from her, I drove rapidly home, while she wrapped herself in her shawl, and sat apparently absorbed in the coming of the twilight over the sea.

V.

I slept late after the ball, though I had gone to bed exceedingly anxious about Bruin, who had not yet made his appearance. The tide would prevent his crossing the beach after ten in the morning, however, and I made myself tolerably easy till the sands were passable with the evening ebb. The high-water mark was scarcely deserted by the waves, when the same boy who had delivered the note to Miss Carroll the day before, rode up from the beach on a panting horse, and delivered me the following note:—

"DEAR PHILIP,—You will be surprised to hear

that I am in the Lynn gaol on a charge of theft and utterance of counterfeit money. I do not wait to tell you the particulars. Please come and identify

"Your's truly,
"F. SMITH."

I got upon the boy's horse, and hurried over the beach with whip and spur. I stopped at the justice's office, and that worthy seemed uncommonly pleased to see me.

"We have got him, sir," said he.

"Got whom?" I asked rather shortly.

"Why, the fellow that stole your stanhope and Miss Carroll's bracelet, and passed a twenty dollar counterfeit bill—han't you hearn on't?"

The justice's incredulity, when I told him it was probably the most intimate friend I had in the world, would have amused me at any other time.

"Will you allow me to see the prisoner?" I asked.

"Be sure I will. I let Miss Carroll have a peep at him yesterday, and what do you think? Oh Lord! he wanted to make her believe she knew him! Good! wasn't it? Ha! ha! And *such* an ill-looking fellow! Why, I'd know him for a thief any where! *Your* intimate friend, Mr. Slingsby! Oh, Lord! when you come to see him! Ha! ha!"

We were at the prison-door. The grating bolts turned slowly, the door swung rustily on its hinges as if it was not often used, and in the next minute I was enfolded in Job's arms, who sobbed and laughed, and was quite hysterical with his delight. I scarce wondered at the justice's prepossessions when I looked at the figure he made. His hat knocked in, his coat muddy, his hair full of the dust of straw—the natural hideousness of poor Job had every possible aggravation.

We were in the stanhope, and fairly on the beach, before he had sufficiently recovered to tell me the story. He had arrived quite overheated at Lynn, but, in a hurry to execute Miss Carroll's commission, he merely took a glass of soda-water, had Thalaba's mouth washed, and drove on. A mile on his way, he was overtaken by a couple of ostlers on horseback, who very roughly ordered him back to the inn. He refused, and a fight ensued, which ended in his being tied into the stanhope, and driven back as a prisoner. The large note, which he had given for his soda-water, it appeared, was a counterfeit, and placards, offering a reward for the detection of a villain, described in the usual manner as an ill-looking fellow, had been sticking up for some days in the village. He was taken before the justice, who declared at first sight that he answered the description in the advertisement. His stubborn refusal to give the whole of his name, (he would rather have died, I suppose,) his possession of my stanhope, which was immediately recognised, and lastly, the bracelet found in his pocket, of which he refused indignantly to give any account, were circumstances enough to leave no doubt on the mind of the worthy justice. He made out his *mittimus* forthwith, granting Job's request that he might be allowed to write a note to Miss Carroll, (who, he knew, would drive over the beach toward evening,) as a very great favour. She arrived as he expected.

"And what in heaven's name did she say?" said I, interested beyond my patience at this part of the story.

"Expressed the greatest astonishment when the justice showed her the bracelet, and declared she *never saw me before in her life!*"

That Job forgave Blanche Carroll in two days, and gave her a pair of gloves with some verses on the third, will surprise only those who have not seen that

lady. It would seem incredible, but here are the verses, as large as life:—

“Slave of the snow-white hand! I fold
My spirit in thy fabric fair;
And when that dainty hand is cold,
And rudely comes the wintry air,
Press in thy light and straining form
Those slender fingers soft and warm;
And, as the fine-traced veins within
Quicken their bright and rosy flow,
And gratefully the dewy skin
Clings to the form that warms it so,
Tell her my heart is hiding there,
Trembling to be so closely prest,
Yet feels how brief its moments are,
And saddens even to be blest—
Fated to serve her for a day,
And then, like thee, *be flung away.*”

EDITH LINSEY.



EDITH LINSEY.

PART I.

FROST AND FLIRTATION.

" Oh yes—for you're in love with *me* !
(I'm very glad of it, I'm sure ;))
But then you are not rich, you see,
And I—you know *I'm very* poor !
'Tis true that I can drive a tandem—
'Tis true that I can turn a sonnet—
'Tis true I leave the law at random,
When I *should* study—plague upon it !
But this is not—excuse me !—m——y !
(A thing they give for house and land ;))
And we must eat in matrimony—
And love is neither bread nor honey—
And so—you understand ?"

" Thou art spotless as the snow, lady mine, lady mine !
Thou art spotless as the snow, lady mine !
But the noon will have its ray,
And snow-wreaths melt away—
And hearts—why should not they ?—
Why not thine ?"

It began to snow. The air softened ; the pattering of the horses' hoofs was muffled with the impeded vibration ; the sleigh glided on with a duller sound ; the large loose flakes fell soft and fast, and the low and

just audible murmur, like the tread of a fairy host, melted on the ear with a drowsy influence, as if it were a descent of palpable sleep upon the earth. You may talk of falling water—of the running of a brook—of the humming song of an old crone on a sick vigil—or of the *levi susutro* of the bees of Hybla,—but there is nothing like the falling of the snow for soft and soothing music. You hear it or not as you will, but it melts into your soul unaware. If you have ever a heart-ache, or feel the need of “poppy or mandragora,” or, like myself, grow sometimes a-weary of the stale repetitions of this unvaried world, seek me out in Massachusetts, when the wind softens and veers south, after a frost—say in January. There shall have been a long-lying snow on the ground, well-trodden. The road shall be as smooth as the paths to our first sins—of a seeming perpetual declivity, as it were—and never a jolt or jar between us and the edge of the horizon; but all onward and down apparently, with an insensible ease. You sit beside me in my spring-sleigh, hung with the lightness of a cob-web cradle for a fairy’s child in the trees. One horse is, in the harness, of a swift and even pace, and around his neck is a string of fine, small bells, that ring to his measured step in a kind of muffled music, softer and softer as the snow-flakes thicken in the air. Your seat is of the shape of the *fauteuil* in your library, cushioned and deep, and with a backward and gentle slope, and you are enveloped to the eye-lids in warm furs. You settle down, with every muscle in repose, the visor of your ermine cap just shedding the snow from your forehead, and with a word, the groom stands back, and the horse speeds on, steady, but beautifully fast. The bells, which you hear loudly at first, begin to deaden, and the low hum of the alighting flakes steals gradually on your ear; and soon the hoof-

strokes are as silent as if the steed were shod with wool, and away you flee through the white air, like birds asleep upon the wing diving through the feathery fleeces of the moon. Your eye-lids fall—forgetfulness steals upon the senses—a delicious torpor takes possession of the uneasy blood—and brain and thought yield to an intoxicating and trance-like slumber. It were perhaps too much to ask that any human bosom may go scathless to the grave; but in my own unworthy petitions I usually supplicate that my heart may be broken about Christmas. I know an anodyne o' that season.

Fred Fleming and I occupied one of the seven long seats in a stage-sleigh, flying at this time twelve miles in the hour, (yet not fast enough for our impatience,) westward from the University gates. The sleighing had been perfect for a week, and the cold keen air had softened for the first time that morning, and assumed the warm and woolly complexion that foretold snow. Though not very cheerful in its aspect, this is an atmosphere particularly pleasant to breathe, and Fred, who was making his first move after a six weeks' fever, sat with the furs away from his mouth, nostrils expanded, lips parted, and the countenance altogether of a man in a high state of physical enjoyment. I had nursed him through his illness, by the way, in my own rooms, and hence our position as fellow-travellers. A pressing invitation from his father to come home with him to Skaneateles, for the holidays, had diverted me from my usual winter journey to the North; and for the first time in my life, I was going upon a long visit to a strange roof. My imagination had never more business upon its hands.

Fred had described to me, over and over again, every person I was to meet, brothers, sisters, aunts, cousins, and friends—a household of thirty people,

guests included; but there was one person among them of whom his descriptions, amplified as they were, were very unsatisfactory.

"Is she so *very* plain?" I asked for the twentieth time.

"Abominably!"

"And immense black eyes?"

"Saucers!"

"And large mouth?"

"Huge!"

"And very dark?"

"Like a squaw!"

"And skinny hands, did you say?"

"Lean, long, and pokerish!"

"And so *very* clever?"

"Knows every thing, Phil!"

"But a sweet voice?"

"Um! every body says so."

"And high temper?"

"She's the devil, Phil! don't ask any more questions about her."

"You don't like her then?"

"She never condescends to speak to me; how should I?"

And thereupon I put my head out of the sleigh, and employed myself with catching the snow-flakes on my nose, and thinking whether Edith Linsey would like me or no; for through all Fred's derogatory descriptions, it was clearly evident that she was the ruling spirit of the hospitable household of the Flemings.

As we got farther on, the new snow became deeper, and we found that the last storm had been heavier here than in the country from which we had come. The occasional farm-houses were almost wholly buried, the black chimney alone appearing above the ridgy drifts, while the tops of the doors and windows

lay below the level of the trodden road, from which a descending passage was cut to the threshold, like the entrance to a cave in the earth. The fences were quite invisible. The fruit-trees looked diminished to shrubberies of snow-flowers, their trunks buried under the visible surface, and their branches loaded with the still falling flakes, till they bent beneath the burden. Nothing was abroad, for nothing could stir out of the road without danger of being lost, and we dreaded to meet even a single sleigh, lest in turning out, the horses should "slump" beyond their depth, in the untrodden drifts. The poor animals began to labour severely, and sunk at every step over their knees in the clogging and wool-like substance; and the long and cumbrous sleigh rose and fell in the deep pits like a boat in a heavy sea. It seemed impossible to get on. Twice we brought up with a terrible plunge and stood suddenly still, for the runners had struck in too deep, for the strength of the horses; and with the snow-shovels, which formed a part of the furniture of the vehicle, we dug them from their concrete beds. Our progress at last was reduced to scarce a mile in the hour, and we began to have apprehensions that our team would give out between the post-houses. Fortunately it was still warm, for the numbness of cold would have paralyzed our already flagging exertions.

We had reached the summit of a long hill with the greatest difficulty. The poor beasts stood panting and reeking with sweat; the runners of the sleigh were clogged with hard cakes of snow, and the air was close and dispiriting. We came to a stand-still, with the vehicle lying over almost on its side, and I stepped out to speak to the driver and look forward. It was a discouraging prospect; a long deep valley lay before us, closed at the distance of a couple of miles by another steep hill, through a cleft in the top of which lay

our way. We could not even distinguish the line of the road between. Our disheartened animals stood at this moment buried to their breasts, and to get forward without rearing at every step seemed impossible. The driver sat on his box looking uneasily down into the valley. It was one undulating ocean of snow, not a sign of a human habitation to be seen, and even the trees indistinguishable from the general mass, by their whitened and overladen branches. The storm had ceased, but the usual sharp cold that succeeds a warm fall of snow had not yet lightened the clamminess of the new-fallen flakes, and they clung around the foot like clay, rendering every step a toil.

"Your leaders are quite blown," I said to the driver, as he slid off his uncomfortable seat.

"Pretty nearly, sir."

"And your wheelers are not much better."

"Scarcely."

"And what do you think of the weather?"

"It'll be darnation cold in an hour." As he spoke he looked up to the sky, which was already peeling off its clouds in long stripes, like the skin of an orange, and looked as hard and cold as marble between the widening rifts. A sudden gust of a more chilling temperature followed immediately upon his prediction, and the long cloth curtains of the sleigh flew clear of their slight pillars, and shook off their fringes of icicles.

"Could you shovel a little, Mister?" said the driver, handing me one of the broad wooden utensils from his foot-board, and commencing himself, after having thrown off his box-coat, by heaving up a solid cake of the moist snow at the side of the road.

"It's just to make a place to rub down them creturs," said he, as I looked at him, quite puzzled to know what he was going to do.

Fred was too weak to assist us, and having righted

the vehicle a little, and tied down the flapping curtains, he wrapped himself in his cloak, and I set heartily to work with my shovel. In a few minutes, taking advantage of the hollow of a drift, we had cleared a small area of frozen ground, and releasing the tired animals from their harness, we rubbed them well down with the straw from the bottom of the sleigh. The persevering driver then cleared the runners of their iced and clinging masses, and a half hour having elapsed, he produced two bottles of rum from his box, and, giving each of the horses a dose, put them again to their traces.

We heaved out of the pit into which the sleigh had settled, and for the first mile it was down hill, and we got on with comparative ease. The sky was by this time almost bare, a dark, slaty mass of clouds alone settling on the horizon in the quarter of the wind, while the sun, as powerless as moonlight, poured with dazzling splendor on the snow, and the gusts came keen and bitter across the sparkling waste, rimming the nostrils as if with bands of steel, and penetrating to the innermost nerve, with their pungent iciness. No protection seemed of any avail. The whole surface of the body ached as if it were laid against a slab of ice. The throat closed instinctively, and contracted its unpleasant respiration—the body and limbs drew irresistibly together, to economize, like a hedge-hog, the exposed surface—the hands and feet felt transmuted to lead—and across the forehead, below the pressure of the cap, there was a binding and oppressive ache, as if a bar of frosty iron had been let into the skull. The mind, meantime, seemed freezing up—unwillingness to stir, and inability to think of any thing but the cold, becoming every instant more decided.

From the bend of the valley our difficulties became

more serious. The drifts often lay across the road like a wall, some feet above the heads of the horses, and we had dug through one or two, and had been once upset, and often near it, before we came to the steepest part of the ascent. The horses had by this time begun to feel the excitement of the rum, and bounded on through the snow with continual leaps, jerking the sleigh after them with a violence that threatened momentarily to break the traces. The steam from their bodies froze instantly, and covered them with a coat like hoar-frost, and spite of their heat, and the unnatural and violent exertions they were making, it was evident by the pricking of their ears, and the sudden crouch of the body when a stronger blast swept over, that the cold struck through even their hot and intoxicated blood.

We toiled up, leap after leap, and it seemed miraculous to me that the now infuriated animals did not burst a blood-vessel or crack a sinew with every one of those terrible springs. The sleigh plunged on after them, stopping dead and short at every other moment, and reeling over the heavy drifts, like a boat in a surging sea. A finer crystallization had meantime taken place upon the surface of the moist snow, and the powdered particles flew almost insensibly on the blasts of wind, filling the eyes and hair, and cutting the skin with a sensation like the touch of needle-points. The driver and his maddened but almost exhausted team were blinded by the glittering and whirling eddies, the cold grew intenser every moment, the forward motion gradually less and less, and when, with the very last effort apparently, we reached a spot on the summit of the hill, which, from its exposed situation, had been kept bare by the wind, the patient and persevering whip brought his horses to a stand, and despaired, for the first time, of his pros-

pects of getting on. I crept out of the sleigh, the iron-bound runners of which now grated on the bare ground, but found it impossible to stand upright.

"If you can use your hands," said the driver, turning his back to the wind which stung the face like the lash of a whip, "I'll trouble you to untackle them horses."

I set about it, while he buried his hands and face in the snow to relieve them for a moment from the agony of cold. The poor animals staggered stiffly as I pushed them aside, and every vein stood out from their bodies like ropes under the skin.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, as he joined me again, and taking off the harness of one of the leaders, flung it into the snow.

"Ride for life!" was his ominous answer.

"Good God! and what is to become of my sick friend?"

"The Almighty knows—if he can't ride to the tavern!"

I sprang instantly to poor Fred, who was lying in the bottom of the sleigh almost frozen to death, informed him of the driver's decision, and asked him if he thought he could ride one of the horses. He was beginning to grow drowsy, the first symptom of death by cold, and could with difficulty be roused. With the driver's assistance, however, I lifted him out of the sleigh, shook him soundly, and making stirrups of the traces, set him upon one of the horses, and started him off before us. The poor beasts seemed to have a presentiment of the necessity of exertion, and though stiff and sluggish, entered willingly upon the deep drift which blocked up the way, and toiled exhaustedly on. The cold in our exposed position was agonizing. Every small fibre in the skin of my own face felt splitting and cracked, and my eyelids seemed made of

ice. Our limbs soon lost all sensation. I could only press with my knees to the horse's side, and the whole collected energy of my frame seemed expended in the exertion. Fred held on wonderfully. The driver had still the use of his arm, and rode behind, flogging the poor animals on, whose every step seemed to be the last summons of energy. The sun set, and it was rather a relief, for the glitter upon the snow was exceedingly painful to the sight, and there was no warmth in its beams. I could see my poor friend drooping gradually to the neck of his horse, but until he should drop off it was impossible to assist him, and his faithful animal still waded on. I felt my own strength fast ebbing away. If I had been alone, I should certainly have lain down, with the almost irresistible inclination to sleep, but the thought of my friend, and the shouting of the energetic driver, nerved me from time to time, and with hands hanging helplessly down, and elbows fastened convulsively to my side, we plunged and struggled painfully forward. I but remember being taken afterwards to a fire, and shrinking from it with a shriek—the suffering of reviving consciousness was so intolerable. We had reached the tavern literally frozen upon our horses.

II.

I was balancing my spoon on the edge of a cup at the breakfast table, the morning after our arrival, when Fred stopped in the middle of an eulogium on my virtues as a nurse, and a lady entering at the same moment, he said simply in parenthesis, "My cousin Edith, Mr. Slingsby," and went on with his story. I rose and bowed, and as Fred had the *parole*, I had time to collect my courage, and take a look at the enemy's camp—for, of that considerable household, I felt my star to be in conjunction or opposition with hers, only

who was at that moment my *vis-à-vis* across a dish of stewed oysters.

In about five minutes of rapid mental portrait painting, I had taken a likeness of Edith Linsey, which I see at this moment, (I have carried it about the world for ten years,) as distinctly as the incipient lines of age in this thin-wearing hand. My feelings changed in that time from dread or admiration, or something between these, to pity; she was so unscrupulously and hopelessly plain—so wretchedly ill and suffering in her aspect—so spiritless and unhappy in every motion and look. “I’ll win her heart,” thought I, “by being kind to her. Poor thing! it will be something new to her, I dare say!” Oh, Philip Slingsby! what a doomed donkey thou wert for that silly soliloquy.

And yet even as she sat there, leaning over her untasted breakfast, listless, ill, and melancholy—with her large mouth, her protruding eyes, her dead and sallow complexion, and not one redeeming feature—there was something in her face which produced a phantom of beauty in my mind—a glimpse, a shadowing of a countenance that Beatrice Cenci might have worn at her last innocent orison—a loveliness moulded and exalted by superhuman and overpowering mind—instinct through all its sweetness with energy and fire. So strong was this phantom portrait, that in all my thoughts of her as an angel in heaven, (for I supposed her dying for many a month, and a future existence was her own most frequent theme,) she always rose to my fancy with a face half Niobe, half Psyche, radiantly lovely. And this, too with a face of her own, a *bonâ fide* physiognomy, (that must have made a mirror an unpleasant article of furniture in her chamber.)

I have no suspicion in my own mind, whether Time was drunk or sober during the succeeding week of those Christmas holidays. The second Saturday had

come round, and I just remember that Fred was very much out of humour with me for having appeared to his friends to be every thing he had said I was *not*, and nothing he had said I *was*. He had described me as the most uproarious, noisy, good-humoured, and agreeable dog in the world. And I was not that at all—particularly the last. The old judge told him he had not improved in his penetration at the University.

A week! and what a life had been clasped within its brief calendar, for me! Edith Linsey was two years older than I, and I was considered a boy. She was thought to be dying slowly, but irretrievably, of consumption; and it was little matter whom she loved, or how. They would only have been pleased, if, by a new affection, she could beguile the preying melancholy of illness; for by that gentle name they called, in their kindness, a caprice and a bitterness of character that, had she been less a sufferer, would not have been endured for a day. But she was not capricious, or bitter to *me*! Oh no! And from the very extreme of her impatience with others—from her rudeness, her violence, her sarcasm—she came to me with a heart softer than a child's, and wept upon my hands, and weighed every word that might give me offence, and watched to anticipate my lightest wish, and was humble, and generous, and passionately loving and dependant. Her heart sprang to me with a rebound. She gave herself up to me with an utter and desperate abandonment, that owed something to her peculiar character, but more to her own solemn conviction that she was dying—that her best hope of life was not worth a week's purchase.

We had begun with books, and upon them her past enthusiasm had hitherto been released. She loved her favourite authors with a passion. They had relieved her heart; and there was nothing of poetry or philoso-

phy that was deep or beautiful, in which she had not steeped her very soul. How well I remember her repeating to me from Shelley, those glorious lines to the soaring swan—

“Thou hast a home,
Beautiful bird! Thou voyagest to thine home—
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes
Bright with the lustre of their own fond joy!
And what am I, that I should linger here,
With voice far sweeter than thy dying notes,
Spirit more vast than thine, frame more attuned
To beauty, wasting these surpassing powers
To the deaf air, to the blind earth, and heaven
That echoes not my thoughts!”

There was a long room in the southern wing of the house, fitted up as a library. It was a heavily-curtained, dim old place, with deep-embayed windows, and so many nooks, and so much furniture, that there was that hushed air, that absence of echo within it, which is the great charm of a haunt for study or thought. It was Edith's kingdom. She might lock the door, if she pleased, or shut or open the windows; in short, when she was there, no one thought of disturbing her, and she was like a “spirit in its cell,” invisible and inviolate. And here I drank into my very life and soul the outpourings of a bosom that had been locked till (as we both thought) the last hour of its life,—a flow of mingled intellect and passion that overran my heart like lava, sweeping every thing into its resistless fire, and (may God forgive her!) leaving it scorched and desolate when its mocking brightness had gone out.

I remember that “Elia”—Charles Lamb's Elia—was the favourite of favourites among her books; and partly that the late death of this most-to-be-loved author reminded me to look it up, and partly to have time to draw back my indifference over a subject that it some-

thing stirs me to recall, you shall read an imitation (or continuation, if you will,) that I did for Edith's eye, of his "Essay on Books and Reading." I sat with her dry and fleshless hand in mine while I read it to her, and the fingers of Pysche were never fairer to Canova than they to me.

"It is a little singular," I began, (looking into her eyes as long as I could remember what I had written,) "that, among all the elegancies of sentiment for which the age is remarkable, no one should ever have thought of writing a book upon 'Reading.' The refinements of the true epicure in books are surely as various as those of the gastronome and the opium-eater; and I can conceive of no reason why a topic of such natural occurrence should have been so long neglected, unless it is that the taste itself, being rather a growth of indolence, has never numbered among its votaries one of the busy craft of writers.

"The great proportion of men read, as they eat, for hunger. I do not consider them readers. The true secret of the thing is no more adapted to their comprehension, than the sublimations of Louis Eustache Ude for the taste of a day-labourer. The refined reading-taste, like the palate of *gourmanderie*, must have got beyond appetite—gross appetite. It shall be that of a man who, having fed through childhood and youth on simple knowledge, values now only, as it were, the apotheosis of learning—the spiritual *nare*. There are, it is true, instances of a keen natural relish: a boy as you will sometimes find one, of a premature thoughtfulness, will carry a favourite author in his bosom, and feast greedily on it in his stolen hours. Elia tells the exquisite story:—

'I saw a boy, with eager eye,
Open a book upon a stall,
And read as he'd devour it all;

Which, when the stall-man did espy,
 Soon to the boy I heard him call,
 'You Sir, you never buy a book,
 Therefore in one you shall not look!'
 The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh,
 He wish'd he never had been taught to read,
 Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need.'

"The pleasure as well as the profit of reading depends as much upon time and manner, as upon the book. The mind is an opal—changing its colour with every shifting shade. Ease of position is especially necessary. A muscle strained, a nerve unpoised, an admitted sunbeam caught upon a mirror, are slight circumstances; but a feather may tickle the dreamer from paradise to earth. 'Many a froward axiom,' says a refined writer, 'many an inhumane thought hath arisen from sitting uncomfortably, or from a want of symmetry in your chamber.' Who has not felt, at times, an unaccountable disrelish for a favourite author? Who has not, by a sudden noise in the street, been startled from a reading dream, and found, afterwards, that the broken spell was not to be re-wound? An ill-tied cravat may unlink the rich harmonies of Taylor. You would not think Barry Cornwall the delicious heart he is, reading him in a tottering chair.

"There is much in the mood with which you come to a book. If you have been vexed out of doors, the good-humour of an author seems unnatural. I think I should scarce relish the 'gentle spiriting' of Ariel with a pulse of ninety in the minute. Or if I had been touched by the unkindness of a friend, Jack Falstaff would not move me to laughter as easily as he is wont. There are tones of the mind, however, to which a book will vibrate with a harmony than which there is nothing more exquisite in Nature. To go abroad at sunrise in June, and admit all the holy

influences of the hour—stillness, and purity, and balm—to a mind subdued and dignified, as the mind will be by the sacred tranquillity of sleep, and then to come in with bathed and refreshed senses, and a temper of as clear joyfulness as the soaring lark's, and sit down to Milton, or Spenser, or, almost loftier still, the divine 'Prometheus' of Shelley, has seemed to me a harmony of delight almost too heavenly to be human. The great secret of such pleasure is sympathy. You must climb to the eagle poet's eyrie. You must have senses, like his, for the music that is only audible to the fine ear of thought, and the beauty that is visible only to the spirit-eye of a clear and, for the time, unpolluted fancy. The stamp and pressure of the magician's own time and season must be upon you. You would not read Ossian, for example, in a bath, or sitting under a tree in a sultry noon; but after rushing into the eye of the wind with a fleet horse, with all his gallant pride and glorious strength and fire obedient to your rein, and so mingling, as it will, with his rider's consciousness, that you feel as if you were gifted in your own body with the swiftness and energy of an angel;—after this, to sit down to Ossian, is to read him with a magnificence of delusion, to my mind scarce less than reality. I never envied Napoleon till I heard it was his habit, after a battle, to read Ossian.

"You cannot often read to music. But I love, when the voluntary is pealing in church,—every breath in the congregation suppressed, and the deep-volumed notes pouring through the arches of the roof with the sublime and almost articulate praise of the organ,—to read, from the pew Bible, the book of Ecclesiastes. The solemn stateliness of its periods is fitted to music like a hymn. It is to me a spring of the most thrilling devotion,—though I shame to con-

fess that the richness of its Eastern imagery, and, above all, the inimitable beauty of its philosophy, stand out somewhat definitely in the reminiscences of the hour.

"A taste for reading comes comparatively late. 'Robinson Crusoe' will turn a boy's head at ten. The 'Arabian Nights' are taken to bed with us at twelve. At fourteen, a forward boy will read the 'Lady of the Lake,' 'Tom Jones,' and 'Peregrine Pickle;' and at seventeen (not before) he is ready for Shakspeare, and, if he is of a thoughtful turn, Milton. Most men do not read these last with a true relish till after this period. The hidden beauties of standard authors break upon the mind by surprise. It is like discovering a secret spring in an old jewel. You take up the book in an idle moment, as you have done a thousand times before, perhaps wondering, as you turn over the leaves, what the world finds in it to admire, when suddenly, as you read, your fingers press close upon the covers, your frame thrills, and the passage you have chanced upon chains you like a spell,—it is so vividly true and beautiful. Milton's 'Comus' flashed upon me in this way. I never could read the 'Rape of the Lock' till a friend quoted some passages from it during a walk. I know no more exquisite sensation than this warming of the heart to an old author; and it seems to me that the most delicious portion of intellectual existence is the brief period in which, one by one, the great minds of old are admitted with all their time-mellowed worth to the affections. With what delight I read, for the first time, the 'kind-hearted plays' of Beaumont and Fletcher! How I doated on Burton! What treasures to me were the 'Fairy Queen' and the Lyrics of Milton!

"I used to think, when studying the Greek and Latin poets in my boyhood, that to be made a school-

author was a fair offset against immortality. I would as lief, it seemed to me, have my verses handed down by the town-crier. But latterly, after an interval of a few years, I have taken up my classics (the identical school copies with the hard places all thumbbed and pencilled) and have read them with no little pleasure. It is not to be believed with what a satisfaction the riper eye glides smoothly over the once difficult line,—finding the golden cadence of poetry beneath what once seemed only a tangled chaos of inversion. The associations of hard study, instead of reviving the old distaste, added wonderfully to the interest of a perusal. I could see how what brightened the sunken eye of the pale and sickly master, as he took up the hesitating passage, and read on, forgetful of the delinquent, to the end.) I could enjoy now, what was a dead letter to me then, the heightened fulness of Herodotus, and the strong-woven style of Thucydides, and the magnificent invention of Eschylus. I took an aversion to Homer from hearing a classmate in the next room scan it perpetually through his nose. There is no music for me in the ‘Iliad.’ But, spite of the recollections scored alike upon my palm and the margin, I own to an Augustan relish for the smooth melody of Virgil, and freely forgive the sometime troublesome ferule,—enjoying by its aid the raciness of Horace and Juvenal, and the lofty philosophy of Lucretius. It will be a dear friend to whom I put down in my will that shelf of defaced classics.

“There are some books that bear reading pleasantly once a year. ‘Tristram Shandy’ is an annual with me. I read him regularly about Christmas. Jeremy Taylor (not to mingle things holy and profane) is a good table-book, to be used when you would collect your thoughts and be serious a while. A man of taste need never want for Sunday reading while he

can find the Sermons of Taylor, and South, and Fuller—writers of good theological repute—though, between ourselves, I think one likelier to be delighted with the poetry and quaint fancifulness of their style, than edified by the piety it covers. I like to have a quarto edition of Sir Thomas Brown on a near shelf, or Milton's Prose Works, or Bacon. These are healthful moods of the mind when lighter nutriment is distasteful.

"I am growing fastidious in poetry, and confine myself more and more to the old writers. Castaly of late runs shallow. Shelley's (peace to his passionate heart!) was a deep draught, and Wordsworth and Wilson sit near the well, and Keats and Barry Cornwall have been to the fountain's lip, feeding their imaginations, (the latter his *heart* as well,) but they have brought back little for the world. The 'small silver stream' will, I fear, soon cease to flow down to us, and as it dries back to its source, we shall close nearer and nearer upon the 'pure English undefiled.' The dabblers in muddy waters (tributaries to Lethe) will have, Parnassus to themselves.

"The finest pleasures of reading come unbidden. You cannot, with your choicest appliances for the body, always command the many-toned mind. In the twilight alcove of a library, with a time-mellowed chair yielding luxuriously to your pressure, a June wind laden with idleness and balm floating in at the window, and in your hand some Russia-bound rambling old author, as Izaak Walton, good-humoured and quaint, one would think the spirit could scarce fail to be conjured. Yet often, after spending a morning hour restlessly thus, I have risen with my mind unhinged, and strolled off with a book in my pocket to the woods; and, as I live, the mood has descended upon me under some chance tree, with a crooked root

under my head, and I have lain there, reading and sleeping by turns, till the letters were blurred in the dimness of twilight. It is the evil of refinement that it breeds caprice. You will sometimes stand unfatigued for hours on the steps of a library; or in a shop, the eye will be arrested, and all the jostling of customers and the looks of the jealous shopman will not divert you till you have read out the chapter.

"I do not often indulge in the supernatural, for I am an unwilling believer in ghosts, and the topic excites me. But, for its connexion with the subject upon which I am writing, I must conclude these rambling observations with a late mysterious visitation of my own.

"I had, during the last year, given up the early summer tea-parties common in the town in which the University stands; and having, of course, three or four more hours than usual on my hands, I took to an afternoon habit of imaginative reading. Shakspeare came first, naturally; and I feasted for the hundredth time upon what I think his (and the world's) most delicate creation—the 'Tempest.' The twilight of the first day overtook me at the third act, where the banquet is brought in with solemn music by the fairy troop of Prospero, and set before the shipwrecked king and his followers. I closed the book, and, leaning back in my chair, abandoned myself to the crowd of images which throng always upon the traces of Shakspeare. The *fancy* music was still in my mind, when an apparently *real* strain of the most solemn melody came to my ear, dying, it seemed to me, as it reached it, the tones were so expiringly faint and low. I was not startled, but lay quietly, holding my breath, and more fearing when the strain would be broken, than curious whence it came. The twilight deepened, till it was dark, and it still played on, changing the tune

at intervals, but always of the same melancholy sweetness; till, by-and-by, I lost all curiosity, and, giving in to the charm, the scenes I had been reading began to form again in my mind, and Ariel, with his delicate ministers, and Prospero, and Miranda, and Caliban, came moving before me to the measure, as bright and vivid as the reality. I was disturbed in the midst of it by Alfonse, who came in at the usual hour with my tea; and, on starting to my feet, I listened in vain for the continuance of the music. I sat thinking of it awhile, but dismissed it at last, and went out to enjoy, in a solitary walk, the loveliness of the summer night. The next day I resumed my book, with a smile at my previous credulity, and had read through the last scenes of the 'Tempest,' when the light failed me. I again closed the book, and presently again, as if the sympathy was instantaneous, the strain broke in, playing the same low and solemn melodies, and falling with the same dying cadence upon the ear. I listened to it, as before, with breathless attention; abandoned myself once more to its irresistible spell; and, half-waking, half-sleeping, fell again into a vivid dream, brilliant as fairy-land, and creating itself to the measures of the still audible music. I could not now shake off my belief in its reality; but I was so wrapt with its strange sweetness, and the beauty of my dream, that I cared not whether it came from earth or air. My indifference, singularly enough, continued for several days; and, regularly at twilight, I threw aside my book, and listened with dreamy wakefulness for the music. It never failed me, and its results were as constant as its coming. Whatever I had read,—sometimes a canto of Spenser, sometimes an act of a play, or a chapter of romance,—the scene rose before me with the stately reality of a pageant. At last I began to think of it more seriously; and it was a relief to me

one evening when Alfonse came in earlier than usual with a message. I told him to stand perfectly still; and after a minute's pause, during which I heard distinctly an entire passage of a funeral hymn, I asked him if he heard any music? He said he did not. My blood chilled at his positive reply, and I bade him listen once more. Still he heard nothing. I could endure it no longer. It was to me as distinct and audible as my own voice; and I rushed from my room as he left me, shuddering to be left alone.

"The next day I thought of nothing but death. Warnings by knells in the air, by apparitions, by mysterious voices, were things I had believed in speculatively for years, and now their truth came upon me like conviction. I felt a dull, leaden presentiment about my heart, growing heavier and heavier with every passing hour. Evening came at last, and with it, like a summons from the grave, a 'dead march' swelled clearly on the air. I felt faint and sick at heart. This could not be fancy; and why was it, as I thought I had proved, audible to my ear alone? I threw open the window, and the first rush of the cool north wind refreshed me; but, as if to mock my attempts at relief, the dirge-like sounds rose, at the instant, with treble distinctness. I seized my hat and rushed into the street, but, to my dismay, every step seemed to bring me nearer to the knell. Still I hurried on, the dismal sounds growing distractingly louder, till, on turning a corner that leads to the lovely burying-ground of New Haven, I came suddenly upon—a bell-foundry! In the rear had lately been hung, for trial, the chiming bells just completed for the New Trinity Church, and the master of the establishment informed me that one of his journeymen was a fine player, and every day after his work, he was in the habit of amusing himself with the 'Dead March in

Saul,' the 'Marsellois Hymn,' and other melancholy and easy tunes, muffling the hammers that he might not disturb the neighbors."

I have had my reward for these speculations, dear reader—a smile that is lying at this instant, *perdu*, in the innermost recess of memory—and I care not much (without offence) whether you like it or no. *She* thanked me—*she* thought it well done—*she* laid her head on my bosom while I read it in the old library of the Flemings, and every word has been "paid for in fairy gold."

I have taken up a thread that lengthens as I unravel it, and I cannot well see how I shall come to the end, without trespassing on your patience. We will cut it here, if you like, and resume it after a pause; but before I close, I must give you a little instance of how love makes the dullest earth poetical. Edith had given me a *portefeuille* crammed with all kinds of embossed and curious note-paper, all quite too pretty for use, and what I would show you are my verses on the occasion. For a hand unpractised, then, in aught save the "Gradus ad Parnassum," I must own I have fished them out of that same old *portefeuille* (faded now from its glory, and worn with travel—but O how cherished!) with a pleasant feeling of paternity :

Thanks for thy gift! But heard'st thou ever

A story of a wandering fay,

Who, tired of playing sylph for ever,

Came romping to the earth one day ;

And, flirting like a little love

With every thing that flew and flirted,

Made captive of a sober dove,

Whose pinions, (so the tale asserted,)

Though neither very fresh nor fair,

Were well enough for common wear.

The dove, though plain, was gentle bred,

And cooed agreeably, though low ;

But still the fairy shook her head,

And, patting with her foot, said " No !"

'Twas true that he was rather fat ;
But that was living in an abbey ;—
And solemn—but it was not that.
“ What then ? ” “ *Why, sir, your wings are shabby.* ”

The dove was dumb : he droop'd, and sidled
In shame along the abbey-wall ;
And then the haughty fay unbridled,
And blew her snail-shell trumpet-call ;
And summoning her waiting-sprite,
Who bore her wardrobe on his back,
She took the wings she wore at night,
(Silvery stars on plumes of black,)
And, smiling, begg'd that he would take
And wear them for his lady's sake.

He took them ; but he could not fly !
A fay-wing was too fine for him ;
And when she pouted, by-and-by,
And left him for some other whim,
He laid them softly in his nest,
And did his flying with his own,
And they were soft upon his breast,
When many a night he slept alone ;
And many a thought those wings would stir,
And many a dream of love and her,

EDITH LINSEY.

PART II.

LOVE AND SPECULATION.

EDITH LINSEY was religious. There are many *intensifiers* (a new word, that I can't get on without: I submit it for admission into the language;)—there are many intensifiers, I say, to the passion of love; such as pride, jealousy, poetry, (money, sometimes, *Dio mio!*) and idleness:* but, if the experience of one who first studied the Art of Love in an "Evangelical" country is worth a para, there is nothing within the bend of the rainbow that deepens the tender passion like religion. I speak it not irreverently. The human being that loves us throws the value of its existence into the crucible, and it can do no more. Love's best alchemy can only turn into affection what is in the heart. The vain, the proud, the poetical, the selfish, the weak, can, and do, fling their vanity, pride, poetry, selfishness, and weakness, into a first passion; but these are earthly elements, and there is an antagonism in their natures that is for ever striving to resolve them back to their original earth. But religion is of the soul as well as the heart,—the mind

* "La paresse dans les femmes est le présage de l'amour."—LA BRUYERE.

as well as the affections,—and when it mingles in love, it is the infusion of an immortal essence into an unworthy and else perishable mixture.

Edith's religion was equally without cant, and without hesitation or disguise. She had arrived at it by elevation of mind, aided by the habit of never counting on her tenure of life beyond the setting of the next sun, and with her it was rather an intellectual exaltation than a humility of heart. She thought of God because the subject was illimitable, and her powerful imagination found in it the scope for which she pined. She talked of goodness, and purity, and disinterestedness, because she found them easy virtues with a frame worn down with disease, and she was removed by the sheltered position of an invalid from the collision which tries so shrewdly in common life the ring of our metal. She prayed, because the fullness of her heart was loosed by her eloquence when on her knees, and she found that an indistinct and mystic unburthening of her bosom, even to the Deity, was a hush and a relief. The heart does not always require rhyme and reason of language and tears.

There are many persons of religious feeling who, from a fear of ridicule or misconception, conduct themselves as if to express a devout sentiment was a want of taste or good-breeding. Edith was not of these. Religion was to her a powerful enthusiasm, applied without exception to every pursuit and affection. She used it as a painter ventures on a daring colour, or a musician a new string in his instrument. She felt that she aggrandized botany, or history, or friendship, or love, or what you will, by making it a stepping-stone to heaven, and she made as little mystery of it as she did of breathing and sleep, and talked of subjects which the serious usually enter upon with a suppressed breath, as she would comment upon a poem or

define a new philosophy. It was surprising what an impressiveness this threw over her in every thing; how elevated she seemed above the best of those about her; and with what a worshipping and half-reverent admiration she inspired all whom she did not utterly neglect or despise. For myself, my soul was drank up in hers as the lark is taken into the sky, and I forgot there was a world beneath me in my intoxication. I thought her an angel unrecognised on earth. I believed her as pure from worldliness, and as spotless from sin, as a "cherub with his breast upon his lute; and I knelt by her when she prayed, and held her upon my bosom in her fits of faintness and exhaustion, and sat at her feet with my face in her hands listening to her wild speculations (often till the morning brightened behind the curtains) with an utter and irresistible abandonment of my existence to hers, which seems to me *now* like a recollection of another life,—it were, with this conscious body and mind, a self-relinquishment so impossible!

Our life was a singular one. Living in the midst of a numerous household, with kind and cultivated people about us, we were as separated from them as if the ring of Gyges encircled us from their sight. Fred wished me joy of my *giraffe*, as he offensively called his cousin, and his sisters, who were quite too pretty to have been left out of my story so long, were more indulgent, I thought, to the indigenous beaux of Skaneateles than those aboriginal specimens had a right to expect; but I had no eyes, ears, sense, or civility for any thing but Edith. The library became a forbidden spot to all feet but ours; we met at noon after our late vigils and breakfasted together; a light sleigh was set apart for our *tête-à-tête* drives over the frozen lake, and the world seemed to me to revolve on its axle with a special reference to Philip Slingsby's happiness.

I wonder whether an angel out of heaven would have made me believe that I should ever write the story of those passionate hours with a smile and a sneer ! I tell thee, Edith ! (for thou wilt read every line that I have written, and feel it, as far as thou *canst* feel any thing,) that I have read "Faust" since, and thought thee Mephistopheles ! I have looked on thee since, with thy cheek rosy dark, thy lip filled with the blood of health, and curled with thy contempt of the world and thy yet wild ambition to be its master-spirit and idol, and struck my breast with instinctive self-questioning if thou hadst given back my soul that was thine own ! I fear thee, Edith. Thou hast grown beautiful that wert so hideous—the wonder-wrought miracle of health and intellect, filling thy veins, and breathing almost a newer shape over form and feature ; but it is not thy beauty ; no, nor thy enthronement in the admiration of thy woman's world. These are little to me ; for I saw thy loveliness from the first, and I worshipped thee more in the duration of a thought than a hecatomb of these worldlings in their life-time. I fear thy mysterious and unaccountable power over the human soul ! I can scorn thee here, in another land, with an ocean weltering between us, and anatomize the character that I alone have read truly and too well, for the instruction of the world, (its amusement, too, proud woman,—thou wilt writhe at that ;)—but I confess to a natural and irresistible obedience to the mastery of thy spirit over mine. I would not willingly again touch the radius of thy sphere. I would come out of Paradise to walk alone with the devil as soon.

How little even the most instructed women know the secret of this power ! They make the mistake of cultivating only *their own* minds. They think that, by *self-elevation*, they will climb up to the intellects

of men, and win them by seeming their equals. Shallow philosophers! You never remember that to subdue a human being to your will, it is more necessary to know *his* mind than your own,—that, in conquering a heart vanity is the first out-post,—that while you are employing your wits in thinking how most effectually to dazzle *him*, you should be sounding his character for its undeveloped powers to assist him to dazzle *you*,—that love is a reflected light, and to be pleased with others we must be first pleased with ourselves!

Edith (it has occurred to me in my speculations since) seemed to me always an echo of myself. She expressed my thought as it sprang into my brain. I thought that in her I had met my double and counterpart, with the reservation that I was a little the stronger spirit, and that in *my* mind lay the material of the eloquence that flowed from her lips,—as the almond that you endeavor to split equally leaves the kernel in the deeper cavity of its shell. Whatever the topic, she seemed using *my* thoughts, anticipating *my* reflections, and, with an unobtrusive but thrilling flattery, referring me to myself for the truth of what I must know was but a suggestion of my own! O! Lucrezia Borgia! if Machiavelli had but practised that subtle cunning upon thee, thou wouldst have had little space in thy delirious heart for the passion that, in the history of crime, has made thee the marvel and the monster.

The charm of Edith to most people was that she was no *sublimation*. Her mind seemed of any or no stature. She was as natural, and earnest, and as satisfied to converse on the meanest subject as on the highest. She overpowered nobody. She (apparently) eclipsed nobody. Her passionate and powerful eloquence was only lavished on the passionate and powerful. She *never misapplied herself*: and what a

secret of influence and superiority is contained in that single phrase! We so hate him who out-measures us, as we stand side by side before the world!

I have in my portfolio several numbers of a manuscript "Gazette," with which the Flemings amused themselves during the deep snows of the winter in which I visited them. It was contributed to by every body in the house, and read aloud at the breakfast-table on the day of its weekly appearance, and, quite *apropos* to these remarks upon the universality of Edith's mind, there is in one of them an essay of her's, on what she calls *minute philosophies*. It is curious, as showing how, with all her loftiness of speculation, she descended sometimes to the examination of the smallest machinery of enjoyment.

"The principal sources of every-day happiness," (I am copying out a part of the essay, dear reader,) "are too obvious to need a place in a chapter of breakfast-table philosophy. Occupation and a clear conscience, the very truant in the fields will tell you, are craving necessities. But when these are secured, there are lighter matters, which, to the sensitive and educated at least, are to happiness what foliage is to the tree. They are refinements which add to the beauty of life without diminishing its strength; and, as they spring only from a better use of our common gifts, they are neither costly nor rare. I have learned secrets under the roof of a poor man, which would add to the luxury of the rich. The blessings of a cheerful fancy and a quick eye come from nature, and the trailing of a vine may develop them as well as the curtaining of a king's chamber.

"Riding and driving are such stimulating pleasures, that to talk of any management in their indulgence seems superfluous. Yet we are, in motion or at rest, equally liable to the caprices of feeling, and, perhaps,

the gayer the mood the deeper the shade cast on it by untoward circumstances. The time of riding should never be regular. It then becomes a habit, and habits, though sometimes comfortable, never amount to positive pleasure. I would ride when nature prompted—when the shower was past, or the air balmy, or the sky beautiful—whenever, and wherever the significant finger of Desire pointed. Oh! to leap into the saddle when the west-wind blows freshly, and gallop off into its very eye, with an undrawn rein, careless how far or whither; or, to spring up from a book when the sun breaks through after a storm, and drive away under the white clouds, through light and shadow, while the trees are wet and the earth damp and spicy; or, in the clear sunny afternoons of autumn, with a pleasant companion on the seat beside you, and the glorious splendour of the decaying foliage flushing in the sunshine, to loiter up the valley dreaming over the thousand airy castles that are stirred by such shifting beauty—these are pleasures indeed, and such as he who rides regularly after his dinner knows as little of as the dray-horse of the exultation of the courser.

“There is a great deal in the choice of a companion. If he is an indifferent acquaintance, or an indiscriminate talker, or has a coarse eye for beauty, or is insensible to the delicacies of sensation or thought—if he is sensual, or stupid, or practical constitutionally—he will never do. He must be a man who can detect a rare colour in a leaf, or appreciate a peculiar passage in scenery, or admire a grand outline in a cloud; he must have accurate and fine senses, and a heart, noble at least by nature, and subject still to her direct influences; he must be a lover of the beautiful in whatever shape it comes; and, above all, he must have read and thought like a scholar, if not like a poet.

He will then ride by your side without crossing your humour—if talkative, he will talk well, and if silent, you are content, for you know that the same grandeur or beauty which has wrought the silence, in your own thoughts has given a colour to his.

“There is much in the manner of driving. I like a capricious rein—now fast through a hollow, and now loiteringly on the edge of a road or by the bank of a river. There is a singular delight in quickening your speed in the animation of a climax, and in coming down gently to a walk with a digression of feeling, or a sudden sadness.

“An important item in household matters is the management of light. A small room well-lighted is much more imposing than a large one lighted ill. Cross lights are painful to the eye, and they destroy besides the cool and picturesque shadows of the furniture and figures. I would have a room always partially darkened: there is a repose in the twilight dimness of a drawing-room which affects one with the proper gentleness of the place: the out-of-door humour of men is too rude, and the secluded light subdues them fitly as they enter. I like curtains—heavy, and of the richest material: there is a magnificence in large crimson folds which nothing else equals, and the colour gives every thing a beautiful tint as the light streams through them. Plants tastefully arranged are pretty; flowers are always beautiful. I would have my own room like a painter’s—one curtain partly drawn; a double shadow has a nervous look. The effect of a proper disposal of light upon the feelings is by most people surprisingly neglected. I have no doubt that as an habitual thing it materially affects the character; the disposition for study and thought is certainly dependent on it in no slight degree. What is more contemplative than the twilight

of a deep alcove in a library? What more awakens thought than the dim interior of an old church with its massive and shadowy pillars?

"There may be the most exquisite luxury in furniture. A crowded room has a look of comfort, and suspended lamps throw a mellow depth into the features. Descending light is always the most becoming; it deepens the eye, and distributes the shadows in the face judiciously. Chairs should be of different and curious fashions, made to humor every possible weariness. A spice-lamp should burn in the corner, and the pictures should be coloured of a pleasant tone, and the subjects should be subdued and dreamy. It should be a place you would live in for a century without an uncomfortable thought. I hate a neat room. A dozen of the finest old authors should lie about, and a new novel, and the last new prints. I rather like the French fashion of a *bonbonniere*, though that perhaps is an extravagance.

"There is a management of one's own familiar intercourse which is more neglected, and at the same time more important to happiness, than every other; it is particularly a pity that this is not oftener understood by newly-married people; as far as my own observation goes, I have rarely failed to detect, far too early, signs of ill-disguised and disappointed weariness. It was not the re-action of excitement—not the return to the quiet ways of home—but a new manner—a forgetful indifference, believing itself concealed, and yet betraying itself continually by unconscious and irrepressible symptoms. I believe it resulted oftenest from the same causes—partly, that they saw each other too much, and partly that when the *form* of etiquette was removed, they forgot to retain its invaluable *essence*—an assiduous and minute disinterestedness. It seems nonsense to lovers, but ab-

sence is the secret of respect, and therefore of affection. Love is divine, but its flame is too delicate for a perpetual household lamp ; it should be burned only for incense, and even then trimmed skilfully. It is wonderful how a slight neglect, or a glimpse of a weakness, or a chance defect of knowledge, dims its new glory. Lovers, married or single, should have separate pursuits—they should meet to respect each other for new and distinct acquisitions. It is the weakness of human affections that they are founded on pride, and waste with over much familiarity. And oh, the delight to meet after hours of absence—to sit down by the evening lamp, and with a mind unexhausted by the intercourse of the day, to yield to the fascinating freedom of conversation, and clothe the rising thoughts of affection in fresh and unhackneyed language ! How richly the treasures of the mind are coloured—not doled out, counter by counter, as the visible machinery of thought coins them, but heaped upon the mutual altar in lavish and unhesitating profusion ! And how a bold fancy assumes beauty and power—not traced up through all its petty springs till its dignity is lost by association, but flashing full-grown and suddenly on the sense ! The gifts of no one mind are equal to the constant draught of a lifetime, and, even if they were, there is no one taste which could always relish them. It is a humiliating thought that immortal mind must be husbanded like material treasure !

“ There is a remark of Godwin’s, which, in rather too strong language, contains a valuable truth. ‘ A judicious and limited voluptuousness,’ he says, ‘ is necessary to the cultivation of the mind, to the polishing of the manners, to the refinement of the sentiment, and to the developement of the understanding ; and a woman deficient in this respect may be of use in the

government of our families, but cannot add to the enjoyment, nor fix the partiality of a man of taste !' Since the days when 'St. Leon' was written, the word by which the author expressed his meaning is grown perhaps into disrepute, but the remark is still one of keen and observant discrimination. It refers (at least so I take it) to that susceptibility to delicate attentions, that fine sense of the nameless and exquisite tenderness of manner and thought, which constitute in the minds of its possessors the deepest undercurrent of life—the felt and treasured, but unseen and inexpressible richness of affection. It is rarely found in the characters of men, but it outweighs, when it is, all grosser qualities—for its possession implies a generous nature, purity, fine affections, and a heart open to all the sunshine and meaning of the universe. It belongs more to the nature of woman ; but indispensable as it is to her character, it is oftener than anything else, wanting. And without it, what is she ? What is love to a being of such dull sense that she hears only its common and audible language, and sees nothing but what it brings to her feet, to be eaten, and worn, and looked upon ? What is woman, if the impassioned language of the eye, or the deepened fullness of the tone, or the tenderness of a slight attention, are things unnoticed and of no value ?—one who answers you when you speak, smiles when you tell her she is grave, assents barely to the expression of your enthusiasm, but has no dream beyond—no suspicion that she has not felt and reciprocated your feelings as fully as you could expect or desire ? It is a matter too little looked to. Sensitive and ardent men too often marry with a blindfold admiration of mere goodness or loveliness. The *abandon* of matrimony soon dissipates the gay dream, and they find themselves suddenly unsphered, linked indissolubly with

affections strangely different from their own, and lavishing their only treasure on those who can neither appreciate nor return it. The after-life of such men is a stifling solitude of feeling. Their avenues of enjoyment are their manifold sympathies, and when these are shut up or neglected, the heart is dark, and they have nothing to do thenceforward but to forget.

"There are many, who, possessed of the capacity for the more elevated affections, waste and lose it by a careless and often unconscious neglect. It is not a plant to grow untended. The breath of indifference, or a rude touch, may destroy for ever its delicate texture. To drop the figure, there is a daily attention to the slight courtesies of life, and an artifice in detecting the passing shadows of feeling, which alone can preserve, through life, the first freshness of passion. The easy surprises of pleasure, and earnest cheerfulness of assent to slight wishes, the habitual respect to opinions, the polite abstinence from personal topics in the company of others, the assiduous and unwavering attention to her comfort at home and abroad, and, above all, the absolute preservation in private of those proprieties of conversation and manner which are sacred before the world, are some of the thousand secrets of that rare happiness which age and habit alike fail to impair or diminish."

II.

Vacation was over, but Fred and myself were still lingering at Fleming Farm. The roads were impassable with a premature THAW. Perhaps there is nothing so peculiar in American meteorology as the phenomenon which I alone probably, of all the imprisoned inhabitants of Skaneateles, attributed to a kind and "special Providence." Summer had come back, like Napoleon from Elba, and astonished usurping Winter

in the plenitude of apparent possession and security. No cloud foreboded the change, as no alarm preceded the apparition of the child of destiny." We awoke on a February morning, with the snow lying chin-deep on the earth, and it was June ! The air was soft and warm—the sky was clear and of the milky cerulean of chrysoprase—the South wind (the same, save his unperfumed wings, who had crept off like a satiated lover in October) stole back suddenly from the tropics, and found his flowery mistress asleep and insensible to his kisses beneath her snowy mantle. The sunset warmed back from its wintry purple to the golden tints of heat, the stars burnt with a less vitreous sparkle, the meteors slid once more lambently down the sky, and the house-dove sat on the eaves, washing her breast in the snow water, and thinking (like a neglected wife at a capricious return of her truant's tenderness) that the sunshine would last for ever !

The air was now full of music. The water trickled away under the snow, and, as you looked around and saw no change or motion in the white carpet of the earth, it seemed as if a myriad of small bells were ringing under ground—fairies, perhaps, startled in mid-revel with the false alarm of summer, and hurrying about with their silver anklets, to wake up the slumbering flowers. The mountain torrents were loosed, and rushed down upon the valleys like the Children of the Mist ; and the hoarse war-cry, swelling and falling upon the wind, maintained its perpetual undertone like an accompaniment of bassoons ; and occasionally, in a sudden lull of the breeze, you would hear the click of the undermined snow-drifts dropping upon the earth, as if the chorister of Spring were beating time to the reviving anthem of nature.

The snow sunk, perhaps a foot in a day, but it was

only perceptible to the eye where you could measure its wet mark against a tree from which it had fallen away, or by the rock, from which the dissolving bank shrunk and separated, as if rocks and snow were as heartless as ourselves, and threw off *their* friends, too, in their extremity! The low-lying lake, meantime, surrounded by melting mountains, received the abandoned waters upon its frozen bosom, and, spreading them into a placid and shallow lagoon, separate by a crystal plane from its own lower depths, gave them the repose denied in the more elevated sphere in which lay their birthright. And thus—(oh, how full is nature of these gentle moralities!)—and thus sometimes do the lowly, whose bosom, like the frozen lake, is at first cold and unsympathetic to the rich and noble, still receive them in adversity, and, when neighbourhood and dependence have convinced them that they are made of the same common element, as the lake melts its dividing and icy plane, and mingles the strange waters with its own, do *they* dissolve the unnatural barrier of prejudice and take the humbled wanderer to their bosom!

The face of the snow lost its dazzling whiteness as the thaw went on, as disease steals away the beauty of those we love—but it was only in the distance, where the sun threw a shadow into the irregular pits of the dissolving surface. Near to the eye, (as the dying one pressed to the bosom,) it was still of its original beauty, unchanged and spotless. And now you are tired of my loitering speculations, gentle reader, and we will return (please Heaven, only on paper!) to Edith Linsey.

The roads were at last reduced to what is expressively called, in New-England, *slosh*, (in New-York *posh*, but equally descriptive,) and Fred received a hint from the Judge that the mail had arrived in the usual time, and his *beaux jours* were at an end.

A slighter thing than my departure would have been sufficient to stagger the tottering spirits of Edith. We were sitting at table when the letters came in, and the dates were announced that proved the opening of the roads ; and I scarce dared to turn my eyes upon the pale face that I could just see had dropped upon her bosom. The next instant there was a general confusion, and she was carried lifeless to her chamber.

A note, scarce legible, was put into my hand in the course of the evening, requesting me to sit up for her in the library. She would come to me, she said, if she had strength.

It was a night of extraordinary beauty. The full moon was high in the heavens at midnight, and there had been a slight shower soon after sunset, which, with the clearing-up wind, had frozen thinly into a most fragile rime, and glazed every thing open to the sky with transparent crystal. The distant forest looked serried with metallic trees, dazzlingly and unspeakably gorgeous, and, as the night-wind stirred through them and shook their crystal points in the moonlight—the aggregated stars of heaven springing from their Maker's hand to the spheres of their destiny, or the march of the host of the archangel Michael with their irradiate spear-points glittering in the air, or the diamond beds of central earth thrust up to the sun in some throe of the universe—would, each or all, have been well bodied forth by such similitude.

It was an hour after midnight when Edith was supported in by her maid, and, choosing her own position, sunk into the broad window-seat, and lay with her head on my bosom, and her face turned outward to the glittering night. Her eyes had become, I thought, unnaturally bright, and she spoke with an exhausted faintness that gradually strengthened to a

tone of the most thrilling and melodious sweetness. I shall never get that music out of my brain !

"Philip !" she said.

"I listen, dear Edith !"

"I am dying."

And she looked it, and I believed her ; and my heart sunk to its deepest abyss of wretchedness with the conviction.

She went on to talk of death. It was the subject that pressed most upon her mind, and she could scarce fail to be eloquent on any subject. She was very eloquent on this. I was so impressed with the manner in which she seemed almost to rhapsodize between the periods of her faintness, as she lay in my arms that night, that every word she uttered is still fresh in my memory. She seemed to forget my presence, and to commune with her own thoughts aloud.

"I recollect," she said, "when I was strong and well, (years ago, dear Philip !) I left my books on a morning in May, and looking up to find the course of the wind, started off alone for a walk into its very eye. A moist steady breeze came from the south-west, driving before it fragments of the dispersed clouds. The air was elastic and clear—a freshness that entered freely at every pore was coming up, mingled with the profuse perfume of grass and flowers—the colours of the new, tender foliage were particularly soothing to an eye pained with close attention—and the just perceptible murmur of the drops shaken from the trees, and the peculiarly soft rustle of the wet leaves, made as much music as an ear accustomed to the silence of solitude could well relish. Altogether, it was one of those rarely-tempered days when every sense is satisfied, and the mind is content to lie still with its common thoughts, and simply enjoy.

"I had proceeded perhaps a mile—my forehead

held up to the wind, my hair blowing back, and the blood glowing in my cheeks with the most vivid flush of exercise and health, when I saw coming towards me a man apparently in middle life, but wasted by illness to the extremest emaciation. His lip was colourless, his skin dry and white, and his sunken eyes had that expression of inquiring earnestness which comes always with impatient sickness. He raised his head, and looked steadily at me as I came on. My lips were open, and my whole air must have been that of a person in the most exulting enjoyment of health. I was just against him, gliding past with an elastic step, when, with his eye still fixed on me, he half turned, and in a voice of inexpressible meaning, exclaimed, ‘Merciful heaven! *how well she is!*’ I passed on, with his voice still ringing in my ear. It haunted me like a tone in the air. It was repeated in the echo of my tread—in the panting of my heart. I felt it in the beating of the strong pulse in my temples. As if it was strange that I should be so well! I had never before realized that it could be otherwise. It seemed impossible to me that my strong limbs should fail me, or the pure blood I felt bounding so bravely through my veins could be reached and tainted by disease. How should it come? If I ate, would it not nourish me? If I slept, would it not refresh me? If I came out in the cool, free air, would not my lungs heave, and my muscles spring, and my face feel its grateful freshness? I held out my arm, for the first time in my life, with a doubt of its strength. I closed my hand unconsciously, with a fear it would not obey. I drew a deep breath, to feel if it was difficult to breathe; and even my bounding step, that was as elastic then as a fawn’s, seemed to my excited imagination, already to have become decrepit and feeble.

“I walked on, and thought of death. I had never

before done so definitely ; it was like a terrible shape that had always pursued me dimly, but which I had never before turned and looked steadily on. Strange ! that we can live so constantly with that threatening hand hung over us, and not think of it always ! Strange ! that we can use a limb, or enter with interest into any pursuit of time, when we know that our continued life is almost a daily miracle !

“ How difficult it is to realize death ! How difficult it is to believe that the hand with whose every vein you are familiar, will ever lose its motion and its warmth ? That the quick eye, which is so restless now, will settle and grow dull ? That the refined lip, which now shrinks so sensitively from defilement, will not feel the earth lying upon it, and the tooth of the feeding worm ? That the free breath will be choked, and the forehead be pressed heavily on by the decaying coffin, and the light and air of heaven be shut quite out ; and this very body, warm, and breathing, and active as it is now, will not feel uneasiness or pain ? I could not help looking at my frame as these thoughts crowded on me ; and I confess I almost doubted my own convictions—there was so much strength and quickness in it—my hand opened so freely, and my nostrils expanded with such a satisfied thirst to the moist air. Ah ! it is hard to believe at first that we must die ! harder still to believe and realize the repulsive circumstances that follow that terrible change ! It is a bitter thought at the lightest. There is little comfort in knowing that the *soul* will not be there—that the sense and the mind that feel and measure suffering, will be gone. The separation is too great a mystery to satisfy fear. It is the body that we *know*. It is this material frame in which the affections have grown up. The spirit is a mere thought—a presence that we are told of, but do not see. Philosophize as

we will, the idea of existence is connected indissolubly with the visible body, and its pleasant and familiar senses. We talk of, and believe, the soul's ascent to its Maker; but it is not ourselves—it is not our own conscious breathing identity that we send up in imagination through the invisible air. It is some phantom that is to issue forth mysteriously, and leave us gazing on it in wonder. We do not understand, we cannot realize it.

“At the time I speak of, my health had been always unbroken. Since then, I have known disease in many forms, and have had, of course, more time and occasion for the contemplation of death. I have never, till late, known resignation. With my utmost energy I was merely able, in other days, to look upon it with quiet despair; as a terrible, unavoidable evil. I remember once, after severe suffering for weeks, I overheard the physician telling my mother that I must die, and from that moment the thought never left me. A thin line of light came in between the shutters of the south window; and, with this one thought fastened on my mind, like the vulture of Prometheus, I lay and watched it, day after day, as it passed with its imperceptible progress over the folds of my curtains. The last faint gleam of sunset never faded from its damask edge, without an inexpressible sinking of my heart, and a belief that I should see its pleasant light no more. I turned from the window when even imagination could find the daylight no longer there, and felt my pulse and lifted my head to try my remaining strength. And then every object, yes, even the meanest, grew unutterably dear to me; my pillow, and the cup with which my lips were moistened, and the cooling amber which I had held in my hand, and pressed to my burning lips when the fever was on me—every

thing that was connected with life, and that would remain among the living when I was gone.

"It is strange, but with all this clinging to the world my affection for the living decreased sensibly. I grew selfish in my weakness. I could not bear that they should go from my chamber into the fresh air, and have no fear of sickness and no pain. It seemed unfeeling that they did not stay and breathe the close atmosphere of my room—at least till I was dead.—How could they walk round so carelessly, and look on a fellow-creature dying helplessly and unwillingly, and never shed a tear! And then the passing courtesies exchanged with the family at the door, and the quickened step on the sidewalk, and the wandering looks about my room, even while I was answering with my difficult breath their cold inquiries! There was an inhuman carelessness in all this that stung me to the soul.

"I craved sympathy as I did life; and yet I doubted it all. There was not a word spoken by the friends who were admitted to see me, that I did not ponder over when they were gone, and always with an impatient dissatisfaction. The tone, and the manner, and the expression of face, all seemed forced; and often, in my earlier sickness, when I had pondered for hours on the expressed sympathy of some one I had loved, the sense of utter helplessness which crowded on me with my conviction of their insincerity, quite overcame me. I have lain night after night, and looked at my indifferent watchers: and oh how I hated them for their careless ease, and their snatched moments of repose! I could scarce keep from dashing aside the cup they came to give me so sluggishly.

"It is singular that, with all our experience of sickness, we do not attend more to these slight circumstances. It can scarce be conceived how an ill-man-

aged light, or a suppressed whispering, or a careless change of attitude in the presence of one whose senses are so sharpened, and whose mind is so sensitive as a sick person's, irritate and annoy. And, perhaps, more than these to bear, is the affectedly subdued tone of condolence. I remember nothing which I endured so impatiently.

"Annoyances like these, however, scarcely diverted for a moment the one great thought of death. It became at last familiar, but, if possible, more dreadfully horrible from that very fact. It was giving it a new character. I realized it more. The minute circumstances became nearer and more real—I tried the position in which I should lie in my coffin—I lay with my arms to my side, and my feet together, and with the cold sweat standing in large drops on my lip, composed my features into a forced expression of tranquillity.

"I awoke on the second morning after the hope of my recovery had been abandoned. There was a narrow sunbeam lying in a clear crimson line across the curtain, and I lay and watched the specks of lint sailing through it, like silver-winged insects, and the thin dust, quivering and disappearing on its definite limit, in a dream of wonder. I had thought not to see another sun, and my mind was still fresh with the expectation of an immediate change; I could not believe that I was alive. The dizzy throb in my temples was done; my limbs felt cool and refreshed; my mind had that feeling of transparency which is common after healthful and sweet sleep; and an indefinite sensation of pleasure trembled in every nerve. I thought that this might be death, and that, with this exquisite feeling of repose, I was to linger thus consciously with the body till the last day; and I dwelt on it pleasantly with my delicious freedom from pain. I felt no regret

for life—none for a friend even : I was willing—quite willing—to lie thus for ages. Presently the physician entered ; he came and laid his fingers on my pulse, and his face brightened. ‘ You will get well,’ he said, and I heard it almost without emotion. Gradually, however, the love of life returned ; and as I realized it fully, and all the thousand chords which bound me to it vibrated once more, the tears came thickly to my eyes, and a crowd of delightful thoughts pressed cheerfully and glowingly on me. No language can do justice to the pleasure of convalescence from extreme sickness. The first step upon the living grass—the first breath of free air—the first unsuppressed salutation of a friend—my fainting heart, dear Philip, rallies and quickens even now with the recollection.”

I have thrown into a continuous strain what was murmured to me between pauses of faintness, and with difficulty of breath that seemed overpowered only by the mastery of the eloquent spirit apparently trembling on its departure. I believed Edith Linsey would die that night : I believed myself listening to words spoken almost from heaven ; and if I have wearied you, dear reader, with what must be more interesting to me than to you, it is because every syllable was burnt like enamel into my soul, in my boundless reverence and love.

It was two o'clock, and she still lay breathing painfully in my arms. I had thrown up the window, and the soft south wind, stirring gently among the tinkling icicles of the trees, came in, warm and genial, and she leaned over to inhale it, as if it came from the Source of life. The stars burned gloriously in the heavens ; and, in a respite of her pain, she lay back her head, and gazed up at them with an inarticulate motion of her lips, and eyes so unnaturally kindled, that I thought reason had abandoned her.

"How beautiful are the stars to-night, Edith!" I said, with half a fear that she would answer me in madness.

"Yes," she said, putting my hand (that pressed her closer, involuntarily, to my bosom) first to her lips—"Yes; and, beautiful as they are, they are all accurately numbered and governed, and just as they burn now have they burned since the creation, never 'faint in their watches,' and never absent from their place. How glorious they are! How thrilling it is to see them stand with such a constant silence in the sky, unsteadied and unsupported, obeying the great law of their Maker! What pure and silvery light it is! How steadily it pours from those small fountains, giving every spot of earth its due portion! The hovel and the palace are shone upon equally, and the shepherd gets as broad a beam as the king, and these few rays that are now streaming into my feverish eyes were meant and lavished only for me! I have often thought—has it never occurred to you, dear Philip?—how ungrateful we are to call ourselves poor, when there is so much that no poverty can take away! Clusters of silver rays from every star in these heavens are *mine*. Every breeze that breaks on my forehead was sent for *my* refreshment. Every tinkle and ray from those stirring and glistening icicles, and the invigorating freshness of this unseasonable and delicious wind, and moonlight, and sunshine, and the glory of the planets, are all gifts that poverty could not take away! It is not often that I forget these treasures; for I have loved nature, and the skies of night and day, in all their changes, from my childhood, and they have been unspeakably dear to me; for in them I see the evidence of an Almighty Maker, and in the excessive beauty of the stars and the unfading and equal splendour of their steadfast fires, I see glimpses of an im-

mortal life, and find an answer to the eternal questioning within me!

"Three! The village clock reaches us to-night. Nay, the wind cannot harm me now. Turn me more to the window, for I would look nearer upon the stars: it is the last time—I am sure of it—the very last! Yet to-morrow night those stars will all be there,—not one missing from the sky, nor shining one ray the less because I am dead! It is strange that this thought should be so bitter,—strange that the companionship should be so close between our earthly affections and those spiritual worlds,—and stranger yet, that, satisfied as we must be that we shall know them nearer and better when released from our flesh, we still cling so fondly to our earthly and imperfect vision. I feel, Philip, that I shall traverse hereafter every star in those bright heavens. If the course of that career of knowledge, which I believe in my soul it will be the reward of the blessed to run, be determined in any degree by the strong desires that yearn so sickeningly within us, I see the thousand gates of my future heaven shining at this instant above me. There they are!—the clustering Pleiades, with 'their sweet influences;' and the morning star, melting into the east with its transcendent lambency and whiteness; and the broad galaxy, with its myriads of bright spheres, dissolving into each other's light, and belting the heavens like a girdle. I shall see them all! I shall know them and their inhabitants as the angels of God know them; the mystery of their order, and the secret of their wonderful harmony, and the duration of their appointed courses,—all will be made clear!"

I have trespassed again, most indulgent reader, on the limits of these Procrustean papers. I must defer the "change" that "came o'er the spirit of my dream" till another mood and time. Meanwhile, you may

consider Edith, if you like, the true heart she thought herself (and I thought her) during her nine deaths in the library; and you will have leisure to imagine the three years over which we shall skip with this *finale*, during which I made a journey to the North, and danced out a winter in your own territories at Quebec—a circumstance I allude to, no less to record the hospitalities of the garrison of that time (this was in 27—were you there?) than to pluck forth from Time's hindermost wallet a modest copy of verses I addressed thence to Edith. She sent them back to me considerably mended; but I give you the original draught, scorning her finger in my poesies.

TO EDITH, FROM THE NORTH.

As, gazing on the Pleiades,
 We count each fair and starry one,
 Yet wander from the light of these
 To muse upon the 'Pleiad gone;'
 As, bending o'er fresh gather'd flowers,
 The rose's most enchanting hue
 Reminds us but of other hours,
 Whose roses were all lovely, too;—
 So, dearest, when I rove among
 The bright ones of this northern sky,
 And mark the smile, and list the song,
 And watch the dancers gliding by,—
 The fairer still they seem to be,
 The more it stirs a thought of thee.

The sad, sweet bells of twilight chime,
 Of many hearts may touch but one,
 And so this seeming careless rhyme
 Will whisper to thy heart alone.
 I give it to the winds. The bird,
 Let loose, to his far nest will flee:
 And love, though breathed but on a word,
 Will find thee, over land and sea.
 Though clouds across the sky have driven,
 We trust the star at last will shine;
 And, like the very light of heaven,
 I trust thy love—*trust thou in mine!*

EDITH LINSEY.

PART III.

A DIGRESSION.

" *Boy.* Will you not sleep, Sir?
Knight, Fling the window up!
I'll look upon the stars. Where twinkle now
The Pleiades?
Boy. Here, Master!
Knight. Throw me now
My cloak upon my shoulders, and good night!
I have no mind to sleep! * * *
* * * * * She bade me look
Upon his band of stars when other eyes
Beamed on me brightly, and remember her
By the Lost Pleiad.
Boy. Are you well, Sir?
Knight. Boy!
Love you the stars?
Boy. When they first spring at eve
Better than near to morning.
Knight. Fickle child!
Are they more fair in twilight?
Boy. Master, no!
Brighter as night wears on,—but I forget
Their beauty, looking on them long!"
"SIR FABIAN," *an unpublished Poem.*

It was a September night at the University. On the morrow I was to appear upon the stage as the winner of the first honours of my year. I was the envy—the admiration—in some degree the wonder,

of the collegiate town in which the University stands for I had commenced my career as the idlest and most riotous of freshmen. What it was that had suddenly made me enamoured of my chambers and my books—that had saddened my manners and softened my voice—that had given me a disgust to champagne and my old allies, in favour of cold water and the Platonists—that, in short, had metamorphosed, as Bob Wilding would have said, a gentleman-like rake and *vau-rien* into so dull a thing as an exemplary academician—was past the divining of most of my acquaintances. Oh, once-loved Edith! hast thou any inkling in thy downward metempsychosis of the philosophy of this marvel?

If you were to set a poet to make a town, with *carte blanche* as to trees, gardens, and green blinds, he would probably turn out very much such a place as New-Haven. (Supposing your education in geography to have been neglected, dear reader, this is the second capital of Connecticut, a half-rural, half-metropolitan town, lying between a precipice that makes the fag-end of the Green Mountains and a handsome bay in Long-Island Sound.) The first thought of the inventor of New-Haven was to lay out the streets in parallelograms, and the second was to plant them from suburb to water-side with the magnificent elms of the country. The result is, that at the end of fifty years, the town is buried in leaves. If it were not for the spires of the churches, a bird flying over on his autumn voyage to the Floridas would never mention having seen it in his travels. It is a glorious tree, the elm—and those of the place I speak of are famous, even in our land of trees, for their surprising size and beauty. With the curve of their stems in the sky, the long weepers of their outer and lower branches drop into the street, fanning your

face as you pass under with their geranium-like leaves; and close overhead, interwoven like the trellice of a vine, they break up the light of the sky into golden flecks, and make you, of the common highway, a bower of the most approved secludedness and beauty. The houses are something between an Italian palace and an English cottage—built of wood, but, in the dim light of those overshadowing trees, as fair to the eye as marble with their triennial coats of paint; and each stands in the midst of its own encircling grass-plot, half buried in vines and flowers, and facing outward from a cluster of gardens divided by slender palings, and filling up with fruit-trees and summer-houses the square on whose limit it stands. Then, like the vari-coloured parallelograms upon a chess-board, green openings are left throughout the town, fringed with triple and interweaving elm-rows, the long and weeping branches sweeping downward to the grass, and with their enclosing shadows keeping moist and cool the road they overhang; and fair forms (it is the garden of American beauty—New-Haven) flit about in the green light in primitive security and freedom, and you would think the place, if you alit upon it in a summer's evening—what it seems to me now in memory, and what I have made it in this Rosa-Matilda description—a scene from Boccaccio, or a vision from long-lost Arcady.

New-Haven may have eight thousand inhabitants. Its steamers run to New-York in six hours (or did in my time—I have ceased to be astonished on *that* subject, and should not wonder if they did it now in *one*—a trifle of seventy miles up the Sound,) and the ladies go up in the morning for a yard of bobbin and return at night, and the gentlemen the same for a stroll in Broadway; and it is to this circumstance that, while it preserves its rural exterior, it is a very

metropolitan place in the character of its society. The Amaryllis of the petty cottage you admire wears the fashion twenty days from Paris, and her shepherd has a coat from Nugee, the divine peculiarity of which is not yet suspected east of Bond-street; and, in the newspaper hanging half out of the window, there is news, red-hot with the velocity of its arrival, from Russia and the Rocky Mountains, from the sources of the Mississippi and the brain of Monsieur Herbault. Distance is an imaginary quantity, and Time, that used to give every thing the go-by, has come to a stand-still in his astonishment. There will be a proposition in Congress ere long to do without him altogether—every new thing “saves time” so marvelously.

Bright as seems to me this seat of my Alma Mater, however, and gaily as I describe it, it is to me, if I may so express it, a picture of memory glazed and put away; if I see it ever again, it will be but to walk through its embowered streets by a midnight moon. It is vain and heart-breaking to go back, after absence, to any spot of earth of which the interest was the human love whose home and cradle it had been. But there is a period in our lives when the heart fuses and compounds with the things about it, and the close enamel with which it overruns and binds in the affections, and which hardens in the lapse of years till the immortal germ within is not more durable and unwasting, warms never again, nor softens; and there is nothing on earth so mournful and unavailing as to return to the scenes which are unchanged, and look to return to ourselves and others as we were when we thus knew them.

Yet we think (I judge you by my own soul, gentle reader,) that it is others—not we—who are changed! We meet the friend that we loved in our youth, and

it is ever *he* who is cold and altered! We take the hand that we bent over with our passionate kisses in boyhood, and our raining tears when we last parted, and it is ever hers that returns not the pressure and *her* eyes, and not ours—oh, *not ours*!—that look back the moistened and once familiar regard with a dry lid and a gaze of stone! Oh God! it is ever *he*,—the friend you have worshipped,—for whom you would have died,—who gives you the tips of his fingers, and greets you with a phrase of fashion, when you would rush into his bosom and break your heart with weeping out the imprisoned tenderness of years! I could carve out the heart from my bosom, and fling it with a malison into the sea, when I think how utterly and worse than useless it is in this world of mocking names! Yet “love” and “friendship” are words that read well. You could scarce spare them in poetry.

II.

It was, as I have said, a moonlight night of unparalleled splendor. The morrow was the college anniversary—the day of the departure of the senior class,—and the town, which is, as it were, a part of the University, was in the usual tumult of the gayest and saddest evening of the year. The night was warm, and the houses, of which the drawing-rooms are all on a level with the gardens in the rear, and through which a long hall stretches like a ball room, were thrown open, doors and windows, and the thousand students of the University, and the crowds of their friends, and the hosts of strangers drawn to the place at this season by the annual festivities, and the families, every one with a troop of daughters (as the leaves on our trees, compared with those of old countries—three to one,—so are our sons and daughters,) were all sitting without lamps in the moon-lit rooms, or strol-

ling together, lovers and friends, in the fragrant gardens, or looking out upon the street, returning the greetings of the passers-by, or, with heads uncovered, pacing backward and forward beneath the elms before the door,—the whole scene one that the angels in heaven might make a holiday to see.

There were a hundred of my fellow-seniors—young men of from eighteen to twenty-four,—every one of whom was passing the last evening of the four most impressible and attaching years of his life, with the family in which he had been most intimate, in a town where refinement and education had done their utmost upon the society, and which was renowned throughout America for the extraordinary beauty of its women. They had come from every state in the Union, and the Georgian and the Vermontese, the Kentuckian and the Virginian, were to start alike on the morrow-night with a lengthening chain for home, each bearing away the hearts he had attached to him, (one or more!) and leaving his own, till, like the magnetized needle, it should drop away with the weakened attraction; and there was probably but *one* that night in the departing troop who was not whispering in some throbbing ear the passionate but vain and mocking avowal of fidelity in love! And yet I had had *my* attachments too;—and there was scarce a house in that leafy and murmuring paradise of friendship and trees, that would not have hailed me with acclamation had I entered the door; and I make this record of kindness and hospitality, (unforgotten after long years of vicissitude and travel,) with the hope that there may yet live some memory as constant as mine, and that some eye will read it with a warmth in its lid, and some lip—some *one* at least—murmur, “*I remember him!*” There are trees in that town whose drooping leaves I could press to my lips with an affection as passionate as if

they were human, though the lips and voices that have endeared them to me are as changed as the foliage upon the branch, and would recognise my love as coldly.

There was one, I say, who walked the thronged pavement alone that night, or but with such company as Uhland's;* yet the heart of that solitary senior was far from lonely. The palm of years of ambition was in his grasp,—the reward of daily self-denial and midnight watching,—the prize of a straining mind and a yearning desire;—and there was not one of the many who spoke of him that night in those crowded rooms, either to rejoice in his success or to wonder at its attainment, who had the shadow of an idea what spirit sat uppermost in his bosom. Oh! how common is this ignorance of human motives! How distant, and slight, and unsuspected are the springs often of the most desperate achievement! How little the world knows for what the poet writes, the scholar toils, the politician sells his soul, and the soldier perils his life! And how insignificant and unequal to the result would seem these invisible wires, could they be traced back from the hearts whose innermost resource and faculty they have waked and exhausted! It is a startling thing to question even your own soul for its motive. Ay, even in trifles. Ten to one you are surprised at the answer. I have asked myself, while writing this sentence, whose eye it is most meant to please; and, as I live, the face that is conjured at my bidding is of one of whom I have not had a definite thought for

* Almost the sweetest thing I remember is the German poet's thought when crossing the ferry to his wife and child.—

"Take, O boatman! thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly:
For, invisibly to thee,
Spirits twain have cross'd with me."

years. I would lay my life she thinks at this instant I have forgotten her very name. Yet I know she will read this page with an interest no other could awaken, striving to trace in it the changes that have come over me since we parted. I know, (and I knew *then*, though we never exchanged a word save in friendship,) that she devoted her innermost soul when we strayed together by that wild river in the West, (dost thou remember it, dear friend? for now I speak to thee!) to the study of a mind and character of which she thought better than the world or their possessor; and I know—oh, how *well* I know!—that with husband and children around her, whom she loves and to whom she is devoted, the memory of me is laid away in her heart like a fond but incomplete dream of what once seemed possible,—the feeling with which the mother looks on her witless boy and loves him more for what he *might* have been, than his brothers for what they *are*!

I scarce know what thread I dropped to take up this *improvista* digression, (for, like "Opportunity and the Hours," I "never look back;")—but let us return to the shadow of the thousand elms of New-Haven.

The Gascon thought his own thunder and lightning superior to that of other countries, but I must run the hazard of your incredulity as well, in preferring an American moon. In Greece and Asia Minor, perhaps, (*ragione*—she was first worshipped there) Cytherea shines as brightly; but the Ephesian of Connecticut sees the flaws upon the pearly buckler of the goddess, as does the habitant of no other clime. His eye lies close to the moon. There is no film, and no visible beam in the clarified atmosphere. Her light is less an emanation than a presence—the difference between the water in a thunder shower and the depths

* Walter Savage Landor.

of the sea. The moon struggles to you in England—she is all about you, like an element of the air, in America.

The night was breathless, and the fragmented light lay on the pavement in motionless stars, as clear and definite in their edges as if the "patines of bright gold" had dropped through the trees, and lay glittering beneath my feet. There was a kind of darkness visible in the streets, overshadowed as they were by the massy and leaf-burthened elms, and as I looked through the houses, standing in obscurity myself, the gardens seemed full of day-light—the unobstructed moon poured with such a flood of radiance on the flowery alleys within, and their gay troops of promenaders. And as I distinguished one and another familiar friend, with a form as familiar clinging to his side, and, with drooping head and faltering step, listening or replying, (I well knew,) to the avowals of love and truth, I murmured in thought to my own far away, but never-forgotten Edith, a vow as deep—ay, deeper than theirs, as my spirit and hers had been sounded by the profounder plummet of sorrow and separation. How the very moonlight—how the stars of heaven—how the balm in the air, and the languor of summer night in my indolent frame, seemed, in those hours of loneliness, ministers at the passionate altar-fires of my love! Forsworn and treacherous Edith! do I live to write this for thine eye?

I linger upon these trifles of the past—these hours for which I would have borrowed wings when they were here—and, as *then* they seemed but the flowering promise of happiness, they seem *now* like the fruit, enjoyed and departed. *Past* and *future* bliss there would seem to be in the world—knows any one of such a commodity in the *present*? I have not seen it in my travels.

III.

I was strolling on through one of the most fashionable and romantic streets (when did these two words ever before find themselves in a sentence together?) when a drawing-room with which I was very familiar, lit, unlike most others on that bright night, by a suspended lamp, and crowded with company, attracted my attention for a moment. Between the house and the street there was a slight shrubbery shut in by a white paling, just sufficient to give an air of seclusion to the low windows without concealing them from the passer-by, and, with the freedom of an old visiter, I unconsciously stopped, and looked unobserved into the rooms. It was the residence of a magnificent girl, who was generally known as the Connecticut beauty—a singular instance in America of what is called in England a *fine* woman. (With us that word applies wholly to moral qualities.) She was as large as Juno, and a great deal handsomer, if the painters have done that much-snubbed goddess justice. She was a “book of beauty” printed with virgin type; and that, by the way, suggests to me what I have all my life been trying to express—that some women seem wrought of *new* material altogether, apropos to others who seem mortal *réchauffés*—as if every limb and feature had been used, and got out of shape in some other person’s service. The lady I speak of looked *new*—and her name was Isidora.

She was standing just under the lamp, with a single rose in her hair, listening to a handsome coxcomb of a classmate of mine with evident pleasure. She was a great fool, (did I mention that before?) but weak, and vacant, and innocent of an idea as she was, Faustina was not more naturally majestic, nor Psyche (*soit elle en grande*) more divinely and mean-

ingly graceful. Loveliness and fascination came to her as dew and sunshine to the flowers, and she obeyed her instinct, as they theirs, and was helplessly, and without design, the loveliest thing in nature. I do not see, for my part, why all women should not be so. They are as useful as flowers; they perpetuate our species.

I was looking at her with irresistible admiration, when a figure stepped out from the shadow of a tree, and my chum, monster, and ally, Job Smith, (of whom I have before spoken in these historical papers,) laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Do you know, my dear Job," I said, in a solemn tone of admonition, "that blind John was imprisoned for looking into people's windows?"

But Job was not in the vein for pleasantry. The light fell on his face as I spoke to him, and a more haggard, almost blasted expression of countenance, I never saw even in a madhouse. I well knew he had loved the splendid girl that stood unconsciously in our sight, since his first year in college; but that it would ever so master him, or that he could link his monstrous deformity, even in thought, with that radiant vision of beauty, was a thing that I thought as probable as that hirsute Pan would tempt from her sphere the moon that kissed Endymion.

"I have been standing here looking at Isidora, ever since you left me," said he. (We had parted three hours before, at twilight.)

"And why not go in, in the name of common sense?"

"Oh! God, Phil!—with this demon in my heart? Can you see my face in this light?"

It was too true! he would have frightened the household gods from their pedestals.

"But what would you do, my dear Job? Why

come here to madden yourself with a sight you must have known you would see?"

"Phil?"

"What, my dear boy?"

"Will you do me a kindness?"

"Certainly."

"Isidora would do any thing you wished her to do."

"Um! with a reservation, my dear chum!"

"But she would give you the rose that is in her hair."

"Without a doubt."

"And for me—if you told her it was for me. Would she not?"

"Perhaps. But will that content you?"

"It will soften my despair. I will never look on her face more; but I should like my last sight of her to be associated with kindness?"

Poor Job! how true it is that "affection is a fire which kindleth as well in the bramble as in the oak, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burn." I do believe in my heart that the soul in thee was designed for a presentable body—thy instincts were so invariably mistaken. When didst thou ever think a thought, or stir hand or foot, that it did not seem prompted, monster though thou wert, by conscious good-looking-ness! What a lying similitude it was that was written on every blank page in thy Lexicon: "Larks that mount in the air, build their nests below in the earth; and women that cast their eyes upon kings, may place their hearts upon vassals." Appelles must have been better looking than Alexander, when Campaspe said that!

As a general thing you may ask a friend freely to break any three of the commandments in your service, but you should hesitate to require of friendship a violation of etiquette. I was in a round jacket and boots, and

it was a dress evening throughout New-Haven. I looked at my dust-covered feet, when Job asked me to enter a soiree upon his errand, and passed my thumb and finger around the edge of my white jacket; but I loved Job as the Arabian loves his camel, and for the same reason, with a difference—the imperishable well-spring he carried in his heart through the desert of the world, and which I well knew he would give up his life to offer at need, as patiently as the animal whose construction (inner and outer) he so remarkably resembled. When I hesitated, and looked down at my boots, therefore, it was less to seek for an excuse to evade the sacrificing office required of me, than to beat about in my unprepared mind for a preface to my request. If she had been a woman of sense, I should have had no difficulty; but it requires caution and skill to go out of the beaten track with a fool.

“Would not the rose do as well,” said I, in desperate embarrassment, “if she does not know that it is for you, my dear Job?” It would have been very easy to have asked for it for myself.

Job laid his hand upon his side, as if I could not comprehend the pang my proposition gave him.

“Away prop, and down, scaffold,” thought I, as I gave my jacket a hitch, and entered the door.

“Mr. Slingsby,” announced the servant.

“Mr. Slingsby?” inquired the mistress of the house, seeing only a white jacket in the *clair obscur* of the hall.

“Mr. Slingsby!!!” cried out twenty voices in amazement, as I stepped over the threshold into the light.

It has happened since the days of Thebet Ben Khorat, that scholars have gone mad, and my sanity was evidently the uppermost concern in the minds of all present. (I should observe, that in those days, I

relished rather of dandyism.) As I read the suspicion in their minds, however, a thought struck me. I went straight up to Miss Higgins, and, *sotto voce*, asked her to take a turn with me in the garden.

"Isidora," I said, "I have long known your superiority of mind," (when you want any thing of a woman, praise her for that in which she is most deficient, says La Bruyère,) "and I have great occasion to rely on it in the request I am about to make of you."

She opened her eyes, and sailed along the gravel-walk with heightened majesty. I had not had occasion to pay her a compliment before since my freshman year.

"What is it, Mr. Slingsby?"

"You know Smith—my chum."

"Certainly."

"I have just come from him."

"Well!"

"He is gone mad!"

"Mad! Mr. Slingsby?"

"Stark and furious!"

"Gracious goodness!"

"And all for you!"

"For me!"

"For you!" I thought her great blue eyes would have become what they call in America "sot," at this astounding communication.

"Now, Miss Higgins," I continued, "pray listen; my poor friend has such extraordinary muscular strength, that seven men cannot hold him."

"Gracious!"

"And he has broken away, and is here at your door."

"Good gracious!"

"Don't be afraid! He is as gentle as a kitten when I am present. And now hear my request.—He leaves town to-morrow, as you well know, not to return. I

shall take him home to Vermont with keepers. He is bent upon one thing, and in that you must humour him."

Miss Higgins began to be alarmed.

"He has looked through the window and seen you with a rose in your hair, and, despairing even in his madness, of your love, he says, that if you would give him that rose with a kind word, and a farewell, he should be happy. You will do it, will you not?"

"Dear me! I should be *so* afraid to speak to him!"

"But will you? and I'll tell you what to say."

Miss Higgins gave a reluctant consent, and I passed ten minutes in drilling her upon two sentences, which, with her fine manner and sweet voice, really sounded like the most interesting thing in the world. I left her in the summer-house at the end of the garden, and returned to Job.

"You have come without it!" said the despairing lover, falling back against the tree.

"Miss Higgins's compliments, and begs you will go round by the gate, and meet her in the summer-house. She prefers to manage her own affairs."

"Good God! are you mocking me?"

"I will accompany you, my dear boy."

There was a mixture of pathos and ludicrousness in that scene which starts a tear and a laugh together, whenever I recall it to my mind. The finest heart in the world, the most generous, the most diffident of itself, yet the most self-sacrificing and delicate, was at the altar of its devotion, offering its all in passionate abandonment for a flower and a kind word; and she, a goose in the guise of an angel, repeated a phrase of kindness of which she could not comprehend the meaning or the worth, but which was to be garnered up by that half-broken heart, as a treasure that repaid him for years of unrequited affection! She recited it really

very well. I stood at the latticed door, and interrupted them the instant there was a pause in the dialogue; and getting Job away as fast as possible, I left Miss Higgins with a promise of secrecy, and resumed my midnight stroll.

Apropos—among Job's letters is a copy of verses which, spite of some little inconsistencies, I think were written on this very occasion.

I.

Nay—smile not on me—I have borne
Indifference and repulse from thee;
With my heart sickening I have worn
A brow, as thine own cold one, free;
My lip has been as gay as thine,
Ever thine own light mirth repeating,
Though, in this burning brain of mine,
A throb the while, like death, was beating;
My spirit did not shrink or swerve—
Thy look—I thank thee!—froze the nerve!

II.

But now again, as when I met
And loved thee in my happier days,
A smile upon thy bright lip plays,
And kindness in thine eye is set—
And this I cannot bear!
It melts the manhood from my pride,
It brings me closer to thy side—
Bewilders—chains me there—
There—where my dearest hope was crush'd and died!

III.

Oh, if thou could'st but know the deep
Of love that hope has nursed for years,
How in the heart's still chambers sleep
Its hoarded thoughts, its trembling fears—
Treasure that love has brooded o'er
Till life, than this, has nothing more—
And could'st thou—but 'tis vain!—
I will not, cannot tell thee, how
That hoard consumes its coffer now—
I may not write of pain
That sickens in the heart, and maddens in the brain!

IV.

Then smile not on me ! pass me by
 Coldly, and with a careless mien—
 'Twill pierce my heart, and fill mine eye,
 But I shall be as I have been—
 Quiet in my despair !
 'Tis better than the throbbing fever,
 That else were in my brain for ever,
 And easier to bear !
 I'll not upbraid the coldest look—
 The bitterest word thou hast, in my sad pride I'll brook !

If Job had rejoiced in a more euphonous name, I should have bought a criticism in some review, and started him fairly as a poet. But "Job Smith!"—"Poems by Job Smith!"—It would never do ! If he wrote like a seraph, and printed the book at his own expense, illustrated and illuminated, and half-a-crown to each person that would take one away, the critics would damn him all the same ! Really one's father and mother have a great deal to answer for !

But Job is a poet who should have lived in the middle ages, no less for the convenience of the *rom ne guerre*, fashionable in those days, than because his poetry, being chiefly the mixed product of feeling and courtesy, is particularly susceptible to ridicule. The philosophical and iron-wire poetry of our day stands an attack like a fortification, and comes down upon the besieger with reason and logic as good as his own. But the more delicate offspring of tenderness and chivalry, intending no violence, and venturing out to sea upon a rose-leaf, is destroyed and sunk beyond diving-bells by half a breath of scorn. I would subscribe liberally myself to a private press and a court of honour in poetry—critics, if admitted, to be dumb upon a penalty. Will no Howard or Wilberforce act upon this hint ? Poets now-a-days are more slaves and felons than your African, or your culprit at the old Bailey !

I would go a great way, privately, to find a genuine spark of chivalry, and Job lit his every-day lamp with it. See what a redolence of old time there is in these verses, which I copied long ago from a lady's album. Yet, you may ridicule them if you like!

There is a story I have met,
Of a high angel, pure and true,
With eyes that tears had never wet,
And lips that pity never knew;
But ever on his throne he sat,
With his white pinions proudly furl'd,
And, looking from his high estate,
Beheld the errors of a world;
Yet, never, as they rose to heaven,
Plead even for one to be forgiven.

God look'd at last upon his pride,
And bade him fold his shining wing.
And o'er a land where tempters bide,
He made the heartless angel king.

'Tis lovely reading in the tale,
The glorious spells they tried on him,
Ere grew his heavenly birth-star pale,
Ere grew his frontlet jewel dim—
Cups of such rare and ravishing wines
As even a god might drink and bless,
Gems from unsearch'd and central mines,
Whose light than heaven's was scarcely less—
Gold of a sheen like crystal spars,
And silver whiter than the moon's,
And music like the songs of stars,
And perfume like a thousand Junes,
And breezes, soft as heaven's own air,
Like fingers playing in his hair!
He shut his eyes—he closed his ears—
He bade them in God's name, begone!
And, through the yet eternal years,
Had stood, the tried and sinless one;
But there was yet one untried spell,—
A woman tempted—and he fell!

And I—if semblance I may find
Between such glorious sphere and mine—
Am not to the high honour blind,
Of filling this fair page of thine—

Writing my unheard name among
 Sages and sires and men of song ;—
 But honour, though the best e'er given,
 And glory, though it were a king's,
 And power, though loving it like heaven,
 Were, to my seeming, lesser things,
 And less temptation, far, to me,
 Than *half a hope of serving thee !*

I am mounted upon my hobby now, dear reader ;
 for Job Smith, though as hideous an idol as ever was
 worshipped on the Indus, was still my idol. Here is
 a little touch of his quality :—

I look upon the fading flowers
 Thou gav'st me, lady, in thy mirth,
 And mourn, that, with the perishing hours
 Such fair things perish from the earth—
 For thus, I know, the moment's feeling
 Its own light web of life unweaves,
 The deepest trace from memory stealing,
 Like perfume from these dying leaves,—
 The thought that gave it, and the flower,
 Alike the creatures of an hour.

And thus it better were, perhaps,
 For feeling is the nurse of pain,
 And joys that linger in their lapse,
 Must die at last, and so are vain !
 Could I revive these faded flowers,
 Could I call back departed bliss,
 I would not, though this world of ours
 Were ten times brighter than it is !
 They must—and let them—pass away !
We are forgotten—even as they !

I think I must give Edith another reprieve. I
 have no idea why I have digressed this time from the
 story which (you may see by the motto at the begin-
 ning of the paper) I have not yet told. I can con-
 ceive easily how people, who have nothing to do, be-
 take themselves to autobiography—it is so pleasant
 rambling about over the past and regathering only
 the flowers. Why should pain and mortification be

unsepultured? The world is no wiser for these written experiences. "The best book," said Southey, "does but little good to the world, and much harm to the author." I shall deliberate whether to enlighten the world as to Edith's metempsychosis, or no.

EDITH LINSEY.

PART IV.

SCENERY AND A SCENE.

"Truth is no Doctoresse; she takes no degrees at Paris or Oxford, amongst great clerks, disputants, subtle Aristotles, men *nedosi ingenii*; able to take Lully by the chin; but oftentimes, to such an one as myself, an *Idiota* or common person, no great things, melancholizing in woods where waters are, quiet places by rivers, fountains; whereas the silly man, expecting no such matter, thinketh only how best to delectate and refresh his mynde continually with nature, her pleasaunt scenes, woods, waterfalls; on a sudden the goddess herself, Truth, has appeared with a shining light and a sparkling countenance, so as ye may not be able lightly to resist her."—BURTON.

“ Ever thus
Drop from us treasures one by one;
They who have been from youth with us,
Whose every look, whose every tone,
Is linked to us like leaves to flowers—
They who have shared our pleasant hours—
Whose voices, so familiar grown,
They almost seem to us our own—
The echoes of each breath of ours—
They who have ever been our pride,
Yet in their hours of triumph dearest—
They whom we must have known and tried,
And loved the most when tried the nearest—

They pass from us, like stars that wane,
The brightest still before,
Or gold links broken from a chain
That can be join'd no more."

JOB SMITH and myself were on the return from Niagara. It was in the slumberous and leafy midst of June. Lake Erie had lain with a silver glaze upon its bosom for days ;—the ragged trees upon its green shore dropping their branches into the stirless water, as if it were some rigid imitation—the lake glass, and the leaves emerald ;—the sky was of an April blue, as if a night-rain had washed out its milkiness, till you could see through its clarified depths to the gates of heaven ; and yet breathless and sunny as was the face of the earth, there was a nerve and a vitality in the air that exacted of every pulse its full compass, searched every pore for its capacity of the joy of existence.

No one can conceive who has not had his imagination stretched at the foot of Niagara, or in the Titanic solitudes of the west, the vastness of the unbroken phases of nature ;—where every tree looks a king, and every flower a marvel of glorious form and colour—where the rocks are rent every one as by the "tenth" thunderbolt—and lake, mountain or river, ravine or waterfall, cave or eagle's nest, whatever it may be that feeds the eye or the fancy, is as the elements have shaped and left it—where the sculpture, and the painting, and the poetry, and the wonderful alchymy of Nature, go on under the naked eye of the Almighty, and by His own visible and uninterrupted hand, and where the music of nature, from the anthem of the torrent and storm, broken only by the scream of the vulture, to the

trill of the rivulet with its accompaniment of singing birds and winds, is for ever ringing its changes, as if for the stars to hear—in such scenes, I say, and in such scenes only, is the imagination overtasked or stretched to the capacity of a seraph's; and while common minds sink beneath them to the mere inanition of their animal senses, the loftier spirit takes their colour and stature, and outgrows the common and pitiful standards of the world. Cooper and Leatherstocking thus became what they are—the one a high priest of imagination and poetry, and the other a simple-hearted but mere creature of instinct; and Cooper is no more a living man, liable to the common laws of human nature, than Leatherstocking a true and life-like transcript of the more common effects of those overpowering solitudes on the character.

We got on board the canal-boat at noon, and Job and myself, seated on the well-cushioned seats, with the blinds half-turned to give us the prospect and exclude the sun, sat disputing in our usual amicable way. He was the only man I ever knew with whom I could argue without losing my temper; and the reason was, that I always had the last word, and thought myself victorious.

“We are about to return into the bosom of society, my dear Job,” said I, looking, with unctuous good nature on the well-shaped boot I had put on for the first time in a month that morning. (It is an unsentimental fact that hob-nailed shoes are indispensable on the most poetical spots of earth.)

“Yes,” said Job; “but how superior is the society we leave behind! Niagara and Erie! What in your crowded city is comparable to these?”

“Nothing, for size!—but for society—you will think me a Pagan, dear chum,—but, on my honor, straight from Niagara as I come, I feel a most dissatisfied yearning for the society of Miss Popkins!”

"Oh, Phil!"

"On my honour!"

"You, who were in such raptures at the Falls!"

"And real ones—but I wanted a woman at my elbow to listen to them." Do you know, Job, I have made up my mind on a great principle since we have been on our travels. Have you observed that I was pensive?"

"Not particularly—but what is your principle?"

"That a man is a much more interesting object than a mountain."

"A man! did you say?"

"Yes—but I meant a woman!"

"I don't think so."

"I do!—and I judge by myself. When did I ever see wonder of nature—tree, sunset, waterfall, rapid, lake, or river,—that I would not rather have been talking to a woman the while? Do you remember the three days we were tramping through the forest without seeing the sun, as if we had been in the endless aisle of a cathedral? Do you remember the long morning when we lay on the moss at the foot of Niagara, and it was a divine luxury only to breathe? Do you remember the lunar rainbows at midnight on Goat Island? Do you remember the ten thousand glorious moments we have enjoyed between weather and scenery since the bursting of these summer leaves? Do you?"

"Certainly, my dear boy!"

"Well, then, much as I love nature and you, there has not been an hour since we packed our knapsacks, that, if I could have distilled a charming girl out of a mixture of you and any mountain, river or rock that I have seen, I would not have flung you, without remorse, into any witch's cauldron that was large enough, and would boil at my bidding."

"Monster!"

“And I believe I should have the same feelings in Italy or Greece, or wherever people go into raptures with things you can neither eat nor make love to.”

“Would not even the Venus fill your fancy for a day?”

“An hour, perhaps, it might; for I should be studying, in its cold Parian proportions, the warm structure of some living Musidora—but I should soon tire of it, and long for my lunch or my love; and I give you my honor I would not lose the three meals of a single day to see Santa Croce and St. Peter’s.”

“Both?”

“Both.”

Job disdained to argue against such a want of sentimental principle, and pulling up the blind, he fixed his eyes on the slowly gliding panorama of rock and forest, and I mounted for a promenade upon the deck.

Mephistopheles could hardly have found a more striking amusement for Faust than the passage of three hundred miles in the canal from lake Erie to the Hudson. As I walked up and down the deck of the packet-boat, I thought to myself, that if it were not for thoughts of things that come more home to one’s “business and bosom,” (particularly “bosom,”) I could be content to retake my berth at Schenectady, and return to Buffalo for amusement. The Erie canal-boat is a long and very pretty drawing room afloat. It has a library, sofas, a tolerable cook, curtains, or Venetian blinds, a civil captain, and no smell of steam or perceptible motion. It is drawn generally by three horses at a fair trot; and gets you through about a hundred miles a day, as softly as if you were witch’d over the ground by Puck and Mustard-seed. The company (say fifty people) is such as pleases heaven; though I must say (with my eye all along the shore, collecting the various dear friends I have made and left on that

long canal) there are few highways on which you will meet so many lovely and loving fellow-passengers. On this occasion my star was bankrupt—Job Smith being my only civilized companion, and I was left to the unsatisfactory society of my own thoughts and the scenery.

Discontented as I may seem to have been, I remember, through eight or ten years of stirring and thickly-sown manhood, every moment of that lonely evening. I remember the progression of the sunset, from the lengthening shadows and the first gold upon the clouds, to the deepening twilight and the new-sprung star hung over the wilderness. And I remember what I am going to describe—a twilight anthem in the forest—as you remember an air of Rossini's, or a transition in the half-fiendish, half-heavenly creations of Meyerbeer. I thought time dragged heavily then, but I wish I had as light a heart and could feel as vividly now!

The Erie canal is cut a hundred or two miles through the heart of the primeval wilderness of America, and the boat was gliding on silently and swiftly, and never sailed a lost cloud through the abysses of space on a course more apparently new and untrodden. The luxuriant soil had sent up a rank grass that covered the horse-path like velvet; the Erie water was clear as a brook in the winding canal; the old shafts of the gigantic forest spurred into the sky by thousands, and the yet unseared eagle swung off from the dead branch of the pine, and skimmed the tree-tops for another perch, as if he had grown to believe that gliding spectre a harmless phenomenon of nature. The horses drew steadily and unheard at the end of the long line; the steersman stood motionless at the tiller, and I lay on a heap of baggage in the prow, attentive to the slightest breathing of nature, but thinking, with an ache at my heart, of Edith Linsey, to whose feet (did I men-

tion it?) I was hastening with a lover's proper impatience. I might as well have taken another turn in my "fool's paradise."

The gold of the sunset had glided up the dark pine tops and disappeared, like a ring taken slowly from an Ethiop's finger; the whip-poor-will had chanted the first stave of his lament; the bat was abroad, and the screech-owl, like all bad singers, commenced without waiting to be importuned, though we were listening for the nightingale. The air, as I said before, had been all day breathless; but as the first chill of evening displaced the warm atmosphere of the departed sun, a slight breeze crisped the mirrored bosom of the canal, and then commenced the night anthem of the forest, audible, I would fain believe, in its soothing changes, by the dead tribes whose bones whiten amid the perishing leaves. First, whisperingly yet articulately, the suspended and wavering foliage of the birch was touched by the many-fingered wind, and, like a faint prelude, the silver-lined leaves rustled in the low branches; and, with a moment's pause, when you could hear the moving of the vulture's claws upon the bark, as he turned to get his breast to the wind, the increasing breeze swept into the pine-tops, and drew forth from their fringe-like and myriad tassels a low monotone like the refrain of a far-off dirge; and still as it murmured, (seeming to you sometimes like the confused and heart-broken responses of the penitents on a cathedral floor,) the blast strengthened and filled, and the rigid leaves of the oak, and the swaying fans and chalices of the magnolia, and the rich cups of the tulip-trees, stirred and answered with their different voices like many-toned harps; and when the wind was fully abroad, and every moving thing on the breast of the earth was roused from its daylight repose, the irregular and

capricious blast, like a player on an organ of a thousand stops, lulled and strengthened by turns, and from the hiss in the rank grass, low as the whisper of fairies, to the thunder of the impinging and groaning branches of the larch and the fir, the anthem went ceaselessly through its changes, and the harmony, (though the owl broke in with his scream, and though the over-blown monarch of the wood came crashing to the earth,) was still perfect and without a jar. It is strange that there is no sound of nature out of tune. The roar of the waterfall comes into this anthem of the forest like an accompaniment of bassoons, and the occasional bark of the wolf, or the scream of a night-bird, or even the deep-throated croak of the frog, is no more discordant than the outburst of an octave flute above the even melody of an orchestra; and it is surprising how the large rain-drops, pattering on the leaves, and the small voice of the nightingale (singing, like nothing but himself, sweetest in the darkness) seems an intensitive and a low burthen to the general anthem of the earth—as it were, a single voice among instruments.

I had what Wordsworth calls a “couchant ear” in my youth, and my story will wait, dear reader, while I tell you of another harmony that I learned to love in the wilderness.

There will come sometimes in the spring—say in May, or whenever the snow-drops and sulphur butterflies are tempted out by the first timorous sunshine—there will come, I say, in that yearning and youth-renewing season, a warm shower at noon. Our tent shall be pitched on the skirts of a forest of young pines, and the evergreen foliage, if foliage it may be called, shall be a daily refreshment to our eye while watching, with the west wind upon our cheeks, the unclothed branches of the elm. The rain descends

softly and warm ; but with the sunset the clouds break away, and it grows suddenly cold enough to freeze. The next morning you shall come out with me to a hill-side looking upon the south, and lie down with your ear to the earth. The pine tassels hold in every four of their fine fingers a drop of rain frozen like a pearl in a long ear-ring, sustained in their loose grasp by the rigidity of the cold. The sun grows warm at ten, and the slight green-fingers begin to relax and yield, and by eleven they are all drooping their icy pearls upon the dead leaves with a murmur through the forest like the swarming of the bees of Hybla. There is not much variety in its music, but it is a pleasant monotone for thought, and if you have a restless fever in your bosom (as I had, when I learned to love it, for the travel which has corrupted the heart and the ear that it soothed and satisfied then) you may lie down with a crooked root under your head in the skirts of the forest, and thank Heaven for an anodyne to care. And it is better than the voice of your friend, or the song of your lady-love, for it exacts no gratitude, and will not desert you ere the echo dies upon the wind.

Oh, how many of these harmonies there are !—how many that we hear, and how many that are “too constant to be heard !” I could go back to my youth, now, with this thread of recollection, and unsepulture a hoard of simple and long-buried joys that would bring the blush upon my cheek to think how my senses are dulled since such things could give me pleasure ! Is there no “well of Kanathos” for renewing the youth of the soul ?—no St. Hilary’s cradle ? no elixir to cast the slough of heart-sickening and heart-tarnishing custom ? Find me an alchymy for *that*, with your alembic and crucible, and you may resolve to dross again your philosopher’s stone !

II.

Every body who makes the passage of the Erie canal, stops at the half-way town of Utica, to visit a wonder of nature fourteen miles to the west of it, called Trenton Falls. It would be becoming in me, before mentioning the Falls, however, to sing the praises of Utica and its twenty thousand inhabitants—having received much hospitality from the worthy burghers, and philandered up and down their well-flagged *trottoir* very much to my private satisfaction. I should scorn any man's judgment who should attempt to convince me that the Erie water, which comes down the canal a hundred and fifty miles, and passes through the market-place of that pleasant town, has not communicated to the hearts of its citizens the expansion and depth of the parent lake from which it is drawn. I have a theory on that subject with which I intend to surprise the world whenever politics and Mr. Bulwer draw less engrossingly on its attention. Will any one tell me that the dark eyes I knew there, and whose like for softness and meaning I have inquired for in vain through Italy, and the voice that accompanied their gaze—that Pasta, in her divinest out-gush of melody and soul, alone recalls to me)—that these, and the noble heart, and high mind, and even the genius, that were other gifts of the same marvel among women—that these were born of common parentage, and nursed by the air of a demi-metropolis? We were but the kindest of friends, that bright creature and myself, and I may say, without charging myself with the blindness of love, that I believe in my heart she was the foster-child of the water-spirits on whose wandering streamlet she lived—that the thousand odors that swept down from the wilderness upon Lake Erie, and the unseen but wild and innumerable influences of nature, or whatever you call that which makes the Indian a be-

liever in the Great Spirit—that these came down with those clear waters, ministering to the mind and watching over the budding beauty of this noble and most high-hearted woman! If you do not believe it, I should like you to tell me how else such a creature was “raised,” as they phrase it in Virginia. I shall hold to my theory till you furnish me with a more reasonable.

We heard at the Hotel that there were several large parties at Trenton Falls, and with an abridgment of our toilets in our pockets, Job and I galloped out of Utica about four o'clock of as bright a summer's afternoon as was ever promised in the Almanac. We drew rein a mile or two out of town, and dawdled along the wild road more leisurely, Job's Green Mountain proportions fitting to the saddle something in the manner and relative fitness of a skeleton on a poodle. By the same token he rode safely, the looseness of his bones accommodating itself with singular facility to the irregularities in the pace of the surprised animal beneath him.

I dislike to pass over the minutest detail of a period of my life that will be rather interesting in my biography, (it is my intention to be famous enough to merit that distinction, and I would recommend to my friends to be noting my “little peculiarities,”) and with this posthumous benevolence in my heart, I simply record, that our conversation on the road turned upon Edith Linsey—at this time the lady of my constant love—for whose sake and at whose bidding I was just concluding (with success I presumed) a probation of three years of absence, silence, hard study, and rigid morals, and upon whose parting promise (God forgive her!) I had built my uttermost gleaning and sand of earthly hope and desire. I tell you in the tail of this mocking paragraph, dear reader, that the bend of the rain-

bow spans not the earth more perfectly than did the love of that woman my hopes of future bliss ; and that ephemeral arc does not sooner melt into the clouds—but I am anticipating my story.

Job's extraordinary appearance, as he extricated himself from his horse, usually attracted the entire attention of the by-standers at a strange inn, and under cover of this, I usually contrived to get into the house and commit him by ordering the dinner as soon as it could be got ready. Else, if it was in the neighbourhood of scenery, he was off till heaven knew when, and as I had that delicacy for his feelings never to dine without him, you can imagine the necessity of my hungry manœuvre.

We dined upon the trout of the glorious stream we had come to see ; and as our host's eldest daughter waited upon us, (recorded in Job's journal, in my possession at this moment, as "the most comely and gracious virgin" he had seen in his travels,) we felt bound to adapt our conversation to the purity of her mind, and discussed only the philosophical point, whether the beauty of the stream could be tasted in the flavour of the fish—Job for it, I against it. The argument was only interrupted by the entrance of an apple pudding, so hot that our tongues were fully occupied in removing it from place to place as the mouth felt its heat inconvenient, and then, being in a country of liberty and equality, and the damsel in waiting, as Job smilingly remarked, as much a lady as the President's wife, he requested permission to propose her health in a cool tumbler of cider, and we adjourned to the moonlight.

III.

Ten or fifteen years ago, the existence of Trenton Falls was not known. It was discovered, like Pæs-

tum, by a wandering artist, when there was a town of ten thousand inhabitants, a canal, a theatre, a liberty-pole, and forty churches within fourteen miles of it. It may be mentioned to the credit of the Americans, that in the "hardness" of character of which travelers complain, there is the soft trait of a passion for scenery; and before the fact of its discovery had got well into the "Cahawba Democrat" and "Go-the-whole-hog-Courier," there was a splendid wooden hotel on the edge of the precipice, with a French cook, soda-water and olives, and a law was passed by the Kentucky Travellers' Club, requiring a hanging-bird's nest from the trees "frowning down the awful abyss," (so expressed in the regulation,) as a qualification for membership. Thenceforward to the present time it has been a place of fashionable resort during the summer solstice, and the pine woods, in which the hotel stands, being impervious to the sun, it is prescribed by oculists for gentlemen and ladies with weak eyes. If the luxury of corn-cutters had penetrated to the United States, it might be prescribed for tender feet as well—the soft floor of pine-tassels spread under the grassless woods, being considered an improvement upon Turkey carpets and green-sward.

Trenton Falls is rather a misnomer. I scarcely know what you would call it, but the wonder of nature which bears the name is a tremendous torrent, whose bed, for several miles, is sunk fathoms deep into the earth—a roaring and dashing stream, so far below the surface of the forest in which it is lost, that you would think, as you come suddenly upon the edge of its long precipice, that it was a river in some inner world, (coiled within ours, as we in the outer circle of the firmament,) and laid open by some Titanic throe that had cracked clear asunder the crust of this "shallow earth." The idea is rather assisted if

you happen to see below you, on its abysmal shore, a party of adventurous travellers; for, at that vast depth, and in contrast with the gigantic trees and rocks, the same number of well-shaped pismires, dressed in the last fashions, and philandering upon your parlour floor, would be about of their apparent size and distinctness.

They showed me at Eleusis the well by which Proserpine ascends to the regions of day on her annual visit to the plains of Thessaly—but with the *genius loci* at my elbow in the shape of a Greek girl as lovely as Phryn  , my memory reverted to the bared axle of the earth in the bed of this American river, and I was persuaded (looking the while at the *fero-ni  re* of gold sequins on the Phidian forehead of my Katinka) that supposing Hades in the centre of the earth, you are nearer to it by some fathoms at Trenton. I confess I have had, since my first descent into those depths, an uncomfortable doubt of the solidity of the globe—how the deuse it can hold together with such a crack in its bottom!

It was a night to play Endymion, or do any Tomfoolery that could be laid to the charge of the moon, for a more omnipresent and radiant atmosphere of moonlight never sprinkled the wilderness with silver. It was a night in which to wish it might never be day again,—a night to be enamoured of the stars, and bid God bless them like human creatures on their bright journey,—a night to love in, to dissolve in,—to do every thing but what night is made for,—sleep! Oh Heaven! when I think how precious is life in such moments; how the aroma,—the celestial bloom and flower of the soul,—the yearning and fast-perishing enthusiasm of youth waste themselves in the solitude of such nights on the senseless and unanswering air; when I wander alone, unloving and unloved, beneath

influences that could inspire me with the elevation of a seraph, were I at the ear of a human creature that could summon forth and measure my limitless capacity of devotion,—when I think this, and feel this, and so waste my existence in vain yearnings—I could extinguish the divine spark within me like a lamp on an unvisited shrine, and thank Heaven for an assimilation to the animals I walk among! And that is the substance of a speech I made to Job as a sequitur of a well-meant remark of his own, that “it was a pity Edith Linsey was not there.” He took the clause about the “animals” to himself, and I made an apology for the same a year after. We sometimes give our friends, quite innocently, such terrible knocks in our rhapsodies!

Most people talk of the *sublimity* of Trenton, but I have haunted it by the week together for its mere loveliness. The river, in the heart of that fearful chasm, is the most varied and beautiful assemblage of the thousand forms and shapes of running water that I know in the world. The soil and the deep-striking roots of the forest terminate far above you, looking like a black rim on the enclosing precipices; the bed of the river and its sky-sustaining walls are of solid rock, and, with the tremendous descent of the stream,—forming for miles one continuous succession of falls and rapids,—the channel is worn into curves and cavities which throw the clear waters into forms of inconceivable brilliancy and variety. It is a sort of half twilight below, with here and there a long beam of sunshine reaching down to kiss the lip of an eddy or form a rainbow over a fall, and the reverberating and changing echoes,—

“Like a ring of bells whose sound the wind still alters,”

maintain a constant and most soothing music, varying

at every step with the varying phase of the current. Cascades of from twenty to thirty feet, over which the river flies with a single and hurrying leap, (not a drop missing from the glassy and bending sheet,) occur frequently as you ascend ; and it is from these that the place takes its name. But the Falls, though beautiful, are only peculiar from the dazzling and unequalled rapidity with which the waters come to the leap. If it were not for the leaf which drops wavering down into the abyss from trees apparently painted on the sky, and which is caught away by the flashing current as if the lightning had suddenly crossed it, you would think the vault of the stedfast heavens a flying element as soon. The spot in that long gulf of beauty that I best remember is a smooth descent of some hundred yards, where the river in full and undivided volume skims over a plane as polished as a table of scagliola, looking, in its invisible speed, like one mirror of gleaming but motionless crystal. Just above, there is a sudden turn in the glen which sends the water like a catapult against the opposite angle of the rock, and, in the action of years, it has worn out a cavern of unknown depth, into which the whole mass of the river plunges with the abandonment of a flying fiend into hell, and, re-appearing like the angel that has pursued him, glides swiftly but with divine serenity on its way. (I am indebted for that last figure to Job, who travelled with a Milton in his pocket, and had a natural redolence of "Paradise Lost" in his conversation.)

Much as I detest water in small quantities (to drink,) I have a hydromania in the way of lakes, rivers, and waterfalls. It is, by much, the *belle* in the family of the Elements. *Earth* is never tolerable unless disguised in green. *Air* is so thin as only to be visible when she borrows drapery of Water ; and *Fire* is so

staringly bright as to be unpleasant to the eyesight ; but WATER ! soft, pure, graceful Water ! there is no shape into which you can throw her that she does not seem lovelier than before. She can borrow nothing of her sisters. Earth has no jewels in her lap so brilliant as her own spray-pearls and emeralds ;—Fire has no rubies like what she steals from the sunset ;—Air has no robes like the grace of her fine-woven and ever-changing drapery of silver. A health (in wine !) to WATER !

Who is there that did not love some stream in his youth ? Who is there in whose vision of the past there does not sparkle up, from every picture of childhood, a spring or a rivulet woven through the darkened and torn woof of first affections like a thread of unchanged silver ? How do you interpret the instinctive yearning with which you search for the river-side or the fountain in every scene of nature,—the clinging unaware to the river's course when a truant in the fields in June,—the dull void you find in every landscape of which it is not the ornament and the centre ? For myself, I hold with the Greek :—“ Water is the first principle of all things : we were made from it and we shall be resolved into it.”*

IV.

The awkward thing in all story-telling is transition. Invention you do not need if you have experience ; for fact is stranger than fiction. A beginning in these days of startling abruptness is as simple as open your mouth ; and when you have once begun you can end whenever you like, and leave the sequel to the reader's imagination : but the hinges of a story,—the turning gracefully *back* from a digression, (it is easy to turn

* The Ionic philosophy, supported by Thales.

into one,)—is the *pas qui coûte*. My education on that point was neglected.

It was, as I said before, a moonlight night, and Job and myself having, like Sir Fabian, “no mind to sleep,” followed the fashion and the rest of the company at the inn, and strolled down to see the Falls by moonlight. I had been there before, and I took Job straight to the spot in the bed of the river which I have described above as my favourite, and, after watching it for a few minutes, we turned back to a dark cleft in the rock which afforded a rude seat, and sat musing in silence.

Several parties had strolled past without seeing us in our recess, when two female figures, with their arms around each other’s waists, sauntered slowly around the jutting rock below, and approached us, eagerly engaged in conversation. They came on to the very edge of the shadow which enveloped us, and turned to look back at the scene. As the head nearest me was raised to the light, I started half to my feet: it was Edith! In the same instant her voice of music broke on my ear, and an irresistible impulse to listen unobserved drew me down again upon my seat, and Job, with a similar instinct, laid his hand on my arm.

“It was his favourite spot!” said Edith. (We had been at Trenton together years before.) “I stood here with him, and I wish he stood here now, that I might tell him what my hand hesitates to write.”

“Poor Philip!” said her companion, whom by the voice I recognised as the youngest of the Flemings, “I cannot conceive how you can resolve so coldly to break his heart.”

I felt a dagger entering my bosom, but still I listened. Edith went on.

“Why, I will tell you, my dear little innocent. I

loved Philip Slingsby when I thought I was going to die. It was then a fitting attachment, for I never thought to need, of the goods of this world, more than a sick chamber and a nurse; and Phil. was kind-hearted and devoted to me, and I lived at home. But, with returned health, a thousand ambitious desires have sprung up in my heart, and I find myself admired by whom I will, and every day growing more selfish and less poetical. (Philip is poor, and love in a cottage, though very well for you if you like it, would never do for me.) I should like him very well for a friend, for he is gentlemanlike and devoted, but, with my ideas, I should only make him miserable, and so—I think I had better put him out of misery at once—don't you think?

A half-smothered groan of anguish escaped my lips; but it was lost in the roar of the waters, and Edith's voice, as she walked on, lessened and became inaudible to my ear. As her figure was lost in the shadow of the rocks beyond, I threw myself on the bosom of my friend, and wept in the unutterable agony of a crushed heart. I know not how that night was spent, but I awoke at noon of the next day, in my bed, with Job's hand clasped tenderly in my own.

V.

I kept my tryst. I was to meet Edith Linsey at Saratoga in July,—the last month of the probation by which I had won a right to her love. I had not spoken to her, or written, or seen her, (save, unknown to her, in the moment I have described,) in the three long years to which my constancy was devoted. I had gained the usual meed of industry in my profession, and was admitted to its practice. I was on the threshold of manhood; and she had promised, before Heaven, here to give me heart and hand.

I had parted from her at twelve on that night three years, and, as the clock struck, I stood again by her side in the crowded ball-room of Saratoga.

"Good God! Mr. Slingsby!" she exclaimed as I put out my hand.

"Am I so changed that you do not know me, Miss Linsey?" I asked, as she still looked with a wondering gaze into my face, pressing my hand, however, with real warmth, and evidently under the control, for the moment, of the feelings with which we had parted.

"Changed, indeed! Why, you have studied yourself to a skeleton! My dear Philip, you are ill!"

I was,—but it was only for a moment. I asked her hand for a waltz, and never before or since came wit and laughter so freely to my lip. I was collected, but, at the same time, I was the gayest of the gay; and when every body had congratulated me, in her hearing, on the school to which I had put my wits in my long apprenticeship to the law, I retired to the gallery looking down upon the garden, and cooled my brow and rallied my sinking heart.

The candles were burning low, and the ball was nearly over, when I entered the room again, and requested Edith to take a turn with me on the colonnade. She at once assented, and I could feel by her arm in mine, and see by the fixed expression on her lip, that she did so with the intention of revealing to me what she little thought I could so well anticipate.

"My probation is over," I said, breaking the silence which she seemed willing to prolong, and which had lasted till we had twice measured the long colonnade.

"It was three years ago to-night, I think, since we parted." She spoke in an absent and careless tone, as if trying to work out another more prominent thought in her mind,

"Do you find me changed?" I asked.

"Yes—oh, yes! very!"

"But I am more changed than I seem, dear Edith!"

She turned to me as if to ask me to explain myself.

"Will you listen to me while I tell you how?"

"What can you mean? Certainly."

"Then listen, for I fear I can scarce bring myself to repeat what I am going to say. When I first learned to love you, and when I promised to love you for life, you were thought to be dying, and I was a boy. I did not count on the future, for I despaired of your living to share it with me, and, if I had done so, I was still a child and knew nothing of the world. I have since grown more ambitious, and, I may as well say at once, more selfish and less poetical. You will easily divine my drift. You are poor, and I find myself, as you have seen to-night, in a position which will enable me to marry more to my advantage; and, with these views, I am sure I should only make you miserable by fulfilling my contract with you, and you will agree with me that I consult our mutual happiness by this course—don't you think?"

At this instant I gave a signal to Job, who approached and made some sensible remarks about the weather; and, after another turn or two, I released Miss Linsey's arm, and cautioning her against the night air, left her to finish her promenade and swallow her own projected speech and mine, and went to bed,

And so ended my first love!

SCENES OF FEAR.



SCENES OF FEAR.

No. I.

THE DISTURBED VIGIL.

Antonio. Get me a conjurer, I say! Inquire me out a man that lets out devils!"

OLD PLAY.

SUCH a night! It was like a festival of Dian. A burst of a summer shower at sunset, with a clap or two of thunder, had purified the air to an intoxicating rareness, and the free breathing of the flowers, and the delicious perfume from the earth and grass, and the fresh foliage of the new spring, showed the delight and sympathy of inanimate Nature in the night's beauty. There was no atmosphere—nothing between the eye and the pearly moon,—and she rode through the heavens without a veil, like a queen as she is, giving a glimpse of her nearer beauty for a festal favour to the worshipping stars.

I was a student at the famed university of Connecticut, and the bewilderments of philosophy and poetry were strong upon me, in a place where exquisite natural beauty, and the absence of all other temptation, secure to the classic neophyte an almost

supernatural wakefulness of fancy. I contracted a taste for the horrible in those days, which still clings to me. I have travelled the world over, with no object but general observation, and have dawdled my hour at courts and operas with little interest, while the sacking and drowning of a woman in the Bosphorus, the impalement of a robber on the Nile, and the insane hospitals from Liverpool to Cathay, are described in my capricious journal with the vividness of the most stirring adventure.

There is a kind of *crystallization* in the circumstances of one's life. A peculiar turn of mind draws to itself events fitted to its particular nucleus, and it is frequently a subject of wonder why one man meets with more remarkable things than another, when it is owing merely to a difference of natural character.

It was, as I was saying, a night of wonderful beauty. I was watching a corpse. In that part of the United States the dead are never left alone till the earth is thrown upon them, and, as a friend of the family, I had been called upon for this melancholy service on the night preceding the interment. It was a death which had left a family of broken hearts; for, beneath the sheet which sank so appallingly to the outline of a human form, lay a wreck of beauty and sweetness whose loss seemed to the survivors to have darkened the face of the earth. The ethereal and touching loveliness of that dying girl, whom I had known only a hopeless victim of consumption, springs up in my memory even yet, and mingles with every conception of female beauty.

Two ladies, friends of the deceased, were to share my vigils. I knew them but slightly, and, having read them to sleep an hour after midnight, I performed my half-hourly duty of entering the room where the corpse lay, to look after the lights, and then strolled

into the garden to enjoy the quiet of the summer night. The flowers were glittering in their pearl-drops, and the air was breathless.

The sight of the long, sheeted corpse, the sudden flare of lights as the long snuffs were removed from the candles, the stillness of the close-shuttered room, and my own predisposition to invest death with a supernatural interest, had raised my heart to my throat. I walked backwards and forwards in the garden-path; and the black shadows beneath the lilacs, and even the glittering of the glow-worms within them, seemed weird and fearful.

The clock struck, and I re-entered. My companions still slept, and I passed on to the inner chamber. I trimmed the lights, and stood and looked at the white heap lying so fearfully still within the shadow of the curtains; and my blood seemed to freeze. At the moment when I was turning away with a strong effort at a more composed feeling, a noise like a flutter of wings, followed by a rush and a sudden silence, struck on my startled ear. The street was as quiet as death, and the noise, which was far too audible to be a deception of the fancy, had come from the side toward an uninhabited wing of the house. My heart stood still. Another instant, and the fire-screen was dashed down, and a *white cat* rushed past me, and with the speed of light sprang like a hyena upon the corpse. The flight of a vampyre into the chamber would not have more curdled my veins. A convulsive shudder ran cold over me, but recovering my self-command, I rushed to the animal, (of whose horrible appetite for the flesh of the dead I had read incredulously,) and attempted to tear her from the body. With her claws fixed in the breast, and a *yowl* like the wail of an infernal spirit, she crouched fearlessly upon it, and the stains already upon the sheet convinced me that it would be impos-

sible to remove her without shockingly disfiguring the corpse. I seized her by the throat, in the hope of choking her, but with the first pressure of my fingers, she flew into my face, and the infuriated animal seemed persuaded that it was a contest for life. Half-blinded by the fury of her attack, I loosed her for a moment, and she immediately leaped again upon the corpse, and had covered her feet and face with blood before I could recover my hold upon her. The body was no longer in a situation to be spared, and I seized her with a desperate grasp to draw her off; but to my horror, the half-covered and bloody corpse rose upright in her fangs, and, while I paused in fear, sat with drooping arms, and head fallen with ghastly helplessness over the shoulder. Years have not removed that fearful spectacle from my eyes.

The corpse sank back, and I succeeded in throttling the monster; and threw her at last lifeless from the window. I then composed the disturbed limbs, laid the hair away once more smoothly on the forehead, and, crossing the hands over the bosom, covered the violated remains, and left them again to their repose. My companions, strangely enough, slept on, and I paced the garden-walk alone, till the day, to my inexpressible relief, dawned over the mountains.

No. II.

THE MAD SENIOR.

I was called upon in my senior year to watch with an insane student. He was a man who had attracted a great deal of attention in college. He appeared in an extraordinary costume at the beginning of our Freshman Term, and wrote himself down as Washington Greyling, of —, an unheard-of settlement somewhere beyond the Mississippi. His coat and other gear might have been the work of a Chickasaw tailor, aided by the superintending taste of some white huntsman, who remembered faintly the outline of habiliments he had not seen for half a century; it was a body of green cloth, eked out with wampum and otter-skin, and would have been ridiculous if it had not encased one of the finest models of a manly frame that ever trod the earth. With close-curling black hair, a fine weather-browned complexion, Spanish features, (from his mother—a frequent physiognomy in the countries bordering on Spanish America,) and the port and lithe motion of a lion, he was a figure to look upon in any disguise with warm admiration. He was soon put into the hands of a tailor-proper, and, with the facility which belongs to his countrymen, became in a month the best-dressed man in college. His manners were of a gentleman-like mildness, energetic, but courteous and chivalresque, and, unlike most savages and all coins, he polished without “losing his mark.” At the end of his first term, he would have been called a high-bred gentleman at any court in Europe.

The opening of his mind was almost as rapid and extraordinary. He seized every thing with an ardor and freshness that habit and difficulty never deaden-

ed. He was like a man who had tumbled into a new star, and was collecting knowledge for a world to which he was to return. The first in all games, the wildest in all adventure, the most distinguished even in the elegant society for which the town is remarkable, and unfailingly brilliant in his recitations and college performances, he was looked upon as a sort of admirable phenomenon, and neither envied nor opposed in any thing. I have often thought, in looking on him, that his sensations at coming fresh from a wild western prairie, and, at the first measure of his capacities with men of better advantages, finding himself so uniformly superior, must have been stirringly delightful. It is a wonder he never became arrogant; but it was the last foible of which he could have been accused.

We were reading hard for the honors in the senior year, when Greyling suddenly lost his reason. He had not been otherwise ill, and had, apparently in the midst of high health, gone mad at a moment's warning. The physicians scarce knew how to treat him. The confinement to which he was at first subjected, however, was thought inexpedient, and he seemed to justify their lenity by the gentlest behavior when at liberty. He seemed oppressed by a heart-breaking melancholy. We took our turns in guarding and watching with him, and it was upon my first night of duty that the incident happened which I have thus endeavored to introduce.

It was scarce like a vigil with a sick man, for our patient went regularly to bed, and usually slept well. I took my "Lucretius" and the "Book of the Martyrs," which was just then my favorite reading, and with hot punch, a cold chicken, books and a fire, I looked forward to it as merely a studious night; and, as the wintry wind of January rattled in at the old college

windows, I thrust my feet into slippers, drew my dressing-gown about me, and congratulated myself on the excessive comfortableness of my position. The Sybarite's bed of roses would have been no temptation.

It had snowed all day, but the sun had set with a red rift in the clouds, and the face of the sky was swept in an hour to the clearness of—I want a comparison—your own blue eye, dear Mary! The all-glorious arch of heaven was a mass of sparkling stars.

Greyling slept, and I, wearied of the cold philosophy of the Latin poet, took to my "Book of Martyrs." I read on, and read on. The college clock struck, it seemed to me, the quarters rather than the hours. Time flew: it was three.

"Horrible! most horrible!" I started from my chair with the exclamation, and felt as if my scalp were self-lifted from my head. It was a description in the harrowing faithfulness of the language of olden time, painting almost the articulate groans of an impaled Christian. I clasped the old iron bound book, and rushed to the window as if my heart was stifling for fresh air.

Again at the fire. The large walnut faggots had burnt to a bed of bright coals, and I sat gazing into it, totally unable to shake off the fearful incubus from my breast. The martyr was there,—on the very hearth,—with the stakes scornfully crossed in his body; and as the large coals cracked asunder and revealed the brightness within, I seemed to follow the nerve rending instrument from hip to shoulder, and suffer with him pang for pang, as if the burning redness were the pools of his fevered blood.

"Aha!"

It struck on my ear like the cry of an exulting fiend.

"Aha!"

I shrunk into the chair as the awful cry was repeat-

ed, and looked slowly and with difficult courage over my shoulder. A single fierce eye was fixed upon me from the mass of bed-clothes, and, for a moment, the relief from the fear of some supernatural presence was like water to a parched tongue. I sank back relieved into the chair.

There was a rustling immediately in the bed, and, starting again, I found the wild eyes of my patient fixed still steadfastly upon me. He was creeping stealthily out of bed. His bare foot touched the floor, and his toes worked upon it as if he was feeling its strength, and in a moment he stood upright on his feet, and, with his head forward and his pale face livid with rage, stepped towards me. I looked to the door. He observed the glance, and in the next instant he sprang clear over the bed, turned the key, and dashed it furiously through the window.

"Now!" said he.

"Greyling!" I said. I had heard that a calm and fixed gaze would control a madman, and with the most difficult exertion of nerve, I met his lowering eye, and we stood looking at each other for a full minute, like men of marble.

"Why have you left your bed?" I mildly asked.

"To kill you!" was the appalling answer; and in another moment the light-stand was swept from between us, and he struck me down with a blow that would have felled a giant. Naked as he was, I had no hold upon him, even if in muscular strength I had been his match; and with a minute's struggle I yielded, for resistance was vain. His knee was now upon my breast and his left hand in my hair, and he seemed by the tremulousness of his clutch to be hesitating whether he should dash my brains out on the hearth. I could scarce breathe with his weight upon my chest, but I tried, with the broken words I could command, to move his pity. He laughed, as only maniacs can,

and placed his hand on my throat. Oh God ! shall I ever forget the fiendish deliberation with which he closed those feverish fingers ?

" Greyling ! for God's sake ! Greyling ! "

" Die ! curse you ! "

In the agonies of suffocation I struck out my arm, and almost buried it in the fire upon the hearth. With an expiring thought, I grasped a handful of the red-hot coals, and had just strength sufficient to press them hard against his side.

" Thank God ! " I exclaimed with my first breath, as my eyes recovered from their sickness, and I looked upon the familiar objects of my chamber once more.

The madman sat crouched like a whipped dog in the farthest corner of the room, gibbering and moaning, with his hands upon his burnt side. I felt that I had escaped death by a miracle.

The door was locked, and, in dread of another attack, I threw up the broken window, and to my unutterable joy the figure of a man was visible upon the snow near the out-buildings of the college. It was a charity-student, risen before day to labour in the wood-yard. I shouted to him, and Greyling leapt to his feet.

" There is time yet ! " said the madman ; but as he came towards me again, with the same panther-like caution as before, I seized a heavy stone pitcher standing in the window-seat, and hurling it at him with a fortunate force and aim, he fell stunned and bleeding on the floor. The door was burst open at the next moment, and, calling for assistance, we tied the wild Missourian into his bed, bound up his head and side, and committed him to fresh watchers

We have killed bears together at a Missouri Salt Lick since then ; but I never see Wash. Greyling with the smile off his face, without a disposition to look around for the door.



haunted by a pursuing demon. At early twilight he closed the shutters, stuffing every crevice that could admit a ray; and then, lighting as many candles as he could beg or steal from our thrifty landlord, he sat down with his book, in moody silence, or paced the room with an uneven step, and a solemn melancholy in his fine countenance, of which, with all my familiarity with him, I was almost afraid. Violent exercise seemed the only relief, and when the candles burnt low after midnight, and the stillness around the lone farm-house became too absolute to endure, he would throw up the window, and, leaping desperately out into the moonlight, rush up the hill into the depths of the wild forest, and walk on with supernatural excitement till the day dawned. Faint and pale he would then creep into his bed, and, begging me to make his very common and always credited excuse of illness, sleep soundly till I returned from school. I soon became used to his way, ceased to follow him, as I had once or twice endeavoured to do, into the forest, and never attempted to break in on the fixed and rapt silence which seemed to transform his lips to marble. And for all this Larry loved me.

Our preparatory studies were completed, and, to our mutual despair, we were destined to different universities. Larry's father was a disciple of the great Channing, and mine a Trinitarian of uncommon zeal; and the two institutions of Yale and Harvard were in the hands of most eminent men of either persuasion, and few are the minds that could resist a four years' ordeal in either. A student was as certain to come forth a Unitarian from one as a Calvinist from the other; and in the New-England States these two sects are bitterly hostile. So, to the glittering atmosphere of Channing and Everett went poor Larry, lonely and dispirited; and I was committed to the

sincere zealots of Connecticut, some two hundred miles off, to learn Latin and Greek, if it pleased Heaven, but the mysteries of "election and free grace," whether or no.

Time crept, ambled, and galloped by turns, as we were *in* love or *out*, moping in term-time, or revelling in vacation, and gradually, I know not why, our correspondence had dropped, and the four years had come to their successive deaths, and we had never met. I grieved over it; for in those days I believed with a school-boy's fatuity,

"That two, or one, are almost what they seem;"

and I loved Larry Wynn, as I hope I may never love man or woman again—with a pain at my heart. I wrote one or two reproachful letters in my senior years, but his answers were overstrained, and too full of protestations by half; and seeing that absence had done its usual work on him, I gave it up, and wrote an epitaph on a departed friendship. I do not know, by the way, why I am detaining you with all this, for it has nothing to do with my story; but let it pass as an evidence that it is a true one. The climax of things in real life has not the regular procession of incidents in a tragedy.

Some two or three years after we had taken "the irrevocable yoke" of life upon us, (not matrimony, but money-making,) a winter occurred of uncommonly fine sleighing—*sledging*, you call it in England. At such times the American world is all abroad, either for business or pleasure. The roads are passable at any rate of velocity of which a horse is capable; smooth as *montagnes Russes*, and hard as is good for hoofs; and a hundred miles is diminished to ten in facility of locomotion. The hunter brings down his venison to the cities, the western

trader takes his family a hundred leagues to buy calicoes and tracts, and parties of all kinds scour the country, drinking mulled wine and "flip," and shaking the very nests out of the fir-trees with the ringing of their horses' bells. You would think death and sorrow were buried in the snow with the leaves of the last autumn.

I do not know why I undertook, at this time, a journey to the west; certainly not for scenery, for it was a world of waste, desolate, and dazzling whiteness, for a thousand unbroken miles. The trees were weighed down with snow, and the houses were thatched and half-buried in it, and the mountains and valleys were like the vast waves of an illimitable sea, congealed with its yesty foam in the wildest hour of a tempest. The eye lost its powers in gazing on it. The "spirit-bird" that spread his refreshing green wings before the pained eyes of Thalaba would have been an inestimable fellow-traveller. The worth of the eyesight lay in the purchase of a pair of green goggles.

In the course of a week or two, after skimming over the buried scenery of half a dozen states, each as large as Great Britain, (more or less,) I found myself in a small town on the border of one of our western lakes. It was some twenty years since the bears had found it thinly settled enough for their purposes, and now it contained perhaps twenty thousand souls. The oldest inhabitant, born in the town, was a youth in his minority. With the usual precocity of new settlements, it had already most of the peculiarities of an old metropolis. The burnt stumps still stood about among the houses, but there was a fashionable circle, at the head of which were the lawyer's wife and the member of Congress's daughter; and people ate their peas with silver forks, and drank their tea with scan-

dal, and forgave men's *many* sins and refused to forgive woman's *one*, very much as in towns whose history is written in black letter. I dare say there were not more than one or two offences against the moral and Levitical law, fashionable on this side the water, which had not been committed, with the authentic aggravations, in the town of —; I would mention the name if this were not a true story.

Larry Wynn (now Lawrence Wynn, Esq.) lived here. He had, as they say in the United States, "hung out a shingle" (*Londonicé*, put up a sign) as attorney at law, and to all the twenty thousand innocent inhabitants of the place, he was the oracle and the squire. He was besides colonel of militia, churchwarden, and canal commissioner; appointments which speak volumes for the prospects of "rising young men" in our flourishing republic.

Larry was glad to see me—very. I was more glad to see *him*. I have a soft heart, and forgive a wrong generally, if it touches neither my vanity nor my purse. I forgot his neglect, and called him "Larry." By the same token he did *not* call me "Phil." (There are very few that love me, patient reader; but those who do, thus abbreviate my pleasant name of Philip. I was called after the Indian Sachem of that name, whose blood runs in this tawny hand.) Larry looked upon me as a *man*. I looked on him, with all his dignities and changes, through the sweet vista of memory—as a *boy*. His mouth had acquired the pinched corners of caution and mistrust common to those who know their fellow men; but I never saw it unless when speculating as I am now. He was to me the pale-faced and melancholy friend of my boyhood; and I could have slept, as I used to do, with my arm around his neck, and feared to stir lest I should wake him. Had my last earthly hope lain in the palm of

my hand, I could have given it to him, had he needed it, but to make him sleep; and yet he thought of me but as a stranger under his roof, and added, in his warmest moments, a "Mr." to my name! There is but one circumstance in my life that has wounded me more. Memory, avaunt!

Why should there be no unchangeableness in the world? why no friendship? or why am I, and you, gentle reader, (for by your continuing to pore over these idle musings, you have a heart too,) gifted with this useless and restless organ beating in our bosoms, if its thirst for love is never to be slaked, and its aching self-fulness never to find flow or utterance? I would positively sell my whole stock of affections for three farthings. Will you say "*two*?"

"You are come in good time," said Larry one morning, with a half-smile, "and shall be groomsman to me. I am going to be married."

"Married?"

"Married."

I repeated the word after him, for I was surprised. He had never opened his lips about his unhappy lunacy since my arrival, and I had felt hurt at this apparent unwillingness to renew our ancient confidence, but had felt a repugnance to any forcing of the topic upon him, and could only hope that he had outgrown or overcome it. I argued, immediately on this information of his intended marriage, that it must be so. No man in his senses, I thought, would link an impending madness to the fate of a confiding and lovely woman.

He took me into his sleigh, and we drove to her father's house. She was a flower in the wilderness. Of a delicate form, as all my countrywomen are, and lovely, as *quite* all certainly are not, large-eyed, soft in her manners, and yet less timid than confiding and

sister-like, with a shade of melancholy in her smile, caught, perhaps, with the "trick of sadness" from himself, and a patrician slightness of reserve, or pride, which Nature sometimes, in very mockery of high birth, teaches her most secluded child,—the bride elect was, as I said before, a flower in the wilderness. She was one of those women we sigh to look upon as they pass by, as if there went a fragment of the wreck of some blessed dream.

The day arrived for the wedding, and the sleigh-bells jingled merrily into the village. The morning was as soft and genial as June, and the light snow on the surface of the lake melted, and lay on the breast of the solid ice beneath, giving it the effect of one white silver mirror, stretching to the edge of the horizon. It was exquisitely beautiful, and I was standing at the window in the afternoon, looking off upon the shining expanse, when Larry approached, and laid his hand familiarly on my shoulder.

"What glorious skating we shall have," said I, "if this smooth water freezes to-night!"

I turned the next moment to look at him; for we had not skated together since I went out, at his earnest entreaty, at midnight, to skim the little lake where we had passed our boyhood, and drive away the fever from his brain, under the light of a full moon.

He remembered it, and so did I; and I put my arm behind him, for the colour fled from his face, and I thought he would have sunk to the floor.

"The moon is full to-night," said he, recovering instantly to a cold self-possession.

I took hold of his hand firmly, and, in as kind a tone as I could summon, spoke of our early friendship, and apologizing thus for the freedom, asked if he had quite overcome his melancholy disease. His face worked with emotion, and he tried to withdraw his

hand from my clasp, and evidently wished to avoid an answer.

"Tell me, dear Larry," said I.

"Oh God! No!" said he, breaking violently from me, and throwing himself with his face downwards upon the sofa. The tears streamed through his fingers upon the silken cushion.

"Not cured? And does *she* know it?"

"No! no! thank God! not yet!"

I remained silent a few minutes, listening to his suppressed moans, (for he seemed heart-broken with the confession,) and pitying while I inwardly condemned him. And then the picture of that lovely and fond woman rose up before me, and the impossibility of concealing his fearful malady from his wife, and the fixed insanity in which it must end, and the whole wreck of her hopes and his own prospects and happiness,—and my heart grew sick.

I sat down by him, and, as it was too late to remonstrate on the injustice he was committing toward her, I asked how he came to appoint the night of a full moon for his wedding. He gave up his reserve, calmed himself, and talked of it at last as if he were relieved by the communication. Never shall I forget the doomed pallor, the straining eye, and feverish hand of my poor friend during that half hour.

Since he had left college he had striven with the whole energy of his soul against it. He had plunged into business,—he had kept his bed resolutely night after night, till his brain seemed on the verge of frenzy with the effort,—he had taken opium to secure to himself an artificial sleep;—but he had never dared to confide it to any one, and he had no friend to sustain him in his fearful and lonely hours; and it grew upon him rather than diminished. He described to me with the most touching pathos how he had concealed it for

years,—how he had stolen out like a thief to give vent to his insane restlessness in the silent streets of the city at midnight, and in the more silent solitudes of the forest,—how he had prayed, and wrestled, and wept over it,—and finally, how he had come to believe that there was no hope for him except in the assistance and constant presence of some one who would devote life to him in love and pity. Poor Larry! I put up a silent prayer in my heart that the desperate experiment might not end in agony and death.

The sun set, and, according to my prediction, the wind changed suddenly to the north, and the whole surface of the lake in a couple of hours became of the lustre of polished steel. It was intensely cold.

The fires blazed in every room of the bride's paternal mansion, and I was there early to fulfil my office of master of ceremonies at the bridal. My heart was weighed down with a sad boding, but I shook off at least the appearance of it, and superintended the concoction of a huge bowl of punch with a merriment which communicated itself in the shape of most joyous hilarity to a troop of juvenile relations. The house resounded with their shouts of laughter.

In the midst of our noise in the small inner room entered Larry. I started back, for he looked more like a demon possessed than a Christian man. He had walked to the house alone in the moonlight, not daring to trust himself in company. I turned out the turbulent troop about me, and tried to dispel his gloom, for a face like his at that moment would have put to flight the rudest bridal party ever assembled on holy ground. He seized on the bowl of strong spirits which I had mixed for a set of hardy farmers, and before I could tear it from his lips had drunk a quantity which, in an ordinary mood, would have intoxicated him helplessly in an hour. He then sat down with his face buried in his hands, and in a few minutes rose, his eyes spark-

ling with excitement, and the whole character of his face utterly changed. I thought he had gone wild.

"Now, Phil," said he; "now for my bride!" And with an unbecoming levity he threw open the door, and went half dancing into the room where the friends were already assembled to witness the ceremony.

I followed with fear and anxiety. He took his place by the side of the fair creature on whom he had placed his hopes of life, and, though sobered somewhat by the impressiveness of the scene, the wild sparkle still danced in his eyes, and I could see that every nerve in his frame was excited to the last pitch of tension. If he had fallen a gibbering maniac on the floor, I should not have been astonished.

The ceremony proceeded, and the first tone of his voice in the response startled even the bride. If it had rung from the depths of a cavern, it could not have been more sepulchral. I looked at him with a shudder. His lips were curled with an exulting expression, mixed with an indefinable fear; and all the blood in his face seemed settled about his eyes, which were so bloodshot and fiery, that I have ever since wondered he was not, at the first glance, suspected of insanity. But oh! the heavenly sweetness with which that loveliest of creatures promised to love and cherish him, in sickness and in health! I never go to a bridal but it half breaks my heart; and as the soft voice of that beautiful girl fell with its eloquent meaning on my ear, and I looked at her, with lips calm and eyes moistened, vowing a love which I knew to be stronger than death, to one who, I feared, was to bring only pain and sorrow into her bosom, my eyes warmed with irrepressible tears, and I wept.

The stir in the room as the clergyman closed his prayer seemed to awake him from a trance. He looked around with a troubled face for a moment; and

then, fixing his eyes on his bride, he suddenly clasped his arms about her, and straining her violently to his bosom, broke into an hysterical passion of tears and laughter. Then suddenly resuming his self-command, he apologized for the over-excitement of his feelings, and behaved with forced and gentle propriety till the guests departed.

There was an apprehensive gloom over the spirits of the small bridal party left in the lighted rooms; and, as they gathered round the fire, I approached, and endeavoured to take a gay farewell. Larry was sitting with his arm about his wife, and he wrung my hand in silence as I said, "Good night," and dropped his head upon her shoulder. I made some futile attempt to rally him, but it jarred on the general feeling, and I left the house.

It was a glorious night. The clear piercing air had a vitreous brilliancy, which I have never seen in any other climate, the rays of the moonlight almost visibly splintering with the keenness of the frost. The moon herself was in the zenith, and there seemed nothing between her and the earth but palpable and glittering cold.

I hurried home: it was but eleven o'clock; and, heaping up the wood in the large fire-place, I took a volume of "Ivanhoe," which had just then appeared, and endeavoured to rid myself of my unpleasant thoughts. I read on till midnight; and then, in a pause of the story, I rose to look out upon the night, hoping, for poor Larry's sake, that the moon was buried in clouds. The house was near the edge of the lake: and as I looked down upon the glassy waste, spreading away from the land, I saw the dark figure of a man kneeling directly in the path of the moon's rays. In another moment he rose to his feet, and the tall, slight form of my poor friend was distinctly

visible, as, with long and powerful strokes, he sped away upon his skates along the shore.

To take my own Hollanders, put a collar of fur around my mouth, and hurry after him, was the work of but a minute. My straps were soon fastened; and, following in the marks of the sharp irons at the top of my speed, I gained sight of him in about half an hour, and with great effort neared him sufficiently to shout his name with a hope of being heard.

"Larry! Larry!"

The lofty mountain-shore gave back the cry in repeated echoes; but he redoubled his strokes, and sped on faster than before. At my utmost speed I followed on; and when, at last, I could almost lay my hand on his shoulder, I summoned my strength to my breathless lungs, and shouted again—"Larry! Larry!"

He half looked back, and the full moon at that instant streamed full into his eyes. I have thought since that he could not have seen me for its dazzling brightness; but I saw every line of *his* features with the distinctness of daylight, and I shall never forget them. A line of white foam ran through his half-parted lips; his hair streamed wildly over his forehead, on which the perspiration glittered in large drops; and every lineament of his expressive face was stamped with unutterable and awful horror. He looked back no more; but, increasing his speed with an energy of which I did not think his slender frame capable, he began gradually to outstrip me. Trees, rocks, and hills fled back like magic. My limbs began to grow numb; my fingers had lost all feeling, but a strong north-east wind was behind us, and the ice smoother than a mirror; and I struck out my feet mechanically, and still sped on.

For two hours we had kept along the shore. The

branches of the trees were reflected in the polished ice, and the hills seemed hanging in the air, and floating past us with the velocity of storm-clouds. Far down the lake, however, there glimmered the just visible light of a fire, and I was thanking God that we were probably approaching some human succour, when, to my horror, the retreating figure before me suddenly darted off to the left, and made swifter than before toward the centre of the icy waste. Oh, God! what feelings were mine at that moment. Follow him far I dared not; for, the sight of land once lost, as it would be almost instantly with our tremendous speed, we perished, without a possibility of relief.

He was far beyond my voice, and to overtake him was the only hope. I summoned my last nerve for the effort, and, keeping him in my eye, struck across at a sharper angle, with the advantage of the wind full in my back. I had taken note of the mountains, and knew that we were already forty miles from home, a distance it would be impossible to retrace against the wind; and the thought of freezing to death, even if I could overtake him, forced itself appallingly upon me.

Away I flew, despair giving new force to my limbs, and soon gained on the poor lunatic, whose efforts seemed flagging and faint. I neared him. Another struggle! I could have dropped down where I was, and slept, if there were death in the first minute, so stiff and drowsy was every muscle in my frame.

"Larry!" I shouted. "Larry!"

He started at the sound, and I could hear a smothered and breathless shriek, as, with supernatural strength, he straightened up his bending figure, and, leaning forward again, sped away from me like a phantom on the blast.

I could follow no longer. I stood stiff on my skates,

still going on rapidly before the wind, and tried to look after him, but the frost had stiffened my eyes, and there was a mist before them, and they felt like glass. Nothing was visible around me but moonlight and ice, and dimly and slowly I began to retrace the slight path of semicircles toward the shore. It was painful work. The wind seemed to divide the very fibres of the skin upon my face. Violent exercise no longer warmed my body, and I felt the cold shoot sharply into my loins, and bind across my breast like a chain of ice; and, with the utmost strength of mind at my command, I could just resist the terrible inclination to lie down and sleep. I forgot poor Larry. Life—dear life!—was now my only thought! So selfish are we in our extremity!

With difficulty I at last reached the shore, and then, unbuttoning my coat, and spreading it wide for a sail, I set my feet together, and went slowly down before the wind, till the fire which I had before noticed began to blaze cheerily in the distance. It seemed an eternity in my slow progress. Tree after tree threw the shadow of its naked branches across the way; hill after hill glided slowly backward; but my knees seemed frozen together, and my joints fixed in ice; and if my life had depended on striking out my feet, I should have died powerless. My jaws were locked, my shoulders drawn half down to my knees, and in a few minutes more, I am well convinced, the blood would have thickened in my veins, and stood still, forever.

I could see the tongues of the flames—I counted the burning faggots—a form passed between me and the fire—I struck, and fell prostrate on the snow; and I remember no more.

The sun was darting a slant beam through the trees when I awoke. The genial warmth of a large bed of

embers played on my cheek, a thick blanket enveloped me, and beneath my head was a soft cushion of withered leaves. On the opposite side of the fire lay four Indians wrapped in their blankets, and, with her head on her knees, and her hands clasped over her ankles, sat an Indian woman, who had apparently fallen asleep upon her watch. The stir I made aroused her, and, as she piled on fresh faggots, and kindled them to a bright blaze with a handful of leaves, drowsiness came over me again, and I wrapped the blanket about me more closely, and shut my eyes to sleep.

I awoke refreshed. It must have been ten o'clock by the sun. The Indians were about, occupied in various avocations, and the woman was broiling a slice of deer's flesh on the coals. She offered it to me as I rose; and having eaten part of it with a piece of a cake made of meal, I requested her to call in the men, and with offers of reward, easily induced them to go with me in search of my lost friend.

We found him, as I had anticipated, frozen to death, far out on the lake. The Indians tracked him by the marks of his skate-irons, and from their appearance he had sunk quietly down, probably drowsy and exhausted, and had died of course without pain. His last act seemed to have been under the influence of his strange madness, for he lay on his face, turned from the quarter of the setting moon.

We carried him home to his bride. Even the Indians were affected by her uncontrollable agony. I cannot describe that scene, familiar as I am with pictures of horror.

I made inquiries with respect to the position of his bridal chamber. There were no shutters, and the moon streamed broadly into it, and after kissing his shrinking bride with the violence of a madman, he sprang out of the room with a terrific scream, and she saw him no more till he lay dead on his bridal bed.

INCIDENTS ON THE HUDSON.

INCIDENTS ON THE HUDSON.

M. CHABERT, the fire-eater, would have found New-York uncomfortable. I would mention the height of the thermometer but for an aversion I have to figures. Broadway, at noon, had been known to *fry soles*.

I had fixed upon the first of August for my annual trip to Saratoga, and with a straw hat, a portmanteau, and a black boy, was huddled into the "rather-faster-than-lightning" steamer, "North America," with about seven hundred other people, like myself, just in time. Some hundred and fifty gentlemen and ladies, thirty seconds too late, stood "larding" the pine chips upon the pier, gazing after the vanishing boat through showers of perspiration. Away we "streaked" at the rate of twelve miles in the hour against the current, and by the time I had penetrated to the baggage closet, and seated William Wilberforce upon my portmanteau, with orders not to stir for eleven hours and seven minutes, we were far up the Hudson, opening into its hills and rocks, like a witches' party steaming through the Hartz in a cauldron.

A North River steam-boat, as a Vermont boy would phrase it, is *another guess sort o' thing from a Britisher*. A coal-barge and an eight-oars on the Thames

are scarce more dissimilar. Built for smooth water only, our river boats are long, shallow and graceful, of the exquisite proportions of a pleasure yacht, and painted as brilliantly and fantastically as an Indian shell. With her bow just leaning up from the surface of the stream, her cut-water throwing off a curved and transparent sheet from either side, her white awnings, her magical speed, and the gay spectacle of a thousand well-dressed people on her open decks, I know nothing prettier than the vision that shoots by your door as you sit smoking in your leaf-darkened portico on the bold shore of the Hudson.

The American edition of Mrs. Trollope (several copies of which are to be found in every boat, serving the same purpose to the feelings of the passengers as the escape-valve to the engine) lay on a sofa beside me, and taking it up, as to say, "I will be let alone," I commenced dividing my attention in my usual quiet way between the varied panorama of rock and valley flying backwards in our progress, and the as varied multitude about me.

For the mass of the women, as far as satin slippers, hats, dresses, and gloves could go, a Frenchman might have fancied himself in the midst of a transplantation from the Boulevards. In London, French fashions are in a manner Anglified: but an American woman looks on the productions of Herbault, Boivin, and Maneuri, as a translator of the Talmud on the inspired text. The slight figure and small feet of the race rather favour the resemblance, and a French milliner, who would probably come to America expecting to see bears and buffaloes prowling about the landing-place, would rub her eyes in New-York, and imagine she was still in France, and had crossed perhaps only the broad part of the Seine.

The men were a more original study. Near me sat

a Kentuckian on three chairs. He had been to the metropolis, evidently for the first time, and had "looked round sharp." In a fist of no very delicate proportions, was crushed a pair of French kid gloves, which, if they fulfilled to him a glove's destiny, would flatter "the rich man" that "the camel" might yet give him the required precedent. His hair had still the traces of having been astonished with curling tongs, and across his Atlantean breast was looped, in a complicated zig-gag, a chain that must have cost him a wilderness of raccoon-skins. His coat was evidently the production of a Mississippi tailor, though of the finest English material; his shirt-bosom was ruffled like a swan with her feathers full spread, and a black silk cravat, tied in a kind of a curse-me-if-I-care-sort-of-a-knot, flung out its ends like the arms of an Italian *improvisatore*. With all this he was a man to look upon with respect. His under jaw was set up to its fellow with an habitual determination that would throw a hickory-tree into a shiver, but frank good-nature, and the most absolute freedom from suspicion, lay at large on his Ajacean features, mixed with an earnestness that commended itself at once to your liking.

In a retired corner, near the wheel, stood a group of Indians, as motionless by the hour together as figures carved in *rosso antico*. They had been on their melancholy annual visit to the now-cultivated shores of Connecticut, the burial-place, but unforgetten and once wild home of their fathers. With the money given them by the romantic persons whose sympathies are yearly moved by these stern and poetical pilgrims, they had taken a passage in the "fire-canoe," which would set them two hundred miles on their weary journey back to the prairies. Their Apollo-like forms loosely dressed in blankets, their

gaudy wampum-belts and feathers, the muscular arm and close clutch upon the rifle, the total absence of surprise at the unaccustomed wonders about them, and the lowering and settled scorn and dislike expressed in their copper faces, would have powerfully impressed a European. The only person on whom they deigned to cast a glance was the Kentuckian, and at him they occasionally stole a look, as if, through all his metropolitan finery, they recognised metal with whose ring they were familiar.

There were three foreigners on board, two of them companions, and one apparently alone. With their coats too small for them, their thick soled boots and sturdy figures, collarless cravats, and assumed unconsciousness of the presence of another living soul, they were recognisable at once as Englishmen. To most of the people on board they probably appeared equally well-dressed, and of equal pretensions to the character of gentlemen; but any one who had made observations between Temple Bar and the steps of Crockford's, would easily resolve them into two Birmingham bagmen "sinking the shop," and a quiet gentleman on a tour of information.

The only other persons I particularly noted were a Southerner, probably the son of a planter from Alabama, and a beautiful girl, dressed in singularly bad taste, who seemed his sister. I knew the "specimen" well. The indolent attitude, the thin but powerfully-jointed frame, the prompt politeness, the air of superiority acquired from constant command over slaves, the mouth habitually flexible and looking eloquent even in silence, and the eye in which slept a volcano of violent passions, were the marks that showed him of a race that I had studied much, and preferred to all the many and distinct classes of my countrymen. His sister was of the slightest and most fragile figure, graceful as a

fawn, but with no trace of the dancing master's precepts in her motions, vivid in her attention to everything about her, and amused with all she saw; a copy of *Lalla Rookh* sticking from the pocket of her French apron, a number of gold chains hung outside her travelling habit, and looped to her belt, and a glorious profusion of dark curls broken loose from her combs and floating unheeded over her shoulders.

Toward noon we rounded West Point, and shot suddenly into the overshadowed gorge of the mountains, as if we were dashing into the vein of a silver mine, laid open and molten into a flowing river by a flash of lightning. (The figure should be Montgomery's; but I can in no other way give an idea of the sudden darkening of the Hudson, and the under-ground effect of the sharp over-hanging mountains as you sweep first into the Highlands.)

The solitary Englishman, who had been watching the southern beauty with the greatest apparent interest, had lounged over to her side of the boat, and, with the instinctive knowledge that women have of character, she had shrunk from the more obtrusive attempts of the Brummagem to engage her in conversation, and had addressed some remark to him, which seemed to have advanced them at once to acquaintances of a year. They were admiring the stupendous scenery together a moment before the boat stopped for a passenger, off a small town above the point. As the wheels were checked, there was a sudden splash in the water, and a cry of "A lady overboard!" I looked for the fair creature who had been standing before me, and she was gone. The boat was sweeping on, and as I darted to the railing I saw the gurgling eddy where something had just gone down; and in the next minute the Kentuckian and the youngest of the Indians rushed together to the stern, and clearing the

taffrail with tremendous leaps, dived side by side into the very centre of the foaming circle. The Englishman had coolly seized a rope, and, by the time they re-appeared, stood on the railing with a coil in his hand, and flung it with accurate calculation directly over them. With immovably grave faces, and eyes blinded with water, the two divers rose, holding high between them—a large pine faggot! Shouts of laughter pealed from the boat, and the Kentuckian, discovering his error, gave the log an indignant fling behind, and, taking hold of the rope, lay quietly to be drawn in; while the Indian, disdaining assistance, darted through the wake of the boat with arrowy swiftness, and sprang up the side with the agility of a tiger-cat. The lady re-appeared from the cabin as they jumped dripping upon the deck; the Kentuckian shook himself, and sat down in the sun to dry; and the graceful and stern Indian, too proud even to put the wet hair away from his forehead, resumed his place and folded his arms, as indifferent and calm, save the suppressed heaving of his chest, as if he had never stirred from his stone-like posture.

An hour or two more brought us to the foot of the Catskills, and here the boat lay alongside the pier to discharge those of her passengers who were bound to the house on the mountain. A hundred or more moved to the gangway at the summons to get ready, and among them the Southerners and the Kentuckian. I had begun to feel an interest in our fair fellow-passenger, and I suddenly determined to join their party—a resolution which the Englishman seemed to come to at the same moment, and probably for the same reason.

We slept at the pretty village on the bank of the river, and the next day made the twelve hours' ascent through glen and forest, our way skirted with the

most gorgeous and odorent flowers, and turned aside and towered over by trees whose hoary and moss-covered trunks would have stretched the conceptions of the "Savage Rosa." Every thing that was not lovely was gigantesque and awful. The rocks were split with a visible impress of the Almighty power that had torn them apart, and the daring and dizzy crags spurred into the sky as if the arms of a buried and frenzied Titan were thrusting them from the mountain's bosom. It gave one a kind of maddening desire to shout and leap—the energy with which it filled the mind so out-measured the power of the frame.

Near the end of our journey, we stopped together on a jutting rock, to look back on the obstacles we had overcome. The view extended over forty or fifty miles of vale and mountain, and, with a half-shut eye, it looked, in its green and lavish foliage, like a near and unequal bed of verdure, while the distant Hudson crept through it like a half-hid satin riband, lost as if in clumps of moss among the broken banks of the Highlands. I was trying to fix the eye of my companion upon West Point, when a steamer, with its black funnel and retreating line of smoke, issued as if from the bosom of the hills into an open break of the river. It was as small apparently as the white hand that pointed to it so rapturously.

"Oh!" said the half-breathless girl, "is it not like some fairy bark on an Eastern stream, with a spice lamp alight in its prow?"

"More like an old shoe afloat, with a cigar stuck in it," interrupted Kentucky.

As the sun began to kindle into a blaze of fire, the tumultuous masses, so peculiar to an American sky, turning every tree and rock to a lambent and rosy gold, we stood on the broad platform on which the

house is built, braced even beyond weariness by the invigorating and rarified air of the mountain. A hot supper and an early pillow, with the feather beds and blankets of winter, were unromantic circumstances, but I am not aware that any one of the party made any audible objection to them; I sat next the Kentuckian at table, and can answer for two.

A mile or two back from the mountain-house, on nearly the same level, the gigantic forest suddenly sinks two or three hundred feet into the earth, forming a tremendous chasm, over which a bold stag might almost leap, and above which the rocks hang on either side with the most threatening and frowning grandeur. A mountain-stream creeps through the forest to the precipice, and leaps as suddenly over, as if, Arethusalike, it fled into the earth from the pursuing steps of a Satyr. Thirty paces from its brink, you would never suspect, but for the hollow reverberation of the plunging stream, that any thing but a dim and mazy wood was within a day's journey. It is visited as a great curiosity in scenery, under the name of Cauterskill Falls.

We were all on the spot by ten the next morning, after a fatiguing tramp through the forest; for the Kentuckian had rejected the offer of a guide, undertaking to bring us to it in a straight line by only the signs of the water-course. The caprices of the little stream had misled him, however, and we arrived half-dead with the fatigue of our cross-marches.

I sat down on the bald edge of the precipice, and suffered my more impatient companions to attempt the difficult and dizzy descent before me. The Kentuckian leapt from rock to rock, followed daringly by the Southerner; and the Englishman, thoroughly enamoured of the exquisite child of nature, who knew no reserve beyond her maidenly modesty, devoted himself to her assistance, and compelled her with anxious en-

treaties to descend more cautiously. I lay at my length as they proceeded, and with my head over the projecting edge of the most prominent crag, watched them in a giddy dream, half-stupified by the grandeur of the scene, half-interested in their motions.

They reached the bottom of the glen at last, and shouted to the two who had gone before, but they had followed the dark passage of the stream to find its vent, and were beyond sight or hearing.

After sitting a minute or two, the restless but over-fatigued girl rose to go nearer the fall, and I was remarking to myself the sudden heaviness of her steps, when she staggered, and turning towards her companion, fell senseless into his arms. The closeness of the air below, combined with over-exertion, had been too much for her.

The small hut of an old man who served as a guide stood a little back from the glen, and I had rushed into it, and was on the first step of the descent with a flask of spirits, when a cry from the opposite crag, in the husky and choking scream of infuriated passion, suddenly arrested me. On the edge of the yawning chasm, gazing down into it with a livid and death-like paleness, stood the Southerner. I mechanically followed his eye. His sister lay on her back upon a flat rock immediately below him, and over her knelt the Englishman, loosening the dress that pressed close upon her throat, and with his face so near to her's as to conceal it entirely from the view. I felt the brother's misapprehension at a glance, but my tongue clung to the roof of my mouth; for in the madness of his fury he stood stretching clear over the brink, and every instant I looked to see him plunge headlong. Before I could recover my breath, he started back, gazed wildly round, and seizing upon a huge fragment of rock, heaved it up with supernatural strength, and

*But it is a life of the
smack of the imagination*

hurled it into the abyss. Giddy and sick with horror, I turned away and covered up my eyes. I felt assured he had dashed them to atoms.

The lion roar of the Kentuckian was the first sound that followed the thundering crash of the fragments.

"Hallo, youngster! What in tarnation are you arter? You've killed the gal, by gosh!"

The next moment I heard the loosened stones as he went plunging down into the glen, and hurrying after him with my restorative, I found the poor Englishman lying senseless on the rocks, and the fainting girl, escaped miraculously from harm, struggling slowly to her senses.

On examination, the new sufferer appeared only stunned by a small fragment which had struck him on the temple, and the Kentuckian, taking him up in his arms like a child, strode through the spray of the fall, and held his head under the descending torrent till he kicked lustily for his freedom. With a draught from the flask, the pale Alabamian was soon perfectly restored, and we stood on the rock together looking at each other like people who have survived an earthquake.

We climbed the ascent and found the brother lying with his face to the earth, beside himself with his conflicting feelings. The rough tongue of the Kentuckian, to whom I had explained the apparent cause of the rash act, soon cleared up the tempest, and he joined us presently, and walked back by his sister's side in silence.

We made ourselves into a party to pass the remainder of the summer on the lakes, unwillingly letting off the Kentuckian, who was in a hurry to get back to propose himself for the Legislature.

Three or four years have elapsed, and I find myself a traveller in England. Thickly sown as are the

wonders and pleasures of London, an occasional dinner with a lovely countrywoman in — Square, and a gossip with her husband over a glass of wine, in which Cauterskill Falls are not forgotten, are memorandums in my diary never written but in "red letters."

END OF VOLUME I.





Acme

Bookbinding Co., Inc.
300 Summer Street
Boston, Mass. 02210

